# Commentary

Volume Sixty-six, Number Two, August 1978

## The World According to Andrew Young

Carl Gershman

## The War Within the CIA

Edward Jay Epstein

## Poland Without Jews

Ruth R. Wisse

## Impossible Appetites—A Story

James Fetler

## The Changing Myth of the Jew

Lionel Trilling

## Wittgenstein the Pilgrim

William Barrett

## Who Owns the Sea?

Charles Horner

## Books in Review:

Eugene Bardach
B.H. Haggin
Ernst Halperin
Lev Navrozov
Michael Vannoy Adams
Lucy S. Dawidowicz

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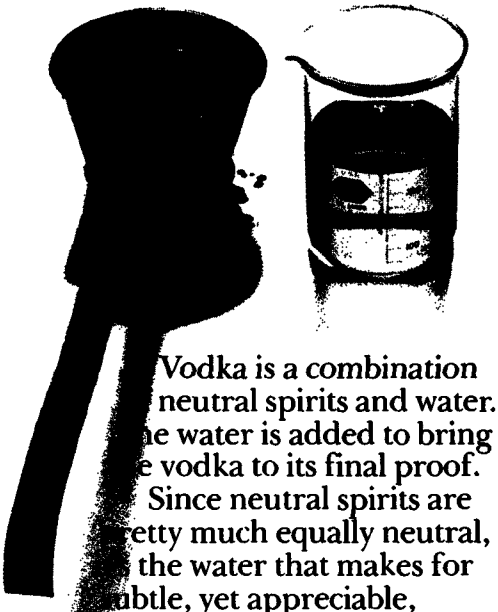

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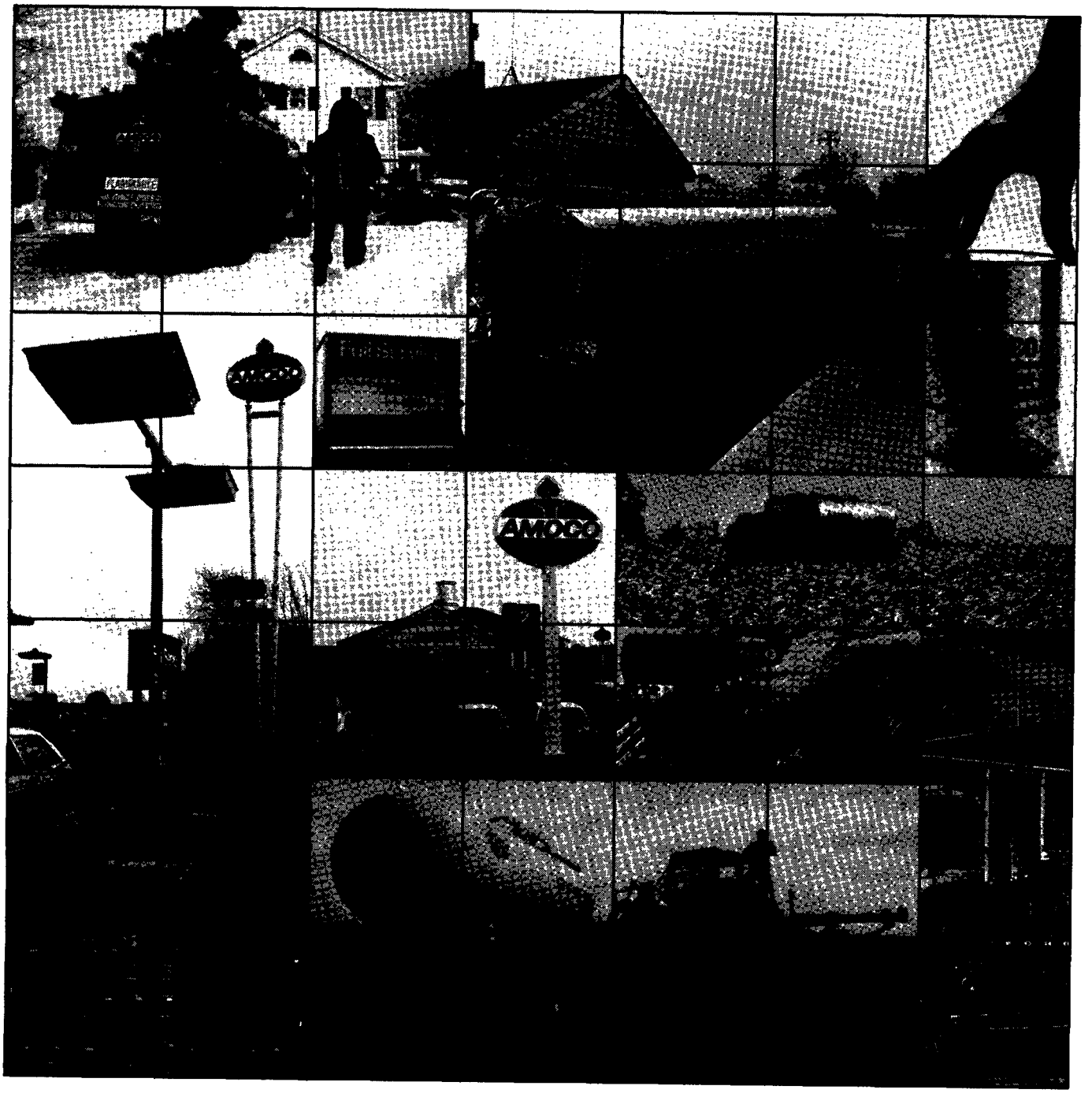


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# Commentary

VOLUME 66 NUMBER 2 *AUGUST 1978*


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## A Statement of Aims

In sponsoring COMMENTARY, the American Jewish Committee aims to meet the need for a journal of significant thought and opinion on Jewish affairs and contemporary issues. Its pages will be hospitable to diverse points of view and belief, and it hopes to encourage original creative endeavor in the various fields of culture. The opinions and views expressed by COMMENTARY's contributors and editors are their own, and do not necessarily express the Committee's viewpoint or position. The sponsorship of COMMENTARY by the Committee is in line with its general program to enlighten and clarify public opinion on problems of Jewish concern, to fight bigotry and protect human rights, and to promote Jewish cultural interest and creative achievement in America.

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# Letters from Readers

## Quotas & the Universities

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Joseph Adelson ["Living with Quotas," May] has highlighted an important but little noted aspect of the problem of special minority admissions in our universities: the widespread unwillingness of university administrators to provide, even to their own faculties, the information that would be necessary for evaluating and improving these programs. Never has a free society coupled such a large experiment in education with such absence of feedback on the results. With academic leaders setting this example, no wonder an individual who dares to offer criticisms of methods in this area runs the risk of being labeled an enemy of the very goal of racial justice.

But in seeking the cause of this tragic situation Mr. Adelson assigns responsibility in rather too personal terms. For example, in calling attention to the violent reaction at Harvard Medical School to an editorial of mine, which cited a particularly egregious instance of the lowering of standards in medical education, he ascribes the public censuring of my action to "the more thuggish elements" of the faculty. (The story of Harvard's sacrifice of standards is described in some detail by William Havender in the *American Spectator,* March 1978.) But it is hardly useful to invoke character defects, or to decry the lack of heroism: all of the several dozen faculty members in certain official positions reacted in this way to a highly distorted image in the media (though many privately shared my real views), and we must assume that such a large number of individuals are reasonably representative of the academic community. Rather, the lesson is that open and honest discussion of these issues in universities has become virtually outlawed by an atmosphere of extraordinary intimidation, combined with (or rationalized as) compassion and guilt, and compounded by the propensity of the media to maximize polarization.

It is unlikely that universities can solve this problem by themselves. For while minority programs have brought in many students of whom we can be proud, the quotas encouraged by government bureaucracies and courts have also produced many problems, including the creation of a class of beneficiaries who oppose any alteration of this approach. This development is turning an originally moral issue into one of political power, before which academic institutions are particularly helpless. Unless the government comes out clearly against quotas, it will be difficult for many academic institutions to reverse this process and to regain their integrity.

[DR.] BERNARD D. DAVIS
Harvard Medical School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his article, "Living with Quotas," Joseph Adelson makes the gratuitous statement about Dr. Bernard Davis and the incident involving him at Harvard Medical School:

> He [Davis] was thereupon the object of demonstrations, denunciations, and a motion of censure brought against him by the more thuggish elements of the Harvard medical faculty, many of them no doubt life members of the ACLU.

Although I leave to others to judge the use of "thuggish" to describe one's fellow professionals, as a member of the ACLU and of its Board I am appalled by the bald, unsupported, and unsupportable statement which accompanies it.

Assuming this to be another mindless attack on the ACLU, a former colleague of mine wrote to Mr. Adelson requesting the facts. Mr. Adelson's . . . response is as follows:

> I am afraid that the phrase was not so much hyperbole as a somewhat heavy-handed effort at the sardonic. That it was meant to be sardonic was I thought evident from context, and from the use of the qualifying term "no doubt." The allusion to ACLU was meant to point to the curious juxtaposition of repressive behavior and liberal posturing. As it happens, I *do* know the man who organized the assault on Dr. Davis . . . and I'm willing to bet a nickel that he is a staunch member of ACLU.

Mr. Adelson's readiness to risk an inflationary nickel on this bet speaks eloquently for his knowledge of ACLU and its membership. But even if the unnamed [faculty



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# THE INFORMATION CRISIS.

If you pick up a newspaper these days, it's easy to walk away with the impression that there's a world-wide shortage of everything.

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But there is one that involves not a shortage, but an excess. A crisis where the resource isn't dwindling, but growing almost uncontrollably.

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member] *were* a "staunch"—rather than a life—member, it is surely absurd to believe this justifies characterizing ACLU action, generally or particularly, as a combination of repressive behavior and liberal posturing. Or is this phrase another example of Mr. Adelson's antic humor?

SAMUEL HENDEL
Department of Political Science
Trinity College
Hartford, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Although Joseph Adelson's "Living with Quotas" may have much to commend it, Mr. Adelson perpetuates the myth that student quotas and student affirmative action are "bureaucratically mandated." But no law, no regulation, no executive order requires *any* educational institution to develop quotas, goals, affirmative-action programs, or to give preference in admissions. What institutions such as the University of California at Davis in the celebrated *Bakke* case have done has been purely voluntary. The only mandated affirmative action (under Executive Order 11246) covers employment, *not students*, and is further limited to institutions voluntarily accepting federal contracts. Furthermore, had the actions of the University of California occurred in employment rather than admission, the university would clearly have violated not only the executive order requiring affirmative action, but also Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

BERNICE SANDLER
Project on the Status and
Education of Women
Washington, D.C.

JOSEPH ADELSON writes:

I thought long and hard about the word "thuggish," recognizing that it would seem needlessly provocative. But since one of the central themes of my article was that academicians now suffer from a fear of speaking plainly, I saw no reason to use an evasive adjective when, in my view, Dr. Davis received brutal treatment from some of his colleagues. This is not the place to rehearse the details, so I will be brief. Dr. Davis wrote the most circumspect editorial imaginable on a troubling situation at the Harvard Medical School. Despite his sobriety and caution, he was picketed, threatened with censure, denounced as a racist and fascist. Some of the Harvard administrative hierarchy joined in the abuse, including his dean and the president's office. It was clear enough that rule-or-ruin tactics were being applied: *we* will do whatever we please; we will admit as we please and grade as we please and graduate as we please; and if you dare oppose us, however gently, we will destroy your reputation. A message was being sent, not only to Dr. Davis, but to the rest of us as well. That is why the incident is important, so much so that at least three national journals of opinion have now published articles discussing it.

I much admire Dr. Davis's generosity of spirit in seeking to exculpate his colleagues by framing the issue in larger terms; he is far more charitable to them than they were to him. But I think his analysis is only partially correct. Character *is* important. Even more important are the standards of civility governing conduct on difficult issues, standards which are to some considerable degree set and sustained by a university's leadership. Harvard does not now have that quality of leadership, to judge by its deplorable behavior in the Davis case; and the absence encourages a climate in which anything goes. For another example, consider the harassment Dr. Edward O. Wilson, the distinguished biologist, has received—and indeed at the hands of some of the same people who persecuted Dr. Davis. What happened to Dr. Davis at Harvard would not, I think, have happened to him at most other major universities; I really cannot imagine my administration at Michigan treating any of its faculty as shabbily as he was treated.

The erosion of civility is illustrated perfectly in Samuel Hendel's astonishing communication, astonishing because he proposes to instruct me on professional conduct in the course of writing a letter in which he reprints—without my knowledge or permission—my private correspondence. Nothing reveals more compactly and completely the degradation of ACLU in the last decade than that one of its Board Members—supposedly a civil libertarian—so calmly, so sanctimoniously violates my right to privacy. And it is not an isolated incident. My good friend Professor David Gutmann of Northwestern University, who has been actively involved in the Skokie case, found that a private letter of his, sent to an ACLU member, was—again without his knowledge or permission—sent to an ACLU attorney, who made it public in the course of the Skokie litigation. What we see here is that total contempt for the rights of others characteristic of a certain type of liberal; that type, I am sorry to say, captured the ACLU in the late 1960's, and drove out some long-time members like myself. I imagine Mr. Hendel is too far gone in self-righteousness to apologize to me; but I would like to know whether the ACLU National Board approves of his behavior, and whether it is now ACLU policy to make public, when it wishes, private correspondence not addressed to it but coming into its possession from others.

I cannot tell whether Bernice Sandler is being ingenuous or disingenuous. Does she really believe that academic quota systems have been entered into voluntarily? The history of affirmative action has been a history of coercion—direct and indirect, actual and implicit, physical and psychological and legal. At my university we "voluntarily" adopted student quotas after roving goon squads, armed with lead pipes and other weapons, damaged some university property and threatened to do far worse. Strong-arm extortion has since given way to softer, more bureaucratic modes. Our university recently entered into a wretched agreement with HEW since it felt it had to, in order to bid on a contract; people's jobs and careers were at stake. One yields to Secretary Califano's promptings in much the same spirit of joy one would yield to service in the Cuban labor brigades: both actions are "voluntary." It is bad enough being forced to cope with the heavy-handed bullying of the federal bureaucracy, but it is a bit much to be told by its functionaries that we are doing so because we want to.

Shortly after I completed this reply, the Court announced its decision on *Bakke*, which would seem to call for race being permissible only as one element among many in university admissions. If that criterion were to be followed, it would be an acceptable—though far from desirable—solution to a vexing problem. But the first reactions of university authorities are in my view quite disturbing; it seems clear that they intend to go on doing what they have been doing—using race or ethnicity as

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# The Union Wouldn't Listen.

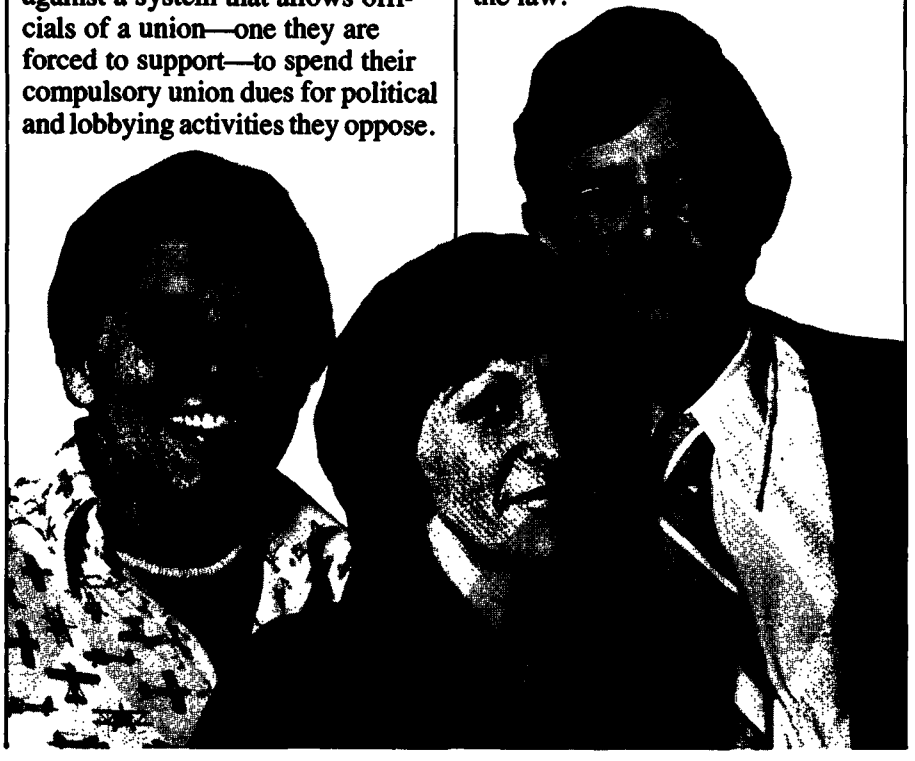
They're young and attractive—just the kind of people you'd expect to find working for an airline in sunny, Southern California.

Allan Fails, every bit a contemporary Californian, suntanned, casually dressed, a small string of puka shells around his neck.

Audrey Ryan, young, stylishly attractive, with a contagious smile.

Howard Ellis, the kind of clean-cut guy you bump into every day of your life, in airports, elevators, department stores.

Ordinary in some ways, but also very special people. Special because Ellis, Fails, Ryan and a handful of courageous co-workers at Western Airlines have rebelled against a system that allows officials of a union—one they are forced to support—to spend their compulsory union dues for political and lobbying activities they oppose.



All the workers set out to do was to get the union to stop and return their money which was supposedly their right under the union's constitution.

But, union officials ignored their pleas. The next step, the only one available to them, was the courts.

So, the workers filed suit in 1973, protesting the use of their compulsory "agency shop" fees for purposes not connected with legitimate collective bargaining. They argued that the expenditures deprived them of their rights under the National Railway Labor Act and the First, Fifth, and Ninth Amendments.

It took three years for a ruling. But in 1976 a federal district court judge found the union had violated the law.

The court also ruled that the Brotherhood of Railway, Airline and Steamship Clerks, AFL-CIO, had violated its legal obligation to fairly represent the workers by ignoring their repeated protests against the misuse of their money, and by refusing to return the money unlawfully being taken from the workers.

The union, of course, has appealed, and says it intends to carry its fight all the way to the Supreme Court if necessary.

Ellis, Fails and their co-defendants would like to get the matter over with. But they are ready to go all the way—because they know they're right, and because they know they can count on the full backing of the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, which has been at their side from the beginning.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is helping everyone it can. It is currently assisting individual workers in more than 75 cases involving academic and political freedom, freedom from union violence, and the right to work for government without paying a private organization for that privilege.

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the essential criterion, though pretending otherwise. Thus, the widely remarked ambiguity of the decision is an incentive to duplicity. I had really hoped that the decision would make my article obsolete, a historical curiosity. Now it appears that the atmosphere of evasion and hypocrisy at the university is likely to continue.

### Hiss and Oswald

To the Editor of Commentary:

Michael Ledeen's reflections on the Hiss and Oswald cases ["Hiss, Oswald, the KGB, and Us," May] quite properly include the role of Igor Gouzenko in the Hiss case. At the same time, Mr. Ledeen overlooks a major analysis of the meaning of the Gouzenko-Hiss situation, "Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White: The Canadian Connection," by James Barros (*Orbis*, Fall 1977). Barros, through information obtained from Gouzenko and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police interviewing Gouzenko, makes it clear that the Truman administration was *afraid* to deal with the Gouzenko testimony. There was apparently no doubt in the minds of Truman, Acheson, and others that Hiss was a Communist spy; yet they made haste to insure that there would be no domestic American repercussions from the discovery of Hiss. This involved easing him out of the Department of State with a minimum of fanfare, and fobbing him off on an unsuspecting institution of some prestige where he would do minimal damage. The institution chosen was the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, where Hiss was installed as President at the beginning of 1947. The ultimate impact of the Truman administration's unwillingness to deal forthrightly with the "Hiss problem" on both the Carnegie Endowment and on the course of U.S. foreign policy since then cannot be clearly determined. As in many other cover-ups to follow, the Truman administration only calculated current changes in public confidence; the long-run damage to American interests was not considered.

We still live with the problem, too, in ways not mentioned by Mr. Ledeen. James Barros notes that

> Gouzenko's file in the State Department's name-index file for 1945-50 (National Archives, Washington) may have been tampered with. Several years ago, the initial FBI reports from Ottawa to Washington dealing with Gouzenko's defection were indexed in the file, though the reports themselves were not open for public inspection. The index cards have now been removed from the file. . . .

The same games go on.

Richard E. Bissell
*Orbis*
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

To the Editor of Commentary:

Michael Ledeen does the cause of truth no service when he describes Garry Wills as "another partisan" of Alger Hiss. He also tends to destroy his own credibility. To say that Allen Weinstein "has failed to shake Wills's belief" in Hiss . . . is patently absurd. The whole Wills article is support for the Weinstein thesis. What Mr. Ledeen apparently objects to is allowing Hiss the "integrity" of being a dedicated Communist. But giving the devil his due hardly makes one "another partisan" (of the devil, of Hiss).

Harold Mager
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . In his article, Michael Ledeen calls Edward Jay Epstein's book, *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald*, "dispassionate" and "scholarly." Does the book deserve such praise? The claim of scholarship seems to rest on Mr. Epstein's assertion that he and others interviewed many people and read many documents. The book also contains abundant footnotes, giving it a falsely learned air. If the tone is dispassionate—and that is debatable—the implications are not, for the reader is invited to believe that Oswald assassinated President Kennedy on behalf of the Soviets or of the Cubans. Mr. Epstein does not prove this assertion, but he puts it forward through a number of suggestions. . . . Nor is Mr. Epstein's discussion of the Nosenko case dispassionate; it is, rather, one-sided and misleading. . . .

In a momentary seizure of skepticism, Mr. Ledeen doubts that Oswald helped the Soviets shoot down the U-2, as Mr. Epstein suggests. Also he brings up commonsense objections to Yuri Nosenko's having been a "disinformation agent." (The use of jargon in writing about intelligence matters—often incorrect use—serves as a plaster to cover defects in logic.) It is

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difficult, therefore, to understand why Mr. Ledeen so readily accepts the rest of what *Legend* no more plausibly alleges. . . .

Perhaps we shall have proof some day that Oswald was a KGB agent. So far the evidence indicates that he was not. In alleging and suggesting and implying and talking about what might have been, Mr. Epstein does nothing to change this fact.

The work of the KGB against the United States is serious, as Mr. Ledeen says. How can his praise of such a sloppy work as *Legend* serve to interest serious opinion?

JOHN HORTON
Hollywood, Maryland

MICHAEL LEDEEN writes:

There must be some technical term for people who criticize a position one does not hold, and it would apply to the letters from Messrs. Bissell, Mager, and Horton. Harold Mager thinks Garry Wills is only giving the devil (Alger Hiss, in this case) his due when he expresses admiration for Hiss's persistence in lying about his guilt for thirty years. I hold a rather different view: given Garry Wills's insistence that the truth be told, I should have expected him to condemn Hiss's lies with the same passion he expresses for Allen Weinstein's thesis that Hiss was in fact guilty. I suggest that Wills's continued respect for Alger Hiss is incoherent, and shows that the "Hiss case" remains emotionally charged.

Richard E. Bissell reiterates what was said in my article: that despite the abundance of evidence in the hands of national-security experts, they preferred to deal with the Hiss case quietly, inefficiently, and with a considerable amount of bumbling. Mr. Bissell, citing James Barros, implies that was sinister; I think there is another explanation. Hiss was well-connected and well-protected; to move openly against him would have meant challenging the prestige of people like Dean Acheson, Walter Lippmann, and Felix Frankfurter. It was obviously preferable to handle the matter through the "old-boy" network, without risking the unpleasantness that finally emerged during the McCarthy period. As I argued, this ultimately turned out to be a fatal error, for McCarthyism was due at least in part to the reluctance of the American government to take action against Communist espionage agents. The failure to do this made it possible for McCarthy to claim that there had been a massive cover-up, thereby implying complicity at the highest levels of government. Of course there was no conspiracy; gentle treatment of Hiss was a reflection of social ambience rather than collusion in espionage. Yet the model which the Hiss case established has lasted a long time; there is still a great reluctance to face the reality of Soviet espionage in this country.

James Barros's article is an important one, and those interested in pursuing the Gouzenko case further should read it. As for the suggestion that the index cards in the National Archives have been deliberately removed, I hope Mr. Bissell will inquire into the matter and advise us. Such matters should not be left in the air, especially in these heady days of the Freedom of Information Act.

John Horton has misread *Legend*. Edward Jay Epstein does not hold the views Mr. Horton ascribes to him. Mr. Epstein often presents the evidence he has gathered without insisting on a particular interpretation; this is the case regarding Oswald's connection with the KGB at the time of the Kennedy assassination. Mr. Epstein's point is not that Oswald was acting on behalf of Cubans or Russians (Mr. Epstein does not believe he was, but leaves the matter open); the question is whether the CIA and the FBI were acting responsibly when they accepted Nosenko's claim that Oswald had *no* KGB link. Mr. Epstein thinks they should have looked more deeply into the matter, because it seems clear that—at a minimum—Oswald was involved with the KGB during the period he lived in the Soviet Union.

I did not have a "momentary seizure of skepticism" when I offered alternative explanations for the U-2 affair and for the claim that Nosenko was a disinformation agent. I used these examples to show that Mr. Epstein's book was of fundamental importance, even if some of his interpretations were incorrect. Mr. Epstein offers one in-

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terpretation, but the evidence he presents is so complete that other versions are possible—this is exactly the opposite of what occurs when someone writes a book which systematically excludes information which does not "fit" the author's theories, and is a sign both of excellent scholarship and dispassionate analysis. *Legend* explores the functioning of the intelligence community at a dramatic moment in American history, and demonstrates that confusion reigned. Nosenko set us a problem which—under the most charitable explanation—we "solved" poorly. But such problems urgently require accurate solutions.

One final note: my article attracted not a single letter attacking the thesis that Soviet espionage in the United States is a serious problem, and that its gravity is insufficiently recognized by our political leadership and intellectual community. In years past, one would have expected some suggestion that this thesis was a form of anti-Communist paranoia. The absence of such criticism encourages me to believe that we may be emerging from the dark shadow of Joe McCarthy.

## Northern Ireland

To the Editor of Commentary:

Upon reading Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.'s "Can Democracy Defend Itself Against Terrorism?" [May], it becomes obvious that Mr. Bishop has relied completely upon "sanitized" British records of Irish history for his information, instead of securing first-hand knowledge. . . .

Mr. Bishop chooses to adopt the British position that suddenly, in 1920, Northern Ireland was created by an Act of Parliament. Not a word is said about what transpired in the centuries or years before, or why. . . . The Irish Republican Army, comprised of Irish nationalists, both Protestant and Catholic, waged a successful guerrilla war for Irish independence, but the victory was not total. The so-called province of Northern Ireland (geographically, the northeastern one-sixth of the Irish isle) was established in 1921, as a result of an ultimatum from British Prime Minister Lloyd George to the Irish, threatening a "terrible and immediate war" if Ireland failed to sign the peace treaties in which Britain expropriated six of Ulster's nine counties. Why six? Because that insured a decisive two to one numerical superiority of British loyalists, i.e., descendants of English and Scottish colonists with "loyalties" to London (the world media erroneously use the term Protestant) over Irish nationalists (called Catholic), although three of those six counties had nationalist majorities. Contrary to the title of Mr. Bishop's article, Northern Ireland was never conceived of as a "democracy." (In today's vernacular, we would have to refer to its founding as "terrorist blackmail.")

Even as late as the late 1960's, one of the major demands of Northern Ireland's civil-rights movement was "one man, one vote." Although this was reluctantly granted, British police soon crushed the nonviolent civil-rights movement in a campaign which culminated in the murder of thirteen unarmed civil-rights marchers by the British army in January 1971.

Meanwhile, the Provisional IRA, consisting of local nationalists, was founded in 1970 in response to devastating pogroms by loyalist mobs in various nationalist localities. The purpose of the Provisional IRA was to "defend and maintain order" in nationalist areas, and it conducted negotiations with the British army toward this end. The British army had appealed for IRA help in stopping the riots on a number of occasions, and the IRA leadership obliged.

Gradually, to appease loyalist politicians, the British army took a decidedly more hostile stand toward the nationalist community, and in 1971, following the death of the civil-rights movement, the British broke off confidential negotiations with the IRA leadership. Shortly afterward, in response, a guerrilla war commenced against Britain's continued colonial presence.

Mr. Bishop's statements to the contrary are unsupported by the facts, as are his statements concerning internment, torture, British army and police restraint, arrest and seizure, the Diplock Courts, censorship, and the (nonexistent) Bill of Rights.

Internment was designed not only to break up a budding IRA but to silence opposition. The overwhelming majority of the 2,000 people thrown into the internment camps were civil-rights campaigners —"genuine terrorists" according to Mr. Bishop. . . .

Over 2,000 complaints of torture and brutality were filed against the British police and army last year, and this led Amnesty International to conduct public hearings on torture in Belfast last December. Earlier this year, the European Court of Human Rights convicted Britain of "inhuman and degrading treatment" in dealing with Irish dissidents in 1971; the European Commission on Human Rights urged that these practices be labeled "torture." Less than a year before, the BBC aired a documentary citing the continued use of "torture" in Northern Ireland, and refuted British government assurances that such practices had been stopped in 1971. . . .

In Northern Ireland, 90 per cent of all "terrorist-type charges" pressed by the British police rest principally on the statements of the accused (the 90 per cent figure has been established by legal research). A suspect taken into custody can be held for seven days without benefit of counsel, and access to counsel is usually granted only after a statement is made. To conceal the widespread use of torture in obtaining these "forced" statements, and thus to expedite the imprisonment of political dissidents, London established the Diplock Courts, which dispense with trial by jury. . . .

Mr. Bishop continually interjects American legal safeguards and doctrines into the context of Northern Ireland. (A better comparison would be that of pre-1776 American colonial law with the law in Northern Ireland.) Northern Ireland has no Bill of Rights. . . . As recently as April 1977, the British government decided not to introduce a Bill of Rights for Northern Ireland. Seven months later, Northern Ireland's Standing Advisory Commission on Human Rights called for incorporating the European Convention on Human Rights into British law, but to no avail. . . .

If Mr. Bishop would investigate the situation in Northern Ireland more fully, he might find that things are radically different from what the British government would have others believe.

Raymond Quinn
San Francisco, California

To the Editor of Commentary:

Joseph W. Bishop, Jr., is mistaken when he claims that the Catholic citizens of Northern Ireland never made any serious effort to seek a judicial remedy for the

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# ENERGY FOR WHAT?

We Americans have been warned repeatedly: we cannot expect to go on living the way we did in 1973 before the OPEC oil embargo. Things are going to be different in 1985 and by the year 2000, we are told, they'll be dramatically different.

The clear implication, of course, is that things will be rough in 1985 and worse by 2000. Life will be meaner. And, if not less to live for, there will be less to hope for.

Even though that prospect is both dim and questionable, it has faced only the most desultory challenges. Instead, debate has centered around the proper tactics to postpone Doomsday, the most likely date on which Doomsday will occur should we fail to agree on how to delay it, how much profit if any should be permitted those who keep the wheels humming until then, and other questions similarly remote from the basic issue.

The basic issue, it seems to us, is not Conservation versus Development, not Environment versus Energy, not Soft-Paths versus Hard. What matters most is not whether the higher price of oil goes to the producers as profit or the Government as taxes—nor even that the consumer pays the same regardless. The issue is that *none of the alternatives being argued is relevant if all it can promise is to slow our slide downhill.*

What is being exposed in this long, drawn-out haggling over Energy Policy may not be the short-fall of our resources, nor the weakness of our will, nor the inefficiency of our democracy. What is being exposed may be the paucity of our vision.

We Americans never expected to go on living the way we did in 1973 before the embargo. We expected each year to be sufficient unto itself and each one to be different.

What do we expect of 1985? Of the year 2000? What, for that matter, do we expect of 1980? Certainly not to be still arguing the issues of 1978!

Quite simply and matter-of-factly, we cannot begin to resolve the question of Energy without first resolving the question of "Energy for What?"

What kind of a country do we want to live in? What kind of a society do we intend to build? What kind of a world do we wish to shape?

Are we ready to retire from world leadership? Have we lost our faith in progress and exploration? Have we run out our string of dreams—dreams that were so palpable in the past and seem so elusive today? Or do we still have "promises to keep"?

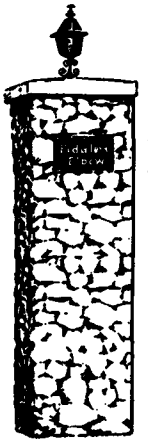
Is the world's most highly-developed nation ready to shift into neutral gear while its plants and equipment coast into obsolescence, its technology languishes, and its buildings deteriorate toward landmark status or await conversion by the arsonist into insurance claims?

"The cause of America," Tom Paine wrote in *Common Sense*, "is the cause of the whole world." Isn't it still?

*More than energy policies upon which to build a vision of the future, we need a vision of the future upon which to build our energy policies.*

With that in mind, we have invited a number of distinguished thinkers to join us in a continuing exploration of the question "Energy for What?" Because the issue goes to the heart of what this nation stands for it belongs, quite properly, to all the American people. For that reason, we are taking the unusual step of carrying our concerns beyond the confines of our membership through this and other thoughtful publications.

We welcome your comments and invite your inquiries.



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On September 12, 1978, Senators Dewey F. Bartlett and James Abourezk, distinguished members of the Committee on Energy and Natural Resources, will join Herman Kahn, director of the Hudson Institute, to present their views on "Energy for What?" This luncheon meeting for members and guests is the first in a series of explorations we are planning on this subject. For further information:

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troubles. Not only was such an effort made, it was successful.

In 1972, an action brought by John Hume, a Catholic member of Parliament, was found to be valid by the high court of Northern Ireland. The highest court, not a cell of the IRA, found that the British army had no standing in law in Ireland. This court ruled that every act of the British army was unconstitutional—every search, every arrest, every internment was illegal.

In London the next day the House of Commons passed a bill that created retrospective law in Northern Ireland. Black's *Law Dictionary* defines retrospective law as impolitic and unjust. Yet in defiance of the tradition of the common law, the British government shamed itself. . . .

THOMAS BURKE
San Francisco, California

JOSEPH W. BISHOP, JR., writes:

Raymond Quinn's letter is a faithful reproduction of one version of the current troubles in Northern Ireland, that of Sinn Fein and the Provisional IRA. (I think he exaggerates the sweet reasonableness of the IRA.) I did not expect to write a description which both sides would accept as correct—that is impossible—but I started without prejudice, for or against either side, and did my best to be objective. My only prejudice, if that is the right word, was a dislike of indiscriminate terrorism, whether committed by Catholics or Protestants or anyone else. The terms Catholic and Protestant, republican (or nationalist) and loyalist, seem to be used interchangeably by all hands, and it makes little practical difference which labels are used. Loyalist, at least, is not wholly accurate, for some of the Protestant extremists are far from loyal to the Crown and would probably prefer an independent Ulster, controlled by themselves. The Reverend Ian Paisley and his followers would, I have no doubt, disagree with my account quite as vigorously as Mr. Quinn, although for different reasons.

I did not have space to chronicle the whole history of Ireland since Cromwell's time, beyond pointing out that the animosity between the two communities goes back more than three centuries. I go into the historical background at somewhat greater length in a much longer, more detailed, and heavily footnoted article which is scheduled to appear in *Law and Contemporary Problems* this summer or fall. The article gives, *inter alia*, some account of the way in which a fraction of the IRA, the ideological ancestors of the present Provisionals, in 1920 switched to the newly created Free State and the new Irish army the same campaign of violence they had been waging against the British. (The new Irish government resorted to control measures practically identical with those the British had been using.)

Northern Ireland, as a separate province of the United Kingdom, of course dates only from 1920, although the land, the people, and the trouble were obviously there long before. Its existence, I think, resulted not so much from a British desire to "expropriate" part of Ireland as from the concentration in the North of most of the Protestant (or loyalist) population, who feared government from Dublin. I agree that it would probably be feasible to cede to the Republic of Ireland such largely Catholic areas as Armagh, which abuts the Republic, but that is not now true of the areas where the Protestants are a very large majority and will probably not be true in the foreseeable future. It would in all likelihood mean a civil war bloodier than even Ulster has yet seen, which I think the small Irish army would be even less able than the British army to control.

Contrary to Mr. Quinn's assertion, I did have access to a good many people with first-hand information. Most were obviously biased, one way or the other, but some, notably Tom Hadden and other members of the Faculty of Law of Queen's University, Belfast, seemed to me as even-handed as anyone could be in such a situation. I relied particularly on two publications which appear factual and impartial: *Law and State: The Case of Northern Ireland* (1975), by K. Boyle, T. Hadden, and P. Hillyard; and "The Evolution, Disintegration, and Possible Reconstruction of the Northern Ireland Constitution," by C. Palley, *1 Anglo-American Law Review 368* (1972). I do not know where Mr. Quinn found the "legal research" showing that 90 per cent of all "terrorist-type charges" pressed by the British police (I suppose he means the Royal Ulster Constabulary, although they are not British) rest principally on the statements of the accused. If he knows of any cases in which an accused terrorist has been convicted on the strength of his own confession, I would appreciate the citations.

I was at some pains to say that Northern Ireland was a democracy only "on paper," being a one-party state. But it *did*, as I said, have something like a Bill of Rights in Section 5 of the Government of Ireland Act of 1920. Mr. Quinn does nothing to clear up my puzzlement as to why so little use was made of it, nor does he mention that the Northern Ireland Constitution Act of 1973, which superseded the 1920 Act, somewhat expanded the earlier provisions by prohibiting discrimination on the basis of political opinion as well as religious belief.

In my article, I certainly did not "interject American legal safeguards and doctrines into the context of Northern Ireland"; what I did do was ask to what extent the British government's measures to control violence would be consistent with our Constitution and concluded that many of them, if a like crisis existed, would probably be held constitutional by the American courts. There is a movement in England, as well as Northern Ireland, to incorporate the European Convention on Human Rights into British law. I support that movement, but I do not think that the Emergency Powers Act of 1973 or any other Act of the British Parliament applicable in Ulster contravenes that Convention. I did, of course, read the Diplock and other Royal Commission reports. Though I took many of their conclusions with a grain of salt, on the whole they seem to me better supported by the available evidence and less dogmatic and tendentious than Mr. Quinn's tract. In fact, his letter is a good example of the state of mind (as common among Protestants as Catholics) which makes it so hard to reach a reasonable solution in Ulster.

I am a good deal more familiar with *Regina (Hume and others)* v. *Londonderry Justices* [1972], N.I. 91, than Thomas Burke appears to be. That case might be described as an effort by the Catholics in Northern Ireland to seek judicial relief, although it did not involve the section of the 1920 Government of Ireland Act which prohibited discrimination against Catholics. The Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice

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in Northern Ireland set aside Hume's conviction of disobeying a regulation (issued under the old 1922 Special Powers Act of the Stormont Parliament) which empowered a commissioned officer of Her Majesty's forces to order the dispersal of an assembly which he believed might lead to a breach of the peace. The ground of the decision was that the 1920 Act gave the Stormont Parliament no power to legislate "in respect of" the armed forces. (The competence of the Stormont government under the 1920 Act did not extend to military or international affairs, which were left to the British government.) The decision did not in any way affect actions authorized by the government of the United Kingdom itself and most certainly did not hold that "every act of the British army was unconstitutional." I agree, however, that the British Parliament, although it did not wish to invalidate every previous arrest or other action by the army which was authorized only by Stormont laws, would have been better advised to amend the statute only prospectively. The whole issue of the powers of the Stormont regime was, of course, mooted by the British takeover in 1972.

## The Jewish Catacombs

To the Editor of Commentary:

Having read the letters published on the Jewish catacombs of Rome [November 1977, January, March 1978] as well as Michael Ledeen's article ["The Unknown Catacombs" September 1977], I feel that some additional comments are in order. In March 1978, I visited the three remaining Jewish catacombs of Rome. . . . Two of them have already been turned over to the Italian government by the Vatican. (As a matter of fact, my permit to visit them was granted by the alderman in charge of antiquities for the municipality of Rome.) The third catacomb will also be turned over to the Italian government soon. . . . It should be added that only part of the catacombs is visible; there are undoubtedly miles of underground *cuniculi* which have yet to be explored and excavated. There are, moreover, other catacombs and relics of Jewish life during the first centuries of the Roman empire throughout Italy which remain undiscovered. Unfortunately, neither the Italian government nor the Italian Jewish community is in a position to extend the digging or to initiate new projects of discovery. They cannot in fact even protect whatever has been, or will soon be, turned over to them. Therefore, it is imperative for the world Jewish community to assist in these tasks.

The objects of historical and artistic value of the existing catacombs have either been stolen by the grave robbers (a flourishing industry in Italy) or brought to the Vatican by the Catholic experts who formerly conducted the work of exploration and restoration. Since the majority of these objects were legally deeded to the Vatican by the owners of the land upon which the objects were found, it is unlikely that they will be turned over to the Italian or Jewish authorities. Under the circumstances, I think that the most logical solution would be to obtain permission from the Vatican to keep the Jewish Room of the Vatican Museum permanently open to scholars, students, and the public, and that a commission of experts (both Catholic and Jewish) be established to undertake a systematic study of the materials in the Vatican's possession.

Fausto Pitigliani

Rome, Italy

## Capitalist Travelers

To the Editor of Commentary:

In his letter in the June issue on the symposium, "Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy" [April], Neil G. Barclay states that "virtually all of the fellow-travelers and apologists for totalitarianism to be found in the democratic West come from the ranks of the anti-capitalist Left. . . ." I wish to suggest that this is misleading and gets many of those in professional and business, not to mention artistic and scientific, endeavors—as distinct from strictly political and ideological ones—off the hook. When multinational corporations, with millions of shareholders, management personnel, and employees . . ., engage in mutually beneficial trade with statist regimes (where no free market exists at all), they act in the capacity of fellow-travelers and apologists for totalitarianism. The fact that these individuals and their organizations are not primarily advocates simply points up that there is a division of labor in the support one can give to political systems—some can provide theoretical analyses, . . . others can give professional support, and yet others can supply cash. . . . The intellectuals are not the only ones who have sold out the free society. . . .

Tibor R. Machan

Department of Philosophy
SUNY College
Fredonia, New York

## The Finns

To the Editor of Commentary:

I would like to comment on Walter Laqueur's "A Reply to the Finns" [Letters from Readers, May]. . . . At issue is whether there has been an erosion of political rights in Finland. Two further questions are involved: what is Finlandization and in what direction is democracy in Finland headed? The article in which Mr. Laqueur discussed these matters, "The Specter of Finlandization" [December 1977], . . . touched a nerve in Finland. Yet Mr. Laqueur should not be expected to recant simply because he uncovered an unpleasant truth—namely, the plastic quality of Finnish democracy—or because of unpleasant grumbling from the North. Finns, after all, are not divided into those who approve of the erosion of democracy and those who do not, but into those who disapprove of it silently and those who disapprove vocally.

There has been a widespread assumption outside Finland that the Finns are skillfully handling massive Soviet pressure by cultivating (and thereby cleverly outwitting) the Soviets. Mr. Laqueur seems to have discovered otherwise, as some astute observer was bound to do eventually. To paraphrase Bacon ("Of Seeming Wise," 1615): "It hath been an Opinion that the Russians are wiser than they seeme, and the Finns seeme wiser than they are."

Risto Marttinen

Washington, D.C.

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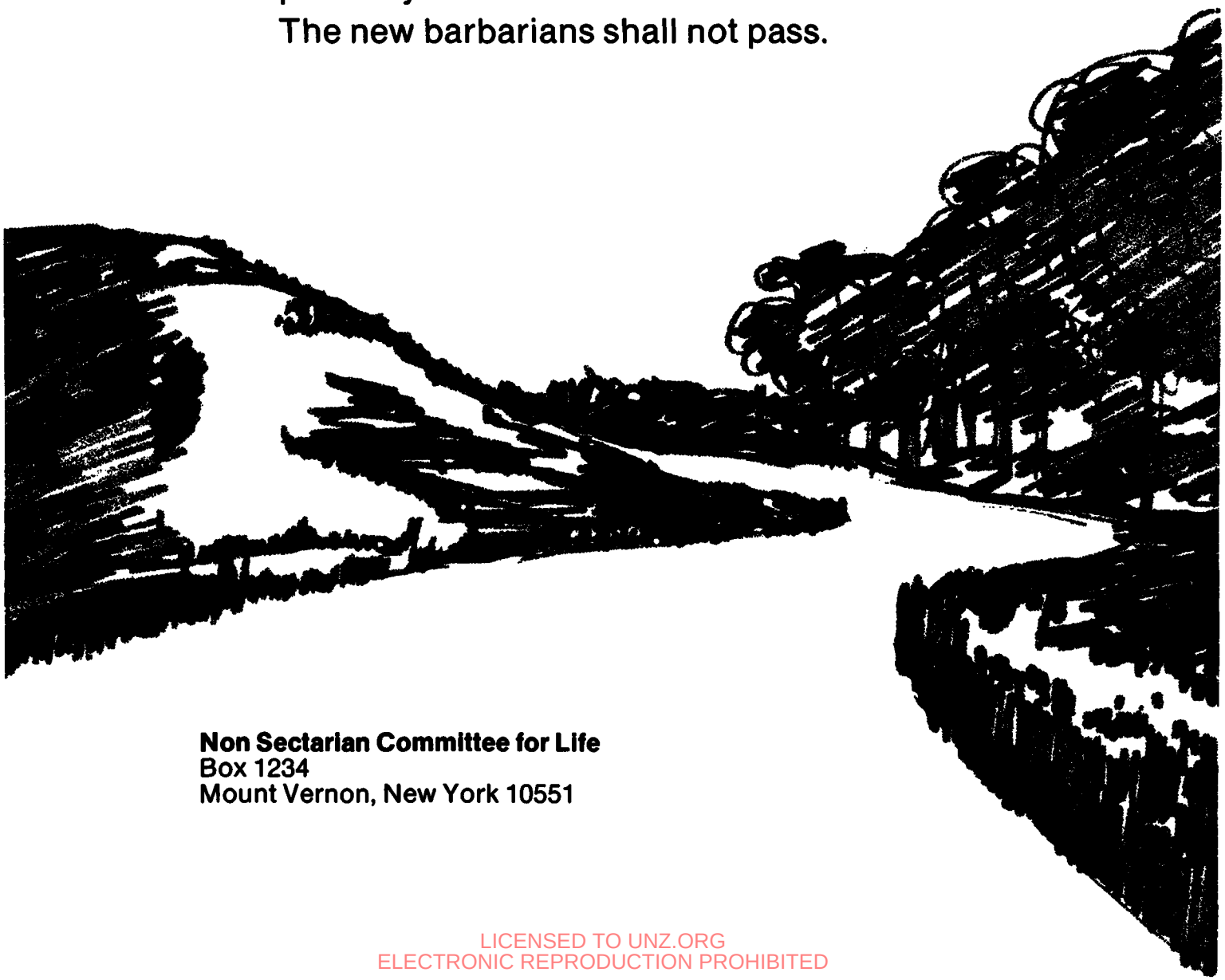

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# The World According to Andrew Young

*Carl Gershman*

ANDREW YOUNG is unquestionably a prominent figure in American politics today, and one of growing international importance as well. Before his remarkably rapid rise—owing largely to the role he played in Jimmy Carter's presidential campaign—Young served as Congressman from Atlanta's 5th District, and before that as Executive Director of Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. In both these capacities he was known as a skilled negotiator—tough, but also conciliatory when necessary—and a racial moderate; he was the only black Congressman who voted to confirm Gerald Ford as Vice President, for example. It is only since his appointment as United States Ambassador to the United Nations that Young has seemingly gone out of his way to court political controversy and to adopt the provocative, outspoken manner that has become his trademark in office.

From the beginning, Young has seen that appointment as something more than just a diplomatic assignment. He has referred time and again to its symbolic significance, calling it a sign of America's racial progress and the harbinger of a new relationship between the U.S. and the countries of the Third World. He seems to see himself as a kind of diplomatic avenging angel, called upon to right the wrongs of past American foreign policy, to put the United States on the "right side of the moral issues in this world," and to "repair the damage" which was done during the years when America supported the "worst leadership groups" and became party to a "vast network of oppression" instead of siding with "oppressed peoples everywhere."

The torrent of controversy provoked by Young during his first months in office seemed designed to call attention to his new, crusading role and to the new American stance which it presumably symbolized. Conor Cruise O'Brien has observed that Young "knows how to be indiscreet and makes his indiscretions work in his favor," and this assessment is probably right. Though Young outraged many people by calling Cuban troops in Angola "a force for stability," or advising Americans not to be "paranoid" about "a few thousand" Communist soldiers in Africa, or by hurling indiscriminate charges of racism at U.S. allies, adversaries, past Presidents, and even the borough of Queens, he also strengthened his credibility at the UN by saying such things and enlarged his popularity among many American blacks. Not long after Young took office, the Nigerian foreign minister called him the "symbol of a new and constructive United States policy toward Africa," and three leaders of the NAACP, including Roy Wilkins, praised him for speaking the "brutal, unvarnished truth" about racism in America and urged President Carter not to let the "enemies of racial progress" sway him from supporting Young.

President Carter has needed no such urging. He has been almost reverential toward Young, calling him the "finest elected official" and the "best man" he has ever known, as well as a "national treasure" and "Third World hero." Repeatedly, the President has made a point of affirming his "complete faith" in the way Young has gone about fulfilling his diplomatic responsibilities.* In token of all this, Young is the first U.S. Ambasssador to have his own full-time staff on the seventh floor of the State Department—down the hall from Secretary of State Vance; he is the only U.S. diplomat permitted to engage in fund-raising activities on behalf of Democratic candidates; and his advice is solicited on many vital policy questions having nothing to do with Africa or the Third World. Carter's initial decision to stop development of the neutron bomb, for example, was reportedly influenced by Young, who feared that production of the bomb would make the U.S. position difficult to defend at the special UN session on disarmament.

CARL GERSHMAN, whose recent articles in COMMENTARY include "After the Dominoes Fell" (May) and (with Bayard Rustin) "Africa, Soviet Imperialism & the Retreat of American Power" (October), is executive director of Social Democrats, USA.

* Young has been equally lavish in his praise of Carter. According to Young, the President is "free of racism" and "has the capacity as President of the United States to do more to put an end to racism than anybody since Martin Luther King." This is remarkable praise from Young, all the more so since Carter admittedly took no part in the civil-rights movement and used racially questionable tactics in his 1970 gubernatorial race in Georgia. But Carter is an avowedly repentant sinner and this may account for what *Newsweek* has called the "almost mystical friendship" between the President and Young.



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Is it then the case that the views which Young has been articulating so freely during his tenure at the UN reflect the policies of the United States government? Young himself suggests as much. Whenever he creates a furor, he defends himself by claiming first that his remarks have been taken out of context and, second, that they represent a fairly accurate reflection of policy—a policy that is in process of changing to become "much more in tune with the thinking of the rest of the world."

Lately, of course, the President has been expressing views about the activities of the Russians and the Cubans in Africa that diverge sharply from those of Young. Nevertheless, it remains unclear whether or to what extent Young speaks for himself or on behalf of the administration. Whatever the answer to that question may turn out to be, Young's political attitudes, as represented by his public utterances during the year-and-a-half since he took office, do indeed, as he himself says, point toward a fundamental revision of American foreign policy—though a revision with very different moral implications from those he ascribes to it. Young's views may or may not be consonant with those of President Carter. But if they are, then the conception of human rights articulated by the Carter administration is a sham, put forward to disguise a rather cynical accommodation to a world in which Communist totalitarianism is the dominant reality.

TO UNDERSTAND Young's thinking, one must understand that all his political judgments are made from the vantage point of the American civil-rights movement of the 1960's. When an interviewer commented on "how often you interpret world events through your own civil-rights experience," Young answered: "It's true. I mean, it's all I got. Everybody is determined by his own experience." That experience, in Young's view, is relevant not only to America but to all sorts of countries and situations no matter how far removed they may be from the specific conditions that existed in the American South under segregation. Whether he is speaking in Lagos to a World Conference on Action Against Apartheid, or in Maputo at a conference in support of black nationalist movements in Namibia (South West Africa) and Zimbabwe (Rhodesia), Young continually draws a parallel between the struggles fought in the 50's and 60's against Jim Crow in the South and the struggle currently being fought against white minority rule in Africa.

And it is not only Africa that elicits this parallel. Young is no less hesitant in drawing comparisons between the American civil-rights movement and the current dissident movement in the Soviet Union. He has said, for example, that the Shcharansky and Ginzburg trials "remind me very much of my own days in the civil-rights movement." Repression in Mississippi, he has also said, "just made more people more determined," and "[t]he same things will happen in Russia." Furthermore, "as the Soviet Union becomes more prosperous, as more and more people are exposed to any kind of art and culture," especially through the medium of television, there will be a "human-rights explosion that will not be unlike our civil-rights movement." Young's experience in the civil-rights movement even provides a model for his approach to the politics of the United Nations. Just as the black movement in the U.S. built a broad coalition for change, so too, he says, is it necessary at the world body "to build coalitions that cross racial and geographic and ideological lines."

So central is the civil-rights movement in Young's scheme of things that he credits it with having started a "political revolution" that brought about a "radical reformation of American foreign policy." In his speech to the Maputo conference in May 1977, Young explained to his African audience how the civil-rights movement evolved into the anti-war protest movement, which in turn created a "new approach to the problems we face everywhere in the world." Thanks to this "new approach," which grew "out of a concern for the end to racism, and an end to militarism and imperialism," American foreign policy is now profoundly different from what it was during "the tragedy of the past twenty years," when American tax dollars were used "not to develop, not to feed the hungry, but essentially as part of an apparatus of repression in many places on the face of the earth." At long last, the cold war is behind us, and what used to be "an adversary relationship between East and West . . . is giving way to much more cooperation. . . ."

Of course, Young is aware that the transformation is not yet total. The U.S. still spends "close to $100 billion a year [*sic*] on so-called military preparedness," and many Americans still persist in seeing a "so-called 'clear and present danger' " in Communism as a result of a "massive education campaign run by the government and private agencies." But the outlook is improving. Americans are gradually coming to acknowledge the past racism of our government, and to recognize the truth of W.E.B. Du Bois's dictum that "the problem of the 20th century is the problem of the color line." At a conference in Lagos against apartheid, Young noted approvingly that though much of the "imperialism, neocolonialism, capitalism, or what have you" of the United States is still present, the situation is in the process of being transformed by the Carter administration.

Given this general view of the world, it is not surprising to discover that Young sees no reason for the U.S. to oppose Communism militarily, or even to confront it ideologically. He simply does not believe that the Soviet Union and its allies pose a military or strategic threat to the United States. The whole question of the Horn of Africa, for example, is in Young's opinion vastly exagger-

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ated, and he pronounces it "ridiculous" to find "this enormous strategic significance in a thousand miles of sand." Indeed, if there are strategic interests at stake at all in the Horn of Africa, the United States has only benefited from the Soviet action, for it will prove to be "the Soviet Union's Vietnam"—"the Russians have done more to hurt themselves than we could have ever done to hurt them."

Nor, according to Young, does the fact that Cuba is a Communist regime allied with the Soviet Union have any bearing on the situation. "Cubans are people," he said after Cuban advisers arrived in Ethiopia. "They might do good things. They might do bad things. Let's wait and see before we jump to conclusions." When asked on *Meet the Press* whether he was for, against, or neutral toward the Cuban presence in Africa, Young replied: "I think I would treat the Cuban presence just like I would treat the Israeli presence or the French presence or the American presence. I would ask the question: What are they doing?"

What, then, *are* the Cubans doing in Africa in Young's opinion? The answer has varied on different occasions, but always the motives imputed have been honorable ones. When the Cubans first arrived in Angola, Young thought that "they were essentially opposing racism, and driving the South Africans out"; later, when the civil war was over and the Neto regime installed in power, Young explained that the Cubans were "basically doing technical assistance," and in fact representing our own interests by protecting Gulf Oil's installations in Cabinda. Whatever their motives, crass political expediency was not among them: "I don't believe that Cuba is in Africa because it was ordered there by the Russians. I believe that Cuba is in Africa because it really has shared a sense of colonial oppression and domination."

It was only when the Cubans (for reasons not quite covered by Young's analysis) "used military means to try to resolve a conflict of Angolans themselves" that he was ready to condemn "that military role." But even while he expressed concern about "the continuation of death and destruction almost everywhere there is a Cuban military presence," he did not feel that any kind of U.S. military response was called for, and he continues to oppose any such response whether in Angola, in the Horn of Africa, in Zaire, or in Rhodesia. To reply with force would, in the first place, only compound the violence ("I don't think it's right for us to become a destructive force because they are a destructive force") and in the second place would never work "because the Soviets are willing to put so much more in weaponry into a situation in Africa," while "[t]he American people have sort of determined that our foreign policy for the near future, anyway, ought to avoid any military involvement in which the shores of the United States are not threatened." And this is all for the best, according to Young, since in any case the U.S. "fares better in the world through peaceful economic competition wherever possible." "The sooner the fighting stops and the trading starts," he has declared, "the quicker we win."

If Young sees no strategic grounds for opposing Communist advances, neither does he see any moral ones, for he does not feel qualified to pass judgment on the Communist system of government. Concerning Angola, for example, he has said that "There's nothing wrong with their deciding to live under a socialist [*sic*] system," though he did not quite explain what "deciding" meant in this connection. He himself, as he once explained it, would not want to live in a place like Mozambique, for example, yet in the course of a visit there he "found that in the midst of that liberation movement there was in addition to the Communist social structure a remnant of humanism. . . . I say they are Communist but they are also humanist."

THE question of human rights, too, according to Young, is relative rather than absolute, in the sense that it is "understandable that people in different circumstances should have different perceptions of what human rights are." In a speech delivered at the Riverside Church in New York on Human Rights Sunday, Young urged Americans to broaden their definition of human rights to take account of these "different perceptions," and to understand that for the poor people of the world, the most pressing concern is overcoming poverty, not political freedom. In effect, therefore, "For most of the world, civil and political rights . . . come as luxuries that are far away in the future." Applying this "different-perceptions" theory to the Soviet Union, Young explained rather ingeniously how under that particular style of government, human rights —redefined, of course—have been preserved. In part, this appears to have been due to differences in climate:

> . . . we must recognize that they are growing up in circumstances different from ours. They have, therefore, developed a completely different concept of human rights. For them, human rights are essentially not civil and political, but economic. . . . One lives in a land where, in most of that land, the sun sets as early as three o'clock in the afternoon, and where the planting season is minimal. Under those circumstances the struggle for human rights inevitably becomes far more economic in its expression than it would in a country such as ours, where we almost take it for granted that anything can grow almost anywhere year 'round.

But even the acknowledged defects of Communism do not grant us the right to judge it, in Young's opinion, because our own record on human rights is far from clean. While it is true that there is no political liberty in the Soviet Union, "We unfortunately have been very reluc-

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tant to accept the concept of economic responsibility for all of our citizens." And while it is true that the Soviet Union represses its dissidents, "many of our own students were shot down on their own campuses" as a result of their political activities against the war in Vietnam. And even if we do not go in for literal torture, as some other countries do, the United States "still has subtle but very strong systems of intimidation at work that inhibit the possibilities of our poor, our discriminated against, and our dissidents, from speaking fully to address themselves." To illustrate this point, he has observed that a young black in America "is much more likely to go to jail and find himself abused there" than is a young white; and that the poor find it more difficult than the rich to gain adequate legal representation. No wonder, then, that at a meeting of the UN Commission on Human Rights, a body which includes some of the harshest despotisms on the planet, Young said, "I see my country as vulnerable as anybody else's around the table." He made a similar point during the Shcharansky trial when he said that there are "hundreds, perhaps even thousands of people whom I would call political prisoners" in the United States.

Young's willingness to give certain countries the benefit of the doubt extends even to Uganda. He acknowledges that there have been "massive violations of human rights and destruction of people" in that country, but is not sure how much violence is "done as a matter of government policy and how much is done as a result of an imminent kind of chaos." Then, too, Western nations have no right to be sanctimonious about Idi Amin, since they "contributed to overthrowing" the government of Milton Obote (a "left-leaning intellectual") and thereby paved the way for Amin's tyranny. Uganda, therefore, "is not just an African problem, [but] a Western one . . . a result of the excesses of both colonialism and neocolonialism."

There is, of course, a limit to Young's moral relativism. It does not extend to South Korea, Iran, Chile, the Philippines, or any of the other countries belonging presumably to that "vast network of oppression" to which we became a party in past years. Nor does it extend to South Africa, which Young has singled out from among all the countries of the world for unique moral condemnation. Here, for once, the question of human rights is paramount and there is not a trace of that hesitation to pass judgment which Young so frequently displays toward other governments that deny their citizens democratic rights. Here, and only here, "the whole conscience of the world is . . . on trial."

APPEARING on *Face the Nation* on May 21, 1978, only a few days after Communist-backed forces invaded Zaire's Shaba province and had reportedly launched a major offensive in Eritrea, Young assessed the African situation: "I think our policy is doing very well," he said, "and frankly, I think we are much better off in Africa now . . . than we have been for the last decade." Considered in light of the preceding week's events—and indeed, in light of events that have taken place over the entire period since Young and Carter took charge of our African policy—Young's reply was well-nigh staggering.

There are now Cuban military personnel and civilian "advisers" stationed in some fifteen African countries, most of them concentrated in southern Africa and the Horn, the two zones where military conflict on the continent is most intense. The 25,000-man Cuban force in Angola, which is financed by the Soviet Union at a rate of $2½ million a day, is greater by one-quarter than it was when Carter took office, and serves the double purpose of securing the Communist hold on Angola and aiding pro-Soviet insurgents in neighboring countries. The Cubans guard the Cabinda oilfields (the source of yearly revenues of close to $1 billion which keep the MPLA regime afloat); fight a continuing war in the countryside against the guerrilla forces of UNITA and FNLA (the two nationalist movements defeated in the civil war); and maintain order in the capital city of Luanda, where they put down an attempted coup in May of last year. From their Angolan base, the Cubans train SWAPO and ZAPU guerrillas in the use of Soviet weapons for an eventual takeover in Namibia and Zimbabwe. Here, too, they have trained and armed the Congolese National Liberation Front, the rebel group that invaded Shaba province this past May (the second such invasion in fourteen months) in an effort to topple the Mobutu government. In addition to the Angola operation, Moscow has also stepped up arms shipments to the Patriotic Front in Zambia and Mozambique, and flown groups of Malawian recruits to Cuba for military training. Reviewing these efforts in a joint communiqué issued on April 24, 1978, the Soviet Union and Cuba pledged to increase "assistance and support" to all the pro-Moscow insurgencies in the region.

In the Horn, 12,000 Cuban troops, 1,000 Soviet "advisers," and $1 billion of Soviet weapons enabled Ethiopia to drive Somali forces out of the Ogaden desert in March of this year. Not content with this victory, and despite implicit assurances to Washington that the Somali withdrawal would be followed by "substantial reductions" in Cuban and Soviet forces in Ethiopia, Moscow soon sought to establish its control over the entire Horn. On April 9, just three days after Ethiopian President Mengistu returned from a hasty visit to Moscow, there was an abortive coup against the government of Somali President Mohammed Siad Barre, which Somalia charged had been instigated by the Soviet Union and Cuba. Not long after, Ethiopian troops backed by an enlarged Cuban force of 17,000 (and, according to Mengistu, backed also by forces from the Soviet Union, East Germany, and South Yemen) stepped up their offensive against the Eritrean secessionist movement.

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IN SHORT, during the first year and a half of the Carter Presidency, two areas of considerable strategic importance—southern Africa, with its vast mineral deposits, and the Horn of Africa, with its proximity both to the vital sea routes through the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean and to the world's largest oil reserves in Saudi Arabia—have fallen under increasing assault from the Soviet Union and its allied forces. While all this has been going on, Young has retained his equanimity and urged Americans not to overreact, in accordance with his well-earned reputation in the Carter administration as a "cool-it person." There have, however, been occasions when even Young has lost his equanimity. This happened, for example, when it was announced that an internal settlement had been reached in Rhodesia between the Smith government and three black leaders, Bishop Abel Muzorewa, the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, and Senator Jeremiah Chirau. Young was obviously taken by surprise and refused to believe it at first ("Our intelligence reports [said] that this would not happen, certainly not soon"). Then he went on to say that the settlement—which would guarantee the white 4 per cent of the population 28 per cent of the seats for ten years in a parliament elected by universal suffrage—would not work because it did not "address the issues that have some 40,000 people fighting" (the actual number is closer to 10,000). Comparing it to the "three or four internal settlements in Vietnam" which failed to stop the fighting there, Young predicted that the settlement would lead to a "black-on-black civil war," followed by a "massive commitment of Soviet weapons." He added that even if the U.S. and other Western countries recognized the new Salisbury government (which "would be very difficult"), such recognition would not mean much unless they were willing to send troops in to back it up, if necessary. "I don't think we are ready to do that," Young concluded, thereby announcing in advance that the United States would abstain from any action in the situation, and virtually inviting the Soviet Union and Cuba to intervene.

Young is against the internal settlement, which envisions independence before the end of the year, free and fair elections open to all parties (including the guerrillas who would be encouraged to return and to participate on an equal basis in the new order), on the ground that it is insufficiently representative (though in fact it would be one of the most democratic states in Africa). Instead, he supports the Anglo-American plan which requires all parties to agree to a settlement—the white majority, the internally-based black groups, and the two wings of the Patriotic Front led by Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe—after which a free election will take place to determine the composition of a new government. But this assumes, first of all, that both Nkomo and Mugabe really want a free election—in which, most observers feel, they would not do very well—and secondly, that a consensus could be reached by all the parties involved not only about the terms for a settlement, but about a future democratic state as well. Hard as it was to reach a compromise between the white minority and the moderate black internal leaders, it is impossible to imagine a compromise between Ian Smith and Mugabe (who has said that there should be no amnesty for "war criminals"). It is also exceedingly difficult to imagine that a consensus could ever be reached between Mugabe, who has opposed multiparty democracy as a "luxury" and has called for a "one-party state," and Muzorewa, the most popular of the internal leaders, who has called for a multiparty, multiracial, constitutional democracy with a bill of rights, an independent judiciary, and a "mixed type of economy."

Indeed, the irreconcilability of these two positions, held by two black leaders, is an ironic commentary on Young's belief, which he has expressed so often at the United Nations and which is such an integral part of his total outlook, that the East-West conflict between totalitarianism and democracy has come to an end, and that race is the main dividing line in the world today. In fact, however, the decisive issue in Rhodesia is not the imperfections of the democracy envisioned by the internal settlement, or even the resistance to white minority rule, which the settlement would end. Rather, it is whether or not the future Zimbabwe will be democratic or totalitarian.

One need not accept Muzorewa's contention that Young has been "terribly brainwashed by the Patriotic Front and the so-called front-line states" to notice his clear bias in their favor. Indeed he has asserted, in a recent BBC interview, that "We are on the side of the front-line presidents in the Rhodesian situation." In consonance with this, he has spoken of the guerrillas with extreme deference. "People who are engaged in negotiated settlements," he told the Maputo conference in support of the Front, "hardly have the moral right to tell the people who are engaged in armed struggle how to run their paths and determine their freedom." And in further token of his admiration, Young publicly implored "my brother Robert Mugabe . . . not to think of us in the same context as our involvement in Vietnam now in 1977."

In adopting this ingratiating stance toward the Patriotic Front, and by opposing a course that would seek to strengthen its democratic opponents, Young is no doubt motivated in part by the wish to maintain his "credibility" with such Front supporters in Africa as Samora Machel of Mozambique, Agostinho Neto of Angola, and Julius Nyerere of Tanzania. At the same time, there is little to suggest, in light of his overall political point of view, that he would regard the installation of a Mugabe-type regime in Zimbabwe as cause for concern. Certainly it would be no more harmful

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to U.S. interests, from his point of view, than a Neto regime in Angola, and it might even be helpful. After all, Rhodesia under Mugabe would be "stable," the U.S. could trade with it (importing its chrome, for example, without political embarrassment), and, like Mozambique, it might even be "humanistic" as well as Communist.

IN THE end, it is Young's apparent lack of commitment to political freedom, and his ability to turn a blind eye to oppression if it is carried out by African and other Third World regimes in the name of a progressive ideology, that is the most troubling aspect of his thought and of his performance at the United Nations. More is at issue than a mere disagreement over policy when Young finds it possible to assert, for example, that the "success" of Mozambique "makes East and West alike look to this nation with new hope and with new courage." Leaving aside the FRELIMO regime's disastrous economic performance, it would be an understatement to say that it has not respected the principle of majority rule, given the fact that Machel has pledged to "liquidate abrasive forces in the service of imperialism" and is currently holding some 100,000 people in forced-labor camps on suspicion of opposing the regime's policies.

And Mozambique is only one example of Young's indifference to the issue of political freedom in Africa except insofar as it pertains to the question of white minority rule. He has also spoken of the "impressive leadership" of SWAPO, the Namibian "liberation" movement, and conferred upon it the "Freedom Now" slogan, without, however, mentioning the arrest and detention in Zambia and Tanzania (under conditions marked by what the *New Republic* has called "unspeakable cruelties") of over 1,000 SWAPO dissidents, whose only crime was calling for a democratic party congress.

Young seems equally unconcerned about the fate of freedom elsewhere in the Third World, so long as the regime in question calls itself "progressive." On the very day that Young was welcoming Vietnam into the United Nations in the most lyrical terms, for example, the New York *Times* published an article by Henry Kamm containing extensively detailed accounts by refugees of the harsh political persecution which had led them to flee Vietnam by boat, at great risk to their lives. Young has expressed his admiration for "Vietnam's struggle for independence," and in a statement delivered by an aide in Bangkok this March, he observed, in an obvious reference to America's role in the Vietnam war, that "no part of the world has borne more tragic witness than Asia to the devastation of modern man's technology and intolerance of other socioeconomic systems." But nowhere in this speech about "basic human needs" did he mention the plight of the refugees from Communist Indochina or, for that matter, the holocaust taking place across the border in Cambodia.

TO UNDERSTAND how Young can have evolved into an advocate of U.S. acquiescence in a new system of tyranny, one must again turn to the formative political experience of his life, the civil-rights movement of the 50's and 60's. In a sense, that movement was innocent about international affairs. Though influenced by, and in turn influencing, the anti-colonialist movements of Africa, the civil-rights movement never really had much interest in international questions. Justifiably preoccupied with solving problems in this country, it did not feel called upon to develop a perspective on American foreign policy, which during this period was concerned above all with the containment of Communism. To the degree that the issue of Communism impinged on the civil-rights movement, it did so in one of two ways: the opponents of integration sought to discredit the movement by calling it Communist, and the American Communist party, posing as a dedicated opponent of racial injustice, sought to use the movement to further its own political objectives. Neither attempt was new, and neither was particularly successful.* But perhaps inevitably, a tendency developed to view "the enemy of my enemy as my friend," and some in the civil-rights movement began to identify anti-Communism with opposition to racial progress and to view Communism as a sincere ally of the black freedom struggle. Young in his civil-rights days may have been influenced by this misperception of the role of Communism. Only recently he referred to Paul Robeson—an inveterate apologist for Stalinism—as "the hero of my youth," and he continues to see no contradiction between Robeson's defense of black freedom and his support for Stalinist totalitarianism.

Apart from all this, Young's insistence that the civil-rights movement in America can serve as a paradigm for such differing phenomena as the racial conflict in South Africa and the dissident movement in the Soviet Union reveals a parochialism that accounts in some measure for his failure to understand the nature of totalitarianism. It also accounts for his nonchalant attitude toward political democracy, whose virtues are difficult to appreciate fully without understanding what their absence would entail. In his *Reflections on Gandhi*, George Orwell wrote: "It is difficult to see how Gandhi's methods could be applied in a country where the opponents of the regime disappear in the middle of the night and are never heard of again. Without a free press and the right of assem-

* A full account of the long history of the relationship between the American Communist party and the racial protest movement in this country appears in Wilson Record's excellent volume, *Race and Radicalism: The NAACP and the Communist Party in Conflict* (Cornell University Press, 1964).

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bly, it is impossible not merely to appeal to outside opinion, but to bring a mass movement into being, or even to make your intentions known to your adversary." Ironically, by looking at the world strictly in terms of his own experience in the civil-rights movement, Young not only misperceives different political situations, but also fails to understand why his own movement was able to appeal so successfully to the conscience of America.

The same parochialism which explains Young's failure to distinguish sufficiently between democracy and totalitarianism also accounts for his inability to see any distinction between authoritarian and totalitarian societies. Referring recently to the restoration of democracy in Portugal, Spain, and Greece, Young said that "totalitarian states and oppressive regimes fall suddenly and without much warning." He did not seem to understand that the right-wing regimes in these countries could be replaced as quickly and as smoothly as they were precisely because they were *not* totalitarian in the sense of controlling every aspect of human existence. For this same reason, the prospects for a democratic political evolution in South Africa—despite its perilous racial situation and its despicable policy of apartheid—are more hopeful than they are in the Soviet Union or Vietnam. To condemn this society more strongly than any other, as Young has done, bespeaks something less than a consistent moral standard on human rights.

But to attribute Young's political views simply to a naiveté born of a parochial view of the world is insufficient. His objection to anti-Communism, his denunciation of U.S. "militarism" and "imperialism," his opposition to the use of American military power under any circumstances, his readiness to justify Soviet despotism as a product of Russian economic backwardness or to blame Amin's tyranny on Western colonialism, his benignly relativistic attitude toward Third World dictatorships of the Left, in contrast to his absolutistic assurance about right-wing dictatorships—all these bespeak a political perspective that has much more in common with the New Politics movement of the past decade than with the civil-rights movement of the decade before that. This more recent movement has had an impact on American political culture no less far-reaching (though infinitely less constructive) than the civil-rights movement had on the nation's racial attitudes; and it now finds itself well represented in the Carter administration's foreign-policy establishment, especially among the younger members. In virtually every one of his political attitudes Young reflects the conventional wisdom of the New Politics and its two key ideas: that the East-West conflict has now given way to the North-South "dialogue," and that Communism does not constitute a threat to the West.

Obviously this point of view, with its downgrading of political freedom, is well calculated to make Young popular in a forum dominated, as the UN is, by member states which are not democratic. Just as obviously it is indispensable to the role Young wishes to play of chief intermediary between black Africa and the United States. Yet in his eagerness to demonstrate his solidarity with the new Marxist-Leninist elite of black Africa, Young finds himself today for the most part on the side not of the oppressed but of the oppressors. In Angola, for example, thousands of young people from rebel villages in the northern and central part of the country are being rounded up and shipped to Cuba's Oriente province where they are forced to cut sugar cane and undergo political indoctrination. At the same time, and in a far more comfortable setting, the sons and daughters of Angola's new ruling class are receiving technical and political training in Cuba's Isle of Pines at schools named after President Agostinho Neto. Here, in the division between slaves and slave masters, between the victims of the new order and those who rule over it, we have a true paradigm of revolutionary Africa.

President Carter has said that Andrew Young "has a great sensitivity about the yearnings" of Third World peoples, as well as an understanding of the reasons for their "animosities and hatred" toward the United States. "I think," said the President, "he's made great strides in repairing [the] damage that [has] been done." While it is no doubt true that Young has established friendly relations with some leaders who are otherwise hostile to America, he has done so at the expense of a retreat from the principles of liberty and democracy. Worse still, this retreat has involved a solidarity with totalitarian rulers in the Third World whose victims might well pray to be delivered from such "sensitivity" to their "yearnings." For their sake, as well as for our own, one can only hope that President Carter's recent warnings about Soviet-Cuban adventurism in Africa mean that Young is not the "point man" of this administration, as he has claimed to be, but rather the rearguard legacy of a political movement spawned by Vietnam and now on its way to being left behind.

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# The Changing Myth of the Jew

*Lionel Trilling*

LIONEL TRILLING *(1905-1975) was University Professor at Columbia and the author of many works, among them* The Liberal Imagination, Beyond Culture, Sincerity and Authenticity, *and* The Middle of the Journey. *The present essay was accepted for publication in 1931 by the* Menorah Journal, *and set in type, but for some reason it never appeared. Several years later, Trilling himself said that he remembered the essay (written when he was twenty-four) as "inferior and dullish." Yet as one of the early treatments of this subject in American literary criticism, it possesses great historical interest; and despite Trilling's stern opinion, it seems remarkably fresh and illuminating even today.*

*The essay will be included in a three-volume selection of previously published and unpublished work which Diana Trilling is putting together as part of a uniform edition of Lionel Trilling's works being brought out by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Mrs. Trilling wishes to thank Elinor Grumet who located this piece at the American Jewish Archives in Cincinnati.*

THE subject of the Jew in fiction has been treated many times before, but the approach has always been much the same. It is typified—perhaps extravagantly—by Rabbi David Philipson's well-known book, *The Jew in English Fiction.* For Rabbi Philipson the problem resolves itself into this question: is it permissible to deal with Jews in fiction at all and, if so, to what extent? And Rabbi Philipson comes to the conclusion that it is permissible to this extent: Jews may be written about if they are treated as Scott treated his Covenanters, George Eliot her Dissenters, or Hawthorne his Puritans. That is, Jews may be treated in fiction with some mention of their humorous foibles and vagaries but always with deep respect.

Though other writers have not always had Rabbi Philipson's professional cause for techiness, nevertheless they, too, have too often made their (sometimes very scholarly) works the vehicle of indignation against the misrepresentation of the Jew, of correction of slander, of contempt for the slanderous authors. Books so intelligent and thorough as Mr. M. J. Landa's *The Jew in Drama,* as Dr. Joshua Kunitz's *Russian Literature and the Jew,* Dr. Suzanne Howe's *The Jew in 19th-Century English Fiction** are all more or less engaged in vindicating the Jew. These writers have all worked on one fundamental assumption, unfortunately incorrect. They seem to suppose that it was the intention of those who wrote about the Jew to treat the Jew realistically, either as an individual or as a race, and that this attempt had failed because of ignorance and hatred. But it is very doubtful if, apart from such small touches of realism as were absolutely necessary for verisimilitude, there was any attempt made at "truth." The Jew was never treated in a way that demanded realism or truth—he was never treated as more than a type. The Jew in fiction was always an abstraction, a symbol, a racial stereotype created by men whose chief concern was obviously much less to tell the truth about the character of the Jew than it was to serve their own political and economic interests and their own emotional needs.

In short, the Jew in English fiction is a myth. A myth, not in the newspaper sense of a lie or fabrication, but in the scientific sense of a popular fable, a story "not exactly invented but combined and embellished at will, the actors of which cannot be submitted to the test of real history." And as with all myths, it tells more of the hopes and fears of the people that needed it and created it than of the Jews that figure in it.

The Jew in English fiction took many shapes, but fundamentally he remained the same. The Jew was a foreigner, the repository and embodiment of all that was outside the established order of good. He fulfilled the mystical social function of scapegoat, on which was bound the sins of the community.

When this is realized it becomes relatively un-

* An unpublished essay for the Master of Arts degree, Columbia University Library. It has been of great help to me.



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important to discuss the truth or untruth of the portraits of Jews in literature. As well discuss what particular breed of goat was used to carry the wool fillets into the wilderness. The important thing to understand is that, under whatever wool fillets, the goat is a goat—and why it is that men found it important to drive him into the wilderness.

The Jew in fiction, then, fundamentally remains the same—a myth. But he takes many shapes; that is, the myth changes. It will be the purpose of this essay to describe the mutations of the Jewish myth in English literature. This myth is, of course, not gratuitous; almost always it serves some purpose of explanation or protection for its makers. And the particular shape it takes is not accidental. It is a political safety valve, as with the Hitlerites today. It is a bolster to social pride, as with Thackeray. It is a security of righteousness or piety, as in the myth of the Jew as radical or sensualist.

But this essay will not attempt to discover the political or social motive or use of each myth of the Jew. Often enough these will be apparent; to elucidate fully the cause and use of each myth requires another essay. All that will be undertaken here will be the statement of the myths themselves. And even within this restriction this essay will not be complete. *Daniel Deronda* has been made the farthest boundary of the essay, though certainly there have been plenty of new myths since. But it is believed that a description of the Jew in fiction from Chaucer to George Eliot should amply show how the myth-making faculty works.

## I

The myth of the Jew is discovered in the beginning of English literature, introduced into one of the most charming of the *Canterbury Tales*, "The Prioresse's Tale." A little "clergeon," son of a poor widow, out of devotion to the Virgin, sets himself to learn the *Alma Redemptoris*, and this he sings on his way to school through the Jewish quarter. Satan, who has "in Jewes heart his waspes nest," eggs on the Jews to angry notice of the child; they hire "an homycide" who cuts the child's throat and casts him in a pit. But by the Virgin's power he sings the *Alma Redemptoris*, whereby he is discovered. The guilty Jews are torn to pieces by wild horses and hanged. The story ends with a prayer to St. Hugh of Lincoln

> slayn also
> With cursed Jewes as it is notable
> For it is but a litel while ago.

That the story of Hugh of Lincoln was popular is testified by the existence of twenty-one versions of the ballad, "The Jew's Daughter." In the ballad the story is substantially that of "The Prioresse's Tale" save that, although the dead boy speaks by supernatural agency, the religious note is lacking. By the strength of his kick, little Sir Hugh sends his football through the Jew's window. He walks about the Jew's "castell" (a reference to the stone houses which the Jews, especially of Lincoln, built for their defense and which at the time were rare among English dwellings) and sees the Jew's daughter at the window. She invites him in for the ball, but he replies:

> How will I come up? How can I come up,
> How can I come to thee,
> For as ye did to my auld father
> The same you'll do to me.

This reference to a past murder does not, however, occur in all versions. When once the child is enticed within (by the offer of an apple), the girl lays him on the meat-dressing table and (in most versions) sticks him "like a swine" with a penknife, the orthodox instrument of ballad child-murders. The murderess then wraps him in lead and drops him into a well. But the dead child calls to his distracted mother. In one of the versions, the Jewess takes staff and mantle and prays Heaven to be her guide "unto some uncouth land."

These two stories of child-murder give us the simplest and most enduring myth of the Jew—the Jew as active anti-Christ, singling out for his villainies the object of Christ's great solicitude. The ballad story owes its origin to an account in the *Annals of Waverly* for the year 1255, which tells us that a boy named Hugh was crucified by the Jews in parody of Christ. Matthew Paris, who wrote contemporaneously, also probably got his account from the *Annals of Waverly*; his version has it that all the Jews of England were invited to the crucifixion; that after the murder they disemboweled the body for magic uses and attempted to bury it, but the earth refused to keep it. They then threw it into a pit, where it was found by the child's mother. Paris recounts that a Jew named Copyn confessed, and that according to his confession the Jews tried every year to get a Christian child for the paschal lamb. Copyn and eighteen of the richest Jews, says Paris, were drawn to the gallows at the tails of mares and hanged; later the same punishment was visited on twenty-three other Jews. Other accounts accuse the Jew of practicing sacrilege on the Host. In short, the Jew is the active enemy of the Christian and of Christ, and his heart is the dwelling place of Satan.

Several things, however, lift both Chaucer's tale and the ballad above the simplicity of their sources. Chaucer, always a realistic psychologist, is careful to give his Jews a kind of credibility. For example, they do not act until Satan urges them on; again, they do not crudely commit the murder themselves but employ "an homycide." The details of the assemblage of the English Jews and of the crucifixion and disembowelment are omitted.

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And finally, Chaucer, though a topical writer interested in the local events and personalities of his time, goes out of his way to set the story in a foreign land—in "Asye."

But while the dark instinct of the race mind that lies behind the ballads rejects even more of the chronicle than Chaucer does, it hints at worse. The verse from Version A (quoted above), which refers to the death of Sir Hugh's father, implies a complication of events and motive of which the chronicles give no trace, a suggestion of more subtle and personal motives than that of crude religious hate. The crime is committed by the Jew's *daughter*; the Jew-and-daughter myth is one that develops very strongly, though generally the young Jewess abhors the practices of her father.*

## II

For the writers of miracle plays of the 14th and 15th centuries there were two kinds of Jew—the Jews of the Old and of the New Testament. The former—especially the patriarchs and the kings—were treated with orthodox respect and admiration; the latter with hatred and contempt: Judas was the type of the Gospel Jew. Whether or not red hair was ever a common Hebraic feature, Judas's legendary red hair was early considered a racial characteristic. Perhaps it served to indicate the diabolic connection. As for the thirty pieces of silver, they became the symbol of the infamy of the medieval Jewish trade in money.

As the world passes from the theological universe of the Middle Ages to the commercial universe of Elizabeth's time, the myth of the Jew likewise changes from the theological to the commercial. No longer, as in Chaucer and the ballads, is he the anti-Christ acting from unfathomable motives of pure evil. Now he is the wily merchant and moneylender, acting for gain. Stephen Gosson, that dull and violent Puritan of the 16th century who called forth Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poetry*, mentions the Jew in his *School of Abuse* with much violence against the bloody usurer. (The Puritans, of course, were the rising bourgeoisie.) Gerontus, the Jewish moneylender in Robert Wilson's *Three Ladies of London* (1584), proves the rule of Jewish depravity by his exceptional good temper. He is pointed out as a decent person among wicked Christians—"Jewes seek to excel in Christianity and Christians in Jewishness."

The Elizabethan interest in villainy was, however, not satisfied with Judas. The figure which perhaps interested the English Renaissance more than any other was Machiavelli. For the Elizabethans, the unscrupulous, diabolic energy of the Italian historian, as they conceived it (largely at second hand), both truly indicated the general temper of their own politicians and fulfilled a peculiar emotional need. Machiavelli becomes the archetype not only for the political schemer but for every plotting villain, the utmost of what a man might do in devilry; and his legend gives rise to a distinct type of drama which Professor Tucker-Brooke calls Machiavellian tragedy.

With this myth the two previous myths of the Jew amalgamated. The Jew had been Judas, functioning out of pure hate of Christianity, he had been Judas, functioning out of love for money. He remained both these things, but his methods changed. To the malevolence of Judas is added the *craft* of Machiavelli. He becomes a creature of plots and wits. Before him all virtuous Christian men are helpless, and he can be foiled only by accident or betrayal—or by the shrewdness of a woman.

Barrabas, the protagonist of Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* (1590), is, of course, completely representative. Like all of Marlowe's characters, a person lusting for infinite supremacy, his desire for riches is tempered a little by his love for his daughter and much more by his passion for pure villainy. Having been deprived of the great part of his fortune, he engages on a career of revenge, using his daughter as a pawn. When her lover is killed by her father's machinations, she retires to a nunnery and the father, to punish her, poisons her and the whole convent. His lust for destruction grows madder and outweighs even his love of wealth; his craft grows with his madness into a maze of evasions, plots, and cross plots until he is betrayed to the awful death he had prepared for others.

Professor Tucker-Brooke conjectures that the figure of Barrabas was perhaps suggested by that of the 16th-century Portuguese Jew, Juan Miques (Michesius). Having been persecuted in Portugal, in Antwerp, and in Venice, Miques settled in Constantinople. Enormously wealthy, he gained great influence over the Sultan and was made Duke of Naxos and the Cyclades. It was he who instigated the attack on Cyprus in 1590. But the career of Miques was not isolated; there were enough rich and powerful Jews to foster a belief that they were concerting their power and energies into a plan for a Jewish world control. Barrabas says:

> They say we are a scatter'd nation!
> I cannot tell, but we have scrambled up
> More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.
> There's Kirriah Iairim, the great Jew of Greece,

* F. J. Child has one version (H) of the ballad which is particularly interesting. It was discovered in New York (where, it seems, vestiges of several ballads are to be found in children's game-chants). In this version, the Jew's daughter becomes the Duke's daughter; also Sir Hugh becomes "little Harry Hughes," and the lead in which the child is wrapped becomes tin. The causes of these changes are uncertain. Perhaps the change from Jew to Duke voices the feeling in Ireland against noble landlords; perhaps, together with the Sir Hugh-Harry Hughes change, it is the result of American democratic feeling.

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Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugall
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
Many in France, and wealthy ever one:
Ay, wealthier far than any Christian. . . .

The author can find no fitter person to speak the prologue to this representation of the Jew than Machiavelli himself who, after explaining his philosophy, begs grace for the Jew:

And let him not be entertained the worse
Because he favors me.

The prologue by Machiavelli contains the indication of a new element in the myth of the Jew —the element of knowledge.

The popular mind has always felt that knowledge and sin were closely related, if not identical. The fall from Eden and the destruction of the overwise Oedipus embody the feeling, and the medieval Church, with its condemnation of the pride of worldly intellect, expressed it. Machiavelli declares:

I count religion but a childish toy
And hold there is no sin but Ignorance

and Barrabas, in his famous brag of all his past gratuitous wickedness, tells us that he has practiced two learned professions. As a physician, he "enrich'd the priests with burials," and as a military engineer, he slew friend and enemy with his stratagems. This suspicion of the learning of the Jew is one that grows to considerable proportions and still exists. In our own day, Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the *Commonweal* of New York feel that the works of Freud and Einstein are diabolic Judaic attack, on the good order of the universe.

*The Merchant of Venice* developed the Elizabethan myth of the Jew very little further. The Machiavellian superman disappears and the Jew becomes "more human." But the elements of the myth remain intact—the influence of Marlowe on Shakespeare is obvious. We have the father-daughter situation; the father's confusion of his daughter and his treasure (compare Barrabas's "Oh girle, oh gold, oh beauty, oh my blisse!" with Shylock's rather vaudevillian paraphrase, "My daughter, oh my ducats"); the sexual desirability of the daughter; and the betrayal of the father by the daughter. We have the same racial arrogance and hatred of Christians. Shakespeare does, however, develop an apology and justification motif, for it must be noted that however much the Jew is contemned and whatever servile manners he assumes, he is endowed with the proud position of aggressor ("Hath not a Jew eyes," etc.), which Malowe but crudely suggests.

In *The Merchant of Venice,* the identification of "Jew" with "physician" (it is generally supposed that the play was suggested by the execution of the Spanish Jew, Lopez, Elizabeth's physician, for a plot to murder the queen) reintroduces the flesh-and-blood theme. This fear of vivisection had already been given expression in Thomas Nashe's novel, *The Unfortunate Traveler; or, Jack Wilton* (1594), in which the hero lodges with a Jewish physician.

But the tendencies of the Elizabethan age toward fantasy and extravagance, the high-flown writing of Spencer, Sidney, Marlowe, were curbed by the rising power of Puritanism. The myth of the Jew as malevolence incarnate wears out with other Elizabethan myths. By the end of the 16th century, the Jew has disappeared entirely as a major figure in literature. His appearance had never been frequent, for he had, after all, been forbidden the country in 1290, not to return until the time of Cromwell, 1655, when his numbers remained small and his lot hard. For many years now we get him chiefly in reference, and there is even an attempt to treat him "realistically." That is to say, if he is still vengeful and greedy after the old myth, yet he he is no longer heroic in size; now he is become merely a petty usurer, a broker, a mercenary poisoner, a pimp.

## III

It is not until the romantic period that the Jew emerges again as a definite myth. Romanticism is a word already so vague that no definition can save it, but we may accept the fact that there was a concerted change in European literature in the latter part of the 18th century and that the manifestations of the new literature were in some way related to each other and consequent on much the same social and political changes. We are also safe in saying that romanticism usually involved, on the one hand, a return to a past supposedly dark and glamorous, an interest in the unusual and strange, in the supernatural and horrifying; on the other hand, an interest in the simple and the good. The myth of the Jew paralleled this dichotomy. The Jew was useful material for both tendencies. For the first, he was exotic and, even better, "Oriental"—that is, a person of strange rites and dark mysteries. He was anti-Christian and therefore demonic. He was learned in the Kabbalah, and his knowledge of the half-magic art of the physician was legendary. For the second tendency, he was appropriately miserable, wretched, and outcast.

The deep interest which the exotic tendency manifested in the demonic did not imply a love of the devil—though in Byron and in many other writers it went even to this length. But it did imply a certain frightened tolerance of him, and it was, on the whole, with much this attitude that the exotic romantic writers undertook the Jew, when, as was inevitable, they did take him up.

Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* (1764) started the interest in bleeding statues, talking portraits, clanking chains, and all the familiar

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mummery of terror-romanticism, and then the English romanticists came under the influence of the Germans, who, for their part, were turning more and more to folklore to get the materials of horror. Following their example, the English turned to their own past and "primitive" literature—to literature of the 16th and 17th centuries, the weird scenes of Shakespeare, the mortuary scenes of Webster, the devils and villainies of Marlowe, the demonic scenes of Milton. And with the return to the Elizabethans and to the ballads, they naturally rediscovered the possibilities of terror that lurked in the Jew. Terror-romanticism was not content with merely the materials of the old literature. It wanted also to recapture the tone. It sought to create figures as impressively huge as those of Elizabethan literature. In this it had a certain success; indeed, its characters are huger than those of its models, but only as the Brockenspecter is huger than the traveler who casts it. With this desire for grandiosity, it is scarcely surprising that terror-romanticism, using the Jew, should use him in his most striking manifestation —his survival through all the centuries of Western history, his "eternality."

Thus it is that the Wandering Jew became for terror-romanticism the type of the mythical Jew, just as Machiavelli had been the Jewish type for the Elizabethans. The Machiavellian Jew and the Wandering Jew are at many points similar—in their power, their knowledge, their rhetoric—but they are different in this: that the Machiavellian Jew is purely a villain and the Wandering Jew, though he has committed a great and inexplicable crime, is repentant and even benevolent.

The figure of the Wandering Jew is a legendary one, dating back to the year 1228.* Roger of Wendover, in his universal history, *Flores Historiarum*, tells us that in that year there came to England a certain Armenian bishop who told that Cartaphilus, the guardian of Pilate's gate, was still alive and that he had had converse with him, The story that Cartaphilus related was that when Jesus was being brought back from judgment, he had struck him, saying, "Go faster, Jesus, go faster. Why dost thou linger?" Jesus had looked at him *severo oculo* and replied, "I am certainly going, but thou shalt tarry till I come." Doomed by this to live until the Second Coming, Cartaphilus goes every hundred years into a sickness and trance, from which he emerges again as a man of thirty. He is a most pious and grave person.

This legend, which has analogues in the mythology of many religions, is probably based on a literal and popular interpretation of Matthew 16:28: "Verily I say unto you, there be some of them that stand here which shall in no wise taste of death till they see the Son of man coming to his kingdom." The fate of eternal life in witness of his master was also accorded by some to St. John. (The confusion of Joseph with St. John, the beloved disciple, may be seen in the name Cartaphilus, which means "greatly beloved.") There are also elements in the legend of the story of Cain's punishment.

The legend of the Wandering Jew, flourishing chiefly in Spain and Italy, did not come to Germany until 1602 with the work *Kurtze Beschreibung und Erzehlung von Einem Juden mit Namen Ahasverus*. This book tells of a meeting between a certain bishop and a strange-looking man, who declared himself to be the shoemaker Ahasverus of Jerusalem who had forbidden Jesus, on his way to Golgotha, to rest before his house.

For a long time the legend remained merely a source of comedy. About 1770 Goethe contemplated, but did not write, a poem in which the eternal Ahasverus was to be the instrument of a history of religion and the church. He imagined a meeting of Ahasverus and Spinoza which was to be the means of extolling Spinoza's philosophy. However, a German poet, Schubart, did write a poem (1787) in which he claims the Wandering Jew for romanticism, identifying him with every turmoil and wildness of nature, as he seeks his death by the angry elements. In Schiller's unfinished *Geisterseher* (1789), there is a person who has most of the eerie and imposing characteristics of the Wandering Jew as we know him. He also appears in a number of other works of the time.

THE conception of the Wandering Jew as a serious character came into English literature with Matthew Gregory Lewis's *The Monk*, published in 1795. On a visit to Germany, Lewis had absorbed all the refinement of terror that romantic German medievalists had made on the crude shocks of *The Castle of Otranto*, and it was the greatly imitated success of his farrago of romance, anti-clericalism, faint obscenity, and horror that gave this new Jewish myth currency.

Lewis's Wandering Jew is an amalgam of all the legends about him. He is a man who speaks seldom and smiles never; he moves gravely and nobly. He is not permitted any personal belongings; nevertheless, he is generous and from a well-filled purse bestows many rich gifts. Dark, powerful, and majestic, his eyes flash black and somber from under heavy brows. Across his forehead, he wears a band of black velvet to hide the fiery cross set as a mark upon it. He has seen every country, he talks familiarly of races long dead. His knowledge is only less vast than his misery:

> No one is adequate to comprehend the misery of my lot. . . . Fate obliges me to be constantly in movement; I am not permitted to pass more than a fortnight in the same place. I have no

* For almost all my material on the Wandering Jew, I am indebted to Professor Eino Railo's book on terror-romanticism, *The Haunted Castle*.

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friend in the world and from the restlessness of my destiny I never can acquire one. Fain would I lay down my miserable life, for I envy those who enjoy the quiet of the grave; but death eludes me and flies from my embrace. In vain do I throw myself in the way of danger. I plunge into the ocean, the waves throw me back with abhorrence upon the shore; I rush into fire; the flames recoil at my approach; I oppose myself to the fury of the banditti; their swords become blunted and break upon my breast. The hungry tiger shudders at my approach, and the alligator flies from a monster more horrible than itself. God has set his seal upon me and all His creatures respect this fatal mark.

And so terrible is the power of his glance, that even the supernatural creatures quail before it; one look is sufficient to scare off the specter of the Bleeding Nun when it attempts to prevent the elopement of the lovers, Raymond and Agnes.

C. R. Maturin's *Melmoth the Wanderer* (1820) uses the high terror of *The Monk*, but more effectively, creating a mad, fanatic, half-lit world of great impressiveness. Melmoth, though a Gentile, is a combined Wandering Jew and Faust. He has sold his soul for eternal youth that he may acquire infinite learning. In time he becomes also a kind of Mephistopheles, tempting others to change places with him and elect his fate, for only if he succeeds in doing this can he attain to his wished-for-death. But this modification of the Wandering Jew is not so important for us as the novel's two portraits of Jews with whom Monçada, a young Gentile fleeing the Inquisition, comes in contact. Monçada stumbles into a house whose master he finds to be a secret Jew. By the threat of exposure he forces the Jew to hide him. The Jew, forced into defending his Judaizing, expresses himself in these terms: "I am one of that unhappy race everywhere stigmatized and spoken against, yet on whose industry and talent the ungrateful country that anathematizes us depends for half the source of its national prosperity." Monçada, however, reflects of him, "he was a Jew *innate*, an impostor, a wretch who, drawing sustenance from the bosom of our Holy Mother the Church, had turned her nutriment to poison and had attempted to infuse that poison into the lips of his son."

A little later Monçada must take refuge with another Jew, Adonijah, who hides him in a subterranean cavern. This Jew, a cross between physician and magician, exemplifies again the learned-villain type. He has made a pact with the devil and suffers for it; but despite this wickedness, and despite his collection of skeletons of his relatives, the young Monçada finds impressive "the hoary majesty of his patriarchal figure" and his "stern simplicity." It is shameful to Monçada to have to become "the amanuensis of a Jew for hire," but affliction makes him more tolerant: ". . . at this moment I half believed that a Jew might find entrance and adoption amid the family and fold of the blessed."

THE second quarter of the 19th century saw the decline of the novel of horror and the ripening of the historical novel. Into this form the Wandering Jew—or modifications of him—fitted with entire ease. The dissident religious movements of the 18th and 19th centuries—themselves part of the romantic movement—had spread knowledge of the Bible, and the Wandering Jew is treated in closer connection with his historical Judaic background.

Heroic and powerful, but stripped of the supernaturalism that had hitherto characterized him, he appears as the hero of the Reverend George Croly's *Salathiel the Immortal; or, Tarry Thou Till I Come*. There is much that is ridiculous in this book, as there always is when romanticism exploits biblical lore, but it is full of a rather fine grandiose rhetoric. First published in 1827, it appeared again in 1905 in an edition by Funk and Wagnalls —an edition of no little interest to lovers of Jewish *curiosa*, for it is fitted out with an appendix in which are tabulated the sullen or eager *responsa* of Jewish rabbis and scholars to the question: What do you think of Christ?

The plot of Croly's book is simple and its details reasonably terrifying. Salathiel, servant in the house of Pilate, strikes Christ as he passes with the Cross. Bidden "Tarry thou till I come," he assumes immortality and a career of heroism and bombast. The 19th century is well under way and this new Wanderer expresses his tragic fate in terms of Byronic nationalism—the passing of great kingdoms and the suppression of once proud races are his concern and sorrow:

The name of Jew is now but another title for humiliation. Who that sees that fallen thing with his countenance bent to the ground and his form withered of its comeliness tottering through the proud streets of Europe in some degrading occupation and clothed in the robes of the beggared and the despised could imagine the bold figures and gallant bearing of the lion-hunters with whom . . . I spurred my barb up the mountain paths of Galilee.

So similar to Croly's book in its mad adventures, piracies, escapes, and "wild" prophecies as to necessitate a delay in its publication, Horatio Smith's *Zillah: A Tale of the Holy City* (1828) substitutes for the dignified grandiosity of *Salathiel* a rather unsuccessful facetiousness. The book is chiefly interesting for its depiction of what has come to be thought of as an important Jewish trait—moral arrogance. The High Priest, father of the heroine, is the exponent of this quality. He is ambassador to Mark Anthony, a position which gives him the opportunity of being in a constant froth of anathema and fulmination against

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Roman luxury. Matthew Arnold, one feels sure, read the volume in his youth and constructed his definition of Hebraism with it in mind. How consistently this myth has maintained itself may be seen in Mr. Edgar Johnson's recent fantastic novel, *Unweave a Rainbow*, where the Jew, Mordecai, avowedly a formalized, even mythical, figure, continues the mystical puritanism of Smith's High Priest.

As an antidote to this arrogance and fanaticism, we have the converted Roman, Felix, lover of Zillah, who turns up with an Orthodox beard. This tempering of Jew with pagan (again see Matthew Arnold) gives us the author's ideal Judaic type, the Jew dedicated to the practice of an all-embracing philanthropy and the maintenance of a universal toleration. "Let me not imagine . . ." says the new-bearded Felix," that I am adoring the Deity, when I am only falling prostrate before my own opinion, enshrined in pride, conceit, and obstinacy."

In Bulwer-Lytton's *Leila; or, The Siege of Granada* (1838), the myth develops into the Jewish villain-hero already foreshadowed by the Elizabethans, and one of the most persistent and curious myths of the Jew. This anomaly, in its simplest form, was implicit in the Wandering Jew myth: the sin of the Wanderer was heinous, but his punishment is so dreadful that he becomes by means of it a virtuous person. The existence of good and evil, of heroism and villainy, in the same person, was an easy concept in a time that made Satan the hero of *Paradise Lost*, a time that glorified Cain and declared the devil to be a gentleman. The conception was perhaps always implicit in the character of Shylock; certainly since the actor Macklin's new—i.e., pathetic, heroic-villainous—interpretation in 1741 (which Landa bewails because it gave a credibility that makes it effective slander), it had become the accepted one.

The Jew Alamen, father of the Leila of Bulwer-Lytton's novel, is counselor to Boabdil, the weak Moorish king who was forced out of Granada at the time of Torquemada. He is a sorcerer and a maker of phosphorescent skeletons. A "Machiavel" indeed, but like the real Machiavelli, a devoted patriot, he is deeply race-conscious and well aware of the debasement of his people. He seeks not merely to gain toleration for the race but to raise it and perfect it. He attacks a subordinate for the "Leprosy of avarice that gnaws away from our whole race the heart, the soul—nay, the very form of man." "A Jew," he cries to one who has taunted him, "A despised and despising Jew! Ask you more? I am the son of a race of Kings!" Thus far the hero. But as he is treacherously Machiavellian, dickering with both Christian and Moor; as he opposes the course of true love between Leila and Muza, the Moorish prince; as he murders Muza and Leila, married after the girl's conversion (it is easy for her to become a Christian for her Judaism is not "of the mundane and material sort"); and finally, as he bursts into satanic laughter, he is definitely the villain.

However, even this development of the myth fostered by the school of romantic history does not alter its essential character. The Jew remains throughout an eternal wanderer, a menacing, grandiose figure, darkly impressive, heroic in stature, proud but an outcast.

## IV

The forces that were disrupting Europe were beginning to push the Jew into the stream of common existence. Slowly he was being forced, or was forcing himself, into the social structure of England. With more and more actual Jews to be seen on the streets of London, the myth which gave to the Jew a sort of sublime villainy became more and more vulnerable. However useful the heroic myth might still be for historical fiction, for those professing to write in terms of the everyday present it simply would not do. It was necessary to create a new Jewish myth that would have at least some semblance of reality.

We find, not surprisingly, that this attempt to refurbish the Jewish myth is first made in comedy. The nature of the attempt can easily be understood from a few of the titles: *Jewish Courtship, Mordecai's Beard, The Contrast; or, The Jew and the Married Courtesan.* In these pastiches a curious jargon was used to indicate Judaized English; the jargon grew more and more specialized, less and less real, the longer it was used. And now the Jew becomes a very different person from what he had been before in English drama. He remained nasty enough but no longer was he Machiavellian or mysteriously heroic; rather he became the dupe. Richard Brinsley Sheridan's *The Duenna* (1775), a dull, stupid opera, has the character of Isaac Mendoz who, desiring the hand of the heroine, has the duenna palmed off on him. His person is comic, he is little, ugly, and monkey-like; and it was a palpable hit when the duenna, trying to persuade her charge to favor him, said that he looked "so little like a Jew and so much like a gentleman." It is notable that the girl's father wants her to marry the Jew. This circumstance together with the duenna's remark show how the emphasis is changing at this time; the opprobrium is no longer moral or religious, but social.

The new myth comes to be based on the fact that the Jew is not a gentleman, on the assertion of a natural antithesis between the concept Jew and the concept Gentleman. Here, perhaps for the first time, we are encountering what we have come to call anti-Semitism in its present-day sense. The point of the new myth is apparent: by reason of his nature, the Jew is held to be outside the pale of society. Which conception is used of his nature,

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whether that of a dark superiority or that of a degraded inferiority, depends largely upon whether he is considered as a historical character or as living in the immediate present.

In the 19th century, as today, the Jewish myth was a useful instrumentality in the hands of conservative, chauvinistic, anti-democratic powers. Under its cover, they could fight the forces of democracy, the forces working for extended franchise, emancipation of the lower orders, liberation of oppressed minorities, the middle-class liberals. In consequence, the democratic forces found it often necessary, as part of their own struggle, to beat down the Jewish myth. Motivated in some such way as this, rather than by an unselfish, altruistic impulse to help an oppressed, outcast race, there arose those new pictures of the Jew which Rabbi Philipson and his school of rabbinical critics gratefully hail as noble defenses of the Jew, as the emergence after centuries of slander of the "true" character of the Jew at last. As a matter of fact, of course, these new portraits of the Jew are hardly more "true" than earlier ones. Commonly characterized as humanitarian efforts to defend the Jew against his maligners, to place him in a realistic human light, they are actually no more than reinterpretations of the common Jewish myths to suit new social purposes. Symbolic counterfoils too calculatedly apologetic to be real, they are but new counter-myths to set up against the old traditional myths.

NATURALLY these new counter-myths largely paralleled the lines of the two most popular mythical conceptions of the Jew. To the myth of the Jew as a degraded inferior they answered with an assertion of his natural goodness—the natural goodness of the humble and the oppressed: the Jew more sinned against than sinning. To the other myth, the fantastic notion of the Jew as powerful and all-knowing, they answered with a denial of the evil use of this power and omniscience. Of course, not all the writing about Jews of the period can be made to fit within these molds. Often, in the works of a single writer, as in Sir Walter Scott and Maria Edgeworth, various and often contradictory myths appear, as the writer is torn between one conception of the Jew and another. Often enough, too, vestigial remnants of early myths, which the age had seemed to have discarded, reappear. Personal factors too—the personal isolation of the writer, his personal experiences with Jews—intrude.

The defense of the Jew as a good and humble creature appears in its purest and almost lachrymose form in the works of George Cumberland, greatly beloved of Reform-rabbinical *belles lettres*. Rabbi Louis I. Newman has written a volume on him and Rabbi Philipson has panegyrized him.

Born in 1732 and dying in 1811, Cumberland lived in the era when sentimentality, humanitarianism, and the *comédie larmoyante* were coming into their own. Evidently a Man of Feeling, Cumberland was perhaps attracted to the Jews by the notorious conversion of the mad Lord George ("No Popery") Gordon to Judaism. Though Cumberland had himself done a little conventional Jew-teasing in his play, *The Fashionable Lover*, he created the character Abraham Abrahams who, in 1785, began to write in Cumberland's paper, the *Observer*, in defense of the Jews. Abraham Abrahams reprobated the custom of always representing the Jew as a rogue, usurer, and buffoon and suggested that some dramatist "give us poor Jews a kind of lift in a new comedy." In accordance with this suggestion to himself, Cumberland wrote and, in 1793, produced *The Jew*.

The play was undoubtedly influenced by Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*. It is entirely artless and crude, but it was successful enough, was frequently revived, and Sheva, the old Jewish hero, was, we are told, considered one of the "fat" parts of the time. The simple plot is constructed to show how Sheva, outwardly a miser and usurer, is at heart a person of generosity and gratitude. How different is this Jew from the Machiavellian Jew! Far from acting for the evil of anyone, he is the poor lost lamb of the world. He has been saved by the heroine's brother from a London mob and by the heroine's father from the Inquisition in Cadiz and he is very grateful. He does not rend the sky with cries against injustice; all he wants is his little crust of peace. "We have no abiding place on earth," he says,

> —no country, no home. Everybody rails at us, everybody points us out for their May-game and their mockery. If your playwriters want a butt, or a buffoon, or a knave to make sport of, out comes a Jew to be baited and buffeted through five long acts, for the amusement of all good Christians. Cruel sport!—merciless amusement! Hard dealings for the poor stray sheep of the scattered flock of Abraham! How can you expect us to show kindness, when we receive none?

Oddly enough, the name of Sir Walter Scott is usually linked with Cumberland's, as one of the new order which, for altruistic reasons, was determined (or so the theory ran) that the Jew be dealt with justly in literature. The truth is that Scott belonged definitely to the historic-romantic school and accepted its traditional patterns. The common Jewish belief is that in *Ivanhoe*, Scott (influenced by Washington Irving's description of his fiance's friend, Rebecca Gratz) created new characters which for the first time dealt truthfully and fairly with Jews. The obvious fact is that the Jewish characters, Rebecca and Isaac, show little development from the early "father-daughter" pattern of the early myths. Isaac, for all the geniality with which he is treated, is closely akin to Shylock; nor is Rebecca remote from Jessica. In

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*Kenilworth*, the Jewish character, Zacharias Yoglan, a fawning, cheating chemist, is merely an old stereotype. Scott's best claim to "defend the Jew" rests on his creation in *Surgeon's Daughter* of Middlemass, an obvious counter-myth to the no-gentleman social myth of the Jew. Middlemass is a young Jew, handsome, dashing, hot-headed, and elegant—in almost all things the romantic hero. (A sign perhaps of the penetration of wealthier Jews into English society.) But Scott was being pressed for money by his Jewish creditors, Abud and Company, and in consequence, perhaps, he makes Middlemass also avaricious and a villain and ends his wicked career in India where he is stepped on by an elephant.

IN Maria Edgeworth's novel, *Harrington*, written in 1817 at the request of a young Jewess of Richmond, Virginia, may be found practically all of the myths and counter-myths of the period, artlessly confused. The story tells of the struggle of young Harrington to rid himself of his fear and hate of Jews. He had been frightened by an "ol' clo' " man, Simon, and all the stories his nurse told him about Jews were of wicked ones. But at school he makes friends with Jacob the Jew Boy, who is marked by the new Jewish traits of patience, gratitude, and humility. Jacob the Jew Boy (so called by the author), who refers to himself as Poor Jacob, in large part breaks down Harrington's Judeophobia. At Cambridge, Harrington meets Israel Lyons, Hebrew scholar, rabbi, and man of the world, purposely prodigal to counteract the reputation for meanness which his race had incurred. Harrington sees Macklin give his sympathetic and serious interpretation of Shylock and is much impressed. Finally, he meets the aristocratic Spanish Jew, Montenero, and his beautiful daughter, Berenice. Love and aristocracy complete his capitulation to the harmlessness and impressiveness of Judaism. Harrington's father is the conventional 18th-century parent; he hates Jews until Montenero's generosity saves his fortune. Then he relents, consents to the marriage, and is rewarded by learning that Berenice's mother was an English Protestant. The book did not sell well and Miss Edgeworth was a little disgruntled by her championship.

Dickens's contribution to the new counter-mythology of the Jew—Riah in *Our Mutual Friend*—is by no means his happiest creation. Curiously enough, it was an answer to an extremely popular revival of an old Jewish myth for which he himself was responsible—the character of Fagin in *Oliver Twist*, the ghetto thief and spawner of thieves. The 1830's and '40's had brought the Jew into politics and business and the universities, and it was not pleasant for the newly-emancipated to have themselves identified before the English public with the submerged Jewish population, economically and socially unassimilated. Their chagrin was not that such a class existed, wretchedly poor, subsisting by various servile and often illegal occupations, but that Dickens, choosing his villain from this class, referred to him as "the Jew" and thereby stigmatized the whole race, including themselves. Dickens was, of course, innocent of such intent. His was a simple mind, and looking for a myth convenient to his simple purpose, which was to present a picture of unalloyed wickedness, he quite simply returned to the Jew of the ballad, an abstract and mythical villain. His use of the phrase "the Jew," obviously suggested by usage of the ballad, had no slander in it. Indeed, when Eliza David took him to task for maligning her race, he was genuinely contrite and strove to make amends with the character of Riah, a creature as impossibly good as Fagin was impossibly bad, but, unfortunately, unable to cope with the myth of Fagin, which has persisted, to the annoyance of respectable Jews and for the help of their opponents, down to this day.

With Charles Reade's *It's Never Too Late to Mend* (1856), another myth, having slumbered for a while, awakens with 19th-century adaptations. Isaac Levi, the benevolent old moneylender, is a simple and prosaic enough character, but he is a true descendant of the Wandering Jew. Like his forebear, he appears when and where one least expects him—in the Berkshire village, in the Australian camp. Always he is agile, crafty, and on the watch to revenge his wrongs, to show gratitude for kindness. Reade keeps us aware of his fineness and exotic color; in contrast to the vulgar natives of the village, he was as though "a striped jaspar had crept in among the paving stones." He is definitely Oriental and he looks to return to the East to die.

THE life and works of Disraeli set the problem in a slightly new form—for here for the first time we see the Jew himself working on the Jewish myth. Paul Valéry says somewhere that it is every man's right to create for himself whatever character he wants, consciously and deliberately. We all do so to a certain extent; and many of us still find formalized racial patterns useful. Certainly Disraeli did; for his purposes he created a new myth composed of all that was glamorous and astonishing in the old myths, a myth which he not only used in his fiction but which he himself often acted in his life, with what political success we all remember.

This amazing Jewish myth we see first in the fresh sharpness of its conception in *Coningsby* (1834). The titular hero of this novel was drawn from Lionel de Rothschild, chief of the English Rothschild bank and always Disraeli's good friend. The ideal and mentor of this youth (in the novel he is not Jewish) is Sidonia—Disraeli himself. This young man, strikingly handsome with flashing dark eyes, is the descendant of a noble Spanish line reconverted to Judaism. Like the

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Wandering Jew, he knows every land. He is learned in all the wisdoms including those of the East, nor is he unacquainted with the medical art. Machiavelli-like, he has his fingers on the pulse of nations, and he nourishes in himself a vaulting ambition. Alone and lonely, he is kindly to many and sought after by all. He appears suddenly and as suddenly leaves, very likely on an Arab courser. The nation depends on him to lend it the interest on the national debt, but he is denied the occupations of a citizen. Yet he is loyal to England, though he nourishes a deep pride in his race and finds in it all the finest Tory qualities. Ambition and benevolent heroism are for him the breath of life.

*Tancred* (1847) is the working out of the pride of race which in *Coningsby* Sidonia expresses so passionately. Beginning with the thesis that the Northern Gentiles are of inferior stock, sprung from barbaric Baltic pirates, and that regeneration must come from the East, Sidonia sends Tancred, a young English nobleman, to come into contact with Eastern spirituality and faith so that he may bring them back to Europe. In Tancred's romantic and extravagant adventures, all the Jews who cling to their Jewishness receive the author's sanction, all who Europeanize or who compromise their racial heritage are scorned.

For Thackeray, the conservative English clubman, all this is very naturally nonsense and he takes a fall out of Sidonia and his pan-Judaism in his parody, *Codlingsby*. On the whole, the parody —with its jeweled jews-harps, its narghiles lit with banknotes of large denominations, its climax in Sidonia's remark, "Even the Pope at Rome is one of us"—is apt. Behind it, of course, was the simple-minded, confident class snobbery always characteristic of Thackeray. Jews were merely no gentlemen; indeed, they were the very essence of the No-gentleman, of the Anti-gentleman. Sometimes they are credited with a certain crude generosity, as in *The Newcomes,* but more often they are the comic foils of the gentlemanly tradition. If they are wealthy they are ridiculous, like little Miss Swartz in *Vanity Fair*. Contrast this with Bulwer-Lytton who, in *My Novel,* sees the newly-arrived Jew as a vicious and grasping being, and gives voice to the simple class hatred which comes to be the dominant feeling about the Jew of the modern Gentile monied classes, jealous of the aliens who sought to share in their power and their social prestige.

GEORGE ELIOT's *Daniel Deronda,* the last though certainly not the best novel of a novelist who in some ways stands very close to our own time, enshrined the Jew in what has become the most satisfactory (to Jews) Jewish counter-myth. Deronda is the foster-child of Sir Hugo Mallinger. Of exceptional beauty—"seraphic" indeed—and of great intellectual aptness and considerable knowledge, he is something of a dilettante, uncertain of his life, searching for an ideal. But for all his dilettantism, he has great moral force and it is this perhaps, even more than his beauty and charm, that makes him attractive to women. Many adore him, and Gwendolen, the heroine of the other side of the book (which is composed of two intersecting stories), makes him her conscience. As the boy grows, he develops all the burning nostalgic passion which, in place of blood or money lust, now so often comes to characterize the Jew in fiction. He becomes, too, not quite a person of this world; the implication is that the prophetic touch is on him—"fancy finding that he had a tailor's bill and used boothooks like our brothers."

The career of Daniel toward the discovery and fulfillment of his Judaism leads him to confront many aspects of it. His old (and rather admirably drawn) mother, who had tried to keep him from knowledge of his heritage, sits bitterly in her darkened foreign apartment and cries out against the unfeeling restraint which Judaism puts upon its women. She had become famous as a singer, but only after a fierce and sorrowful struggle against Jewish mores. "How could I know," she cries

> that you would love what I hated,—love to be a Jew! . . . My father only thought of fettering me into obedience. . . . I was to feel awe for the bit of parchment in the *mezuzah* over the door; to dread lest a bit of butter should touch meat; to think it beautiful that men should bind *tephillin* on them and women not . . . to love the long prayers in the ugly synagogue, and the howling and the gabbling, and the dreadful fasts, and my father's endless discoursing about our People. . . . I cared for the wide world and all I could represent in it. I hated living under the shadow of my father's strictness. Teaching, teaching for everlasting—"this you must be"—"that you must be". . . . I wanted to live a large life, with freedom to do what everyone else did, and be carried along in the current, not obliged to care. . . .

Daniel meets the Cohens, vulgar, money-grubbing, but warm-hearted and unaffected; Mordecai, the consumptive watchmaker, Spinozistic in his sweet asceticism, learned in Jewish lore, burning with nationalistic zeal; and Mirah, the perfect Jewish woman, whom Daniel marries. These people are, it is clear, largely mythical. That is, they are, on the whole, embodied abstract traits rather than individuals; moreover, the traits are not pure but exaggerated. But chiefly they are mythical because they are made to represent the Jewish people, and the Jewish people, even in the England of Eliot's day, were more diverse and less unanimously noble than Eliot pictured them. But undeniably George Eliot's Jews have a certain credibility too; it does not too much strain the imagination to say, "Jews are like that," and Jews as well as Gentiles have

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found some reality in them. This is because they have at least this much truth, that there are certainly some Jews who have similar traits in some degree. Also it may be because for the first time in English literature Jews are visualized not merely in the aspects in which they come in contact with Gentiles and the Gentile world, but in terms of their own life and their own problems. There is a genuine, inner, intimate quality about much of *Daniel Deronda,* which almost as much as its flattery makes it acceptable to the Jews themselves, and a model for later Jewish writers.

Indeed, George Eliot hit on a pattern which seems almost inescapable in doctrinaire writing about Jews. She is the first to deal with the problem of assimilation, and she wrote about Zionism at a time when it was still scarcely thought of in England, even as a chimerical notion.

When Daniel dedicates his life to Zionism, one has almost exactly the plot and machinery of Ludwig Lewisohn's *The Island Within* or of Milton Waldman's *The Disinherited.* From these novels, one sees how decidedly George Eliot is the originator of the modern myths which the Jews have constructed to present themselves, best foot foremost, to the world; she gave them their direction, a direction which Amy Levy, in her *Reuben Sachs* (1888), was probably the first to follow.

IT IS, therefore, with *Daniel Deronda* that this essay will conclude. It must remain for the reader to trace the Jewish myths to their further developments, through Meredith's portrait, in *The Tragic Comedians,* of the romantic Jewish radical—Lasalle, model for the modern myth of the Jewish radical, but wrapped close in the mantle of Sidonia and Deronda—through James Joyce's Leopold Bloom or Marcel Proust's Swann, to see how in our own day the Jew remains a myth, changing with the changing times, persisting always as a type and a symbol, useful to Jew or to Gentile, to one social force or another.

The question may be asked: What importance has an account of material which is confessedly merely mythological? The importance to the historian, the psychologist, the sociologist, the political thinker is obvious. But to one interested chiefly in literature, the answer is not so plain. However, one answer may be found in almost any modern Jewish novel by a Jew. When the Jew, at the Emancipation, entered into the life of the Western world, he found the myths awaiting him. Sometimes he fought them, sometimes he accepted them to his own advantage, often he went off and contemplated them in great confusion of mind. When he came to write of himself he was not able to free himself from them. Some one of them had become a Doppelgänger of his, moving by the side of the real person we suppose he must be. And the task which every Jewish novel presents to the critical reader—and the serious writer—is that of disentangling what is mythical from what is actual. And that task is difficult, for in the mythical there is usually, of course, a little of what is true.

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# The War Within the CIA

*Edward Jay Epstein*

In 1975, under the directorship of William Colby, the CIA found itself in a state of unprecedented crisis. Its entire role had undergone a dramatic change: from being a secret investigative agency it had become a target of public investigation, with no fewer than four government bodies scrutinizing its past activities. A presidential commission, chaired by Vice President Nelson A. Rockefeller, was examining the CIA's domestic activities over a quarter of a century to ascertain whether it had violated its charter—or the Constitution; a Senate Committee, under the chairmanship of Frank Church, was investigating, among other things, alleged assassination attempts by the CIA against foreign leaders; a House Select Committee, headed by Otis G. Pike, was inquiring into other CIA operations; and the Department of Justice was sifting through a 693-page list of "questionable activities" of the CIA to determine whether any such activity merited indictment or legal action against past or present CIA officers.

The impact of these investigations on the normal activities of the CIA was "devastating," as William Colby explains in his autobiography*: "Apart from the fact that I and any number of my senior associates were constantly being called away from Langley to testify before one committee or another, the agency overall was diverted from its responsibilities by the deluge of demands from the hordes of investigators, with literally hundreds of CIA officers reassigned from normal intelligence operations to handle the mechanical and clerical chores of locating requested documents, sanitizing them to remove names of agents and particularly sensitive operational material, and then negotiating whether or not the information could be publicly released." According to other former executives of the CIA, the multiple investigations did much more than merely paralyze the CIA temporarily. They resulted in completely demoralizing its staff, disrupting its relations with other Western intelligence services on whom it depended for information, discrediting it with the public, and, for all practical purposes, wrecking it as a viable intelligence service.

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The proximate cause of these investigations was a front-page story in the New York *Times* on December 22, 1974 by Seymour Hersh which revealed that the CIA had been engaged for some twenty years in the sort of domestic surveillance that had been specifically proscribed by the CIA's charter. The Hersh story was based on a closely-held CIA report done the previous year by the Inspector General, which was a compilation of all the CIA's questionable activities prior to 1973 and which was termed by Colby the "family jewels."

Within forty-eight hours of publication of the *Times* exposé, Colby effectively confirmed the veracity of the story by announcing the resignation of James Jesus Angleton, the CIA's chief of counterintelligence, who had been mentioned in Hersh's report, as well as Angleton's three top deputies on the counterintelligence staff; and Colby hand-delivered a lengthy report of his own to Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Though written in a less sensational tone than Hersh's exposé, this report clearly substantiated the fact that the counterintelligence staff as well as other elements of the CIA had been involved in questionable and possibly illegal activities. Colby told Kissinger that he had cleansed his report of agents' names and secret operations so that the President could make it available to the press. Colby also appended to the report information Hersh had not divulged, including a list of alleged assassination attempts by the CIA. Confronted with this document, President Ford had little choice but to initiate an investigation of the CIA.

How had the "family jewels" ever leaked to the New York *Times* in the first place? This was a question put to Colby in 1975 by Richard M. Helms, himself a former Director of the CIA. According to Helms's recollection of their conversation, Colby nonchalantly replied, "I talked to Sy Hersh." At the time, Helms did not fully comprehend what Colby meant by this admission. It seemed almost inconceivable to him that the Director of the CIA, whom he had always found to be an intelligent, discreet, and completely responsible officer, and

* *Honorable Men: My Life in the CIA*, by William Colby with Peter Forbath, Simon & Schuster, 493 pp., $12.95.



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who had sworn an oath to protect the nation's secrets, could have revealed such critical information to a newspaperman for purposes of publication. Yet the next time Helms saw Colby, he again asked him about the leak, and Colby reiterated that he had confirmed the story to Hersh and the New York *Times*.

That it was Colby himself who had engineered the leak had also become clear in the meantime to members of the CIA's counterintelligence staff who had been forced to resign on account of it. Newton S. Miler, then Chief of Operations for Counterintelligence, discovered that Colby's report to the President had been prepared within a day of the story's appearance in the *Times*. Analyzing the research that had gone into the document, he concluded that Colby could not possibly have written it within such a brief period.

In his autobiography, Colby gives a somewhat more circumspect account of the incident. He claims that Hersh telephoned him excitedly, saying he was investigating illegal CIA activities, and requesting an interview. Colby explains that since Hersh had cooperated with him a few months earlier in suppressing the story of the *Glomar Explorer*,* "I felt I owed him the interview he requested and could trust his responsibility. . . ." In the interview, Colby asserts, he attempted to "explain—and put in proper perspective" both the CIA's investigation of the anti-war movement in the United States and the CIA's surveillance of American citizens by "wiretaps, mail intercepts," and other means. He acknowledges confirming to Hersh that the CIA had, in the case of the mail intercepts, sometimes violated its charter (and the law). He provided Hersh with incriminating details about the CIA's program of intercepting letters to and from the Soviet Union, and about other highly-classified and illegal surveillance activities.

Colby says that he did not realize the public release of this information would have the "traumatic consequences" it did. The only reason he told Hersh about it, he writes, was to lay to rest rumors which Hersh had heard of even more incriminating activities on the part of the CIA. This explanation, however, is not entirely convincing. Whatever the "deal" Colby may have had with Hersh to suppress the *Glomar Explorer* story, it could not have been such as to require him now to divulge details of a secret and closely held report —so secret, indeed, that (as Colby admits) he had not even briefed President Nixon or President Ford or Henry Kissinger about its existence.

Colby's role in the "family-jewels" affair turns out to have involved a great deal more than talking to a *Times* reporter, or failing to talk to the President. The "family-jewels" report was no ordinary CIA document. Although work on it had begun under the sponsorship of James Schlesinger, who briefly served as CIA Director after Helms, it was Colby who drafted the directive on May 9, 1973 ordering all CIA personnel to report any past transgressions or questionable activity they knew of; and as Schlesinger was nominated to be Secretary of Defense, and Colby to be CIA Director, on the very same day this directive was issued, it was Colby who from start to finish superintended the 693-page report. It was also Colby who briefed Senators Stuart Symington and John Stennis, and Congressmen Edward Hebert and Lucien Nedzi, about the report, and who consulted the Department of Justice on the issue of the legality of a number of the "jewels." To be sure, any one of these parties may have leaked aspects of the report to Hersh—or to other journalists—but the confirmation, and the details, which turned it into a front-page story came from Colby.

WHY would a Director of the CIA reveal these, and other, skeletons in the CIA's closet? When I posed this question to a former colleague of Colby's in the CIA, he said that there were three equally plausible theories to explain Colby's behavior. First, Colby was a congenital "confessor," who sincerely believed the CIA should not be a secret service and therefore freely disclosed information to all comers. Second, Colby had become overwhelmed with guilt during his long and grueling tour of duty in Vietnam, and to purge himself of this guilt, he turned against the CIA. Third, there was the astonishing theory that Colby might be a Soviet "mole," or penetration agent, who had been ordered to wreck the intelligence service.

The very fact that such theories, and especially the third, should be given currency indicates the ferocity of feeling in the intelligence community over Colby's going public. Yet none of these theories even remotely fits the known facts about Colby's career in the CIA. Far from being a born "confessor," as the first theory suggests, Colby served effectively as a CIA officer in Italy, Sweden, Vietnam, and the United States for twenty-five years, all the while maintaining whatever falsehoods and secrets were necessary to preserve his assigned "cover." Indeed, it was because of his discretion and demonstrated loyalty that he was chosen to be Director of the CIA. The second theory, tracing his motives to his experience in Vietnam, also seems inadequate; far from returning a broken and guilt-ridden man, Colby was proud of his accomplishments in the Strategic Hamlet and Phoenix counterinsurgency programs, and even regarded them as the high point in his career.

Finally, there is no basis whatever for the notion that Colby is a "mole." If Colby were a Soviet agent, one would have expected his career to be studded with intelligence successes (which the Soviets would have provided for purposes of his promotion). But the fact is that up until Vietnam he

* The *Glomar Explorer* was supposedly an underwater mining ship, but actually it was built by the CIA to recover a Soviet submarine which had sunk in the Pacific.

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had few if any successes as an intelligence officer. Nor had he developed any secret "sources"; instead, his career was built on his competency as an administrator and a problem-solver. Furthermore, it seems inconceivable that the Soviets, if they had managed to bring one of their agents to the point of being Director of the CIA, would then risk ruining his career by having him leak secrets to the press.

Since these three theories are inadequate to explain Colby's actions, it is necessary to consider a fourth possibility—that the leaks were part of a maneuver intended to relieve Colby of an extremely vexing bureaucratic problem.

## II

WHEN Colby was appointed Deputy Director of Plans by Schlesinger in 1973, and took charge of the CIA's clandestine activities, he found U.S. intelligence virtually paralyzed when it came to determining the Soviet Union's military and strategic intentions. While satellites and other technical devices did provide a constant flow of data on Soviet economic, military, and technological achievements, some form of human intelligence—specifically, spies—was still needed in order to acquire knowledge of how the Soviets intended to use these resources. For nearly a decade, however, the CIA had been unable to recruit any agent with access to the secrets of the Kremlin who was considered reliable by the CIA's counterintelligence evaluators.

The recruitment of agents inside the Soviet Union had always presented a problem for U.S. intelligence. Since the Soviet Union is a closed and rigidly compartmentalized society, with almost no movement among the various sectors, the CIA had decided that it made little sense to attempt to recruit its own agents among Soviet citizens and then maneuver them into positions where they would have access to state secrets. Even if it succeeded in making such recruitments, and even if the agents escaped the detection of the omnipresent security forces, there was no way of insuring that they would ever achieve a position of value. Therefore, instead of focusing on promising Soviet citizens, the CIA aimed at recruiting persons who already had access to Soviet state secrets; for all practical purposes, this meant high-ranking Soviet intelligence officers dispatched to the West. One program in the late 1950's, for example, involved simply telephoning Soviet intelligence officers attached to embassies in the West and asking if they had any interest in selling secrets. The idea apparently was that even if 99 out of 100 hung up, a few contacts would be made.

CIA officers of course realized that the prospects for recruiting were not good. Soviet officers are carefully screened before they are allowed to attain positions of status in the elite intelligence organizations, and before being posted to the West. Moreover, their families are held hostage in the Soviet Union, and any money the CIA might offer for committing espionage would be of no use to them at home. Nevertheless, the CIA did have a number of early recruiting successes—most notably Colonel Peter Popov in the early 1950's and Colonel Oleg Penkovsky in 1961.

Yet the recruitment process involved considerable risks. Since the Russians know that the CIA is dependent on Soviet intelligence agents for information, they can have agents contact the CIA and feed it carefully prepared stories designed to provoke and mislead Western intelligence. Such "disinformation" operations, if clearly orchestrated, can work disastrously well to deceive an enemy nation.*

The responsibility for weeding out "disinformation" and fraudulent agents still under Soviet control from authentic information and actual spies was vested by the CIA in a small counterintelligence staff headed by James Jesus Angleton. It was the job of the counterintelligence staff to suspect every agent recruited by other divisions of the CIA as being possibly a "plant" or double-agent, and to challenge data from such sources as possible "disinformation." Angleton's constant suspicions naturally tended to frustrate those case officers who believed they had recruited valuable agents and those reports officers whose job it was to produce a coherent picture of Soviet activities.

The suspicions of Angleton and his counterintelligence staff were greatly heightened in 1961, when a KGB officer, Anatoly M. Golitsin, defected to the CIA and told Angleton in his debriefings that the KGB was in the process of mounting a major deception operation which would involve "disinformation" agents posing either as dissident Soviet intelligence officers or as outright defectors. Golitsin further suggested that the Soviets had penetrated both the CIA and the FBI—just as they had penetrated British intelligence with Kim Philby and West German intelligence with Heinz Felfe—and that the Soviet "mole" in the CIA had been activated in 1958.

Whether or not a penetration of the CIA by the Soviets had occurred, Angleton became fully convinced that the Soviets were involved in a "disinformation" game when a number of other Soviet intelligence officers began volunteering highly suspect information to the CIA and FBI. These included Yuri Nosenko, whose story partly collapsed when Soviet cable traffic was intercepted; "Fedora," as he was code-named by the FBI, who supported Nosenko on elements of his story which Nosenko admitted were fabrications; and Yuri Loginov, who, after confirming Nosenko's story, redefected from South Africa to Russia.† Angleton

* Anthony Cave Brown provides a lengthy and meticulous description of British deception and "disinformation" stratagems in his book, *Bodyguard of Lies* (1976).

† For a fuller discussion of the Nosenko-Fedora case, see my book, *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald.*

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and his staff thereupon stiffened their resistance to information from Soviet intelligence officers —and to the distribution of such information among other Western intelligence services. Quite abruptly, the recruitment of agents ground to a halt.

Tension also developed between the CIA and the FBI over this issue. The CIA's counterintelligence staff, which served as liaison with the FBI, had concluded that among Soviet "disinformation" agents were three officers working under UN cover in New York and passing information to the FBI. Since J. Edgar Hoover had built a large part of the FBI's spy-catching program on what these Soviet agents had provided, he chose not to believe the counterintelligence staff. By 1970, the resulting friction between the two agencies led Hoover virtually to break off FBI contact with the CIA.

THE intelligence community was thus "a house divided against itself," as Helms later put it. At the root of the problem was the question of how seriously to assess the Soviet capacity for deception. Angleton believed that the Soviets not only had such a capacity, but used it consistently to mislead the CIA. Moreover, his counterintelligence staff attributed the CIA's failure to recruit worthwhile Soviet agents to the presence of a "mole" or to some other form of penetration. Those opposing this view argued that Angleton and his staff had overestimated the Soviet use of deception, and the failure to recruit agents stemmed from his staff's unmerited suspicions of every potential recruit.

Colby had long sided with the latter point of view. He resolved, even before he became Director, that he "would try to shift our major effort to contacts between our officers and Communist officials and take the chance of making a few mistakes in return for recruiting a lot more agents than [Angleton's] ultra-careful approach allowed." In early 1973, he notes in his autobiography, he "recommended to Schlesinger that Angleton ought to be let go, reiterating my long-held feeling that his ultra-conspiratorial turn of mind had, at least in recent years, become more of a liability than an asset to the agency." Schlesinger refused to accept Colby's advice. Three months later, in the Watergate crisis, Colby took over from Schlesinger as Director, and again maneuvered to force Angleton out by cutting off his liaison with the FBI. But, Colby notes, Angleton "dug in his heels," and Colby then yielded, "because I feared that Angleton's professional integrity and personal intensity might have led him to take dire measures if I forced the issue." (Presumably, that is, Angleton might, if it came to a power struggle, attempt to go over Colby's head to the President.) Firing Angleton was obviously going to require more than a mere request or even a confrontation.

It was at this point that Colby realized that Seymour Hersh was interested in doing an exposé of the CIA for the *Times*. In his autobiography, Colby gives the following chronology.* December 17, 1974: Colby decides "to face up to my responsibility to remove Jim Angleton" before the end of the year; Angleton again "resists" Colby's suggestion that he retire from counterintelligence. December 18: Colby speaks to Hersh on the telephone—a call Colby claims Hersh initiated. December 20: Colby meets with Hersh, tells him about Angleton's role in the mail-cover program, and "confirms" his exposé. December 21 (this particular entry does not appear in the Colby book): Colby tells Angleton about the upcoming Hersh exposé on counterintelligence, and insists on his resignation. December 22: the Hersh exposé appears in the Sunday *Times*. December 23: Colby announces Angleton's resignation. December 24: Colby submits his lengthy report to the President.

Colby succeeded in his objective of removing Angleton. He also forced the resignation of the three top deputies on the counterintelligence staff, and transferred a number of other officers on the staff, which never numbered more than twenty-five, to other parts of the CIA. The new appointees came mainly from the Far East Division or Vietnam. For all practical purposes, Colby had obliterated the counterintelligence operation which Angleton had developed over a twenty-year period. Files were shifted to other departments, and, in some cases, destroyed. In a matter of weeks, the institutional memory was erased.

With the termination of Angleton and the key men on his staff, the bureaucratic impasse to the recruitment of new agents was resolved. Under Colby's new policy, the CIA could take higher risks in accepting volunteers among Communist officials, and distribute the information from them as well as the data that had long been bottled up on the suspicion that it was from "disinformation" agents. But while this led rapidly to the production of new information, it did not solve the counterintelligence problem. Indeed, it led to new crises.

## III

EARLY in 1975, one of Angleton's counterintelligence deputies, who had stayed on for several months to assist with the transition, was informed that the agency had just made a major recruitment in Moscow. Colby's policy of accepting all volunteers had obviously been put into effect.

The agent whom the CIA recruited was Sanya L. Lipavsky, a forty-two-year-old neurosurgeon of Jewish descent, who was employed by the Drivers'

* For Seymour Hersh's account of this chronology, see his recent piece in the New York *Times Magazine* (June 25, 1978).

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License Bureau in Moscow as a medical examiner. Lipavsky claimed that he had previously been a surgeon in Murmansk, and in that capacity had treated Soviet personnel attached to the nuclear-submarine bases in the area. When this information was conveyed back from Moscow to CIA headquarters at Langley, the case officer in Moscow (presumably working under diplomatic cover) was authorized to recruit Lipavsky. The CIA then supplied Lipavsky with the espionage apparatus necessary for him to pass along information he might acquire, and he was assigned a "dead drop"—reportedly a hollowed-out cable from which his messages could later be retrieved by another courier for the CIA.

Colby's new man in Moscow was also heavily involved with a group of Jewish dissidents who were leading the human-rights movement in Russia. In fact, he shared a room with Anatoly Shcharansky, a young engineer who was the spokesman for the movement; and he had ingratiated himself with a number of other Jewish activists, including Vladimir Slepak (who had received a telegram of support from Jimmy Carter during the 1976 presidential campaign), Vitaly Rubin, and Aleksandr Lerner. During the period of his service to the CIA, Lipavsky continued to maintain, and to intensify, his contacts with Jewish dissidents, who of course had not the slightest idea that Lipavsky was anything but a member of their group.

Some two years later it turned out that the man the CIA supposed it had recruited was actually in the service of the KGB. Apparently he approached the CIA only after the KGB had arranged to release his father from prison, in exchange for which Lipavsky agreed to act as a provocateur. In March 1977, Lipavsky published an account of his CIA activities in the government newspaper *Izvestia*, identified the "dead drop" the CIA had assigned him, and went on to denounce Shcharansky and other Jewish activists as traitors, claiming that they had cooperated with him in collecting information about how technical equipment supplied by firms in the West was being used for counterespionage against dissidents. The Soviets then moved to arrest Shcharansky and other dissidents on the charge of cooperating with the CIA.

It quickly became apparent in Washington that the KGB had planted Lipavsky on the CIA in order to compromise the human-rights movement in Russia. This was also embarrassing to President Carter who, even though he had been briefed on Lipavsky's CIA connection, had publicly stated that Shcharansky was in no way involved with the CIA. The degree to which Lipavsky (and the KGB) might have framed Shcharansky and entrapped other dissidents by manipulating them into assisting him was not known; but the Soviets clearly held the trump—a "CIA" agent willing to implicate other Soviet dissidents—and President Carter, to preclude further embarrassment, as well as to lessen the damage to the victims of the unfortunate CIA recruitment, entered into secret negotiations with the Soviets to make the best deal he could under the circumstances.

Whatever may be the outcome of the secret deal, the action of the CIA in recruiting Lipavsky in the first place seems inexplicable. Lipavsky had no access to secret information; he had no persuasive motive to risk his life for the CIA; and he was involved in a movement whose integrity and credibility were extraordinarily important to the United States. At best, he might have been able to identify other possible targets for recruitment by the CIA. The point of the exercise may have been only bureaucratic: to prove that without interference from Angleton and his counterintelligence staff, the CIA was capable of recruiting agents even inside Russia. Yet no matter what the rationale may have been, the Lipavsky affair demonstrates that the difficulties inherent in American counterintelligence efforts have not been solved. On the contrary, it seems clear that Colby's new bureaucratic methods not only have so far proved useless, but have given rise to problems of an even more delicate and possibly dangerous kind.

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# Wittgenstein the Pilgrim

*William Barrett*

HAD he written nothing, had his influence not been enormous over four decades of philosophers, Ludwig Wittgenstein would still have been one of the extraordinary personalities of our century. The degree of his influence, indeed, is not altogether separable from the powerful impression he made upon pupils and disciples, who carried the words of his doctrine through the long years when he chose to remain unpublished. What must have been the attraction of this personality that years later, after the turbulence of their friendship and its final break had long since subsided, Bertrand Russell could write: "Getting to know Wittgenstein was one of the most exciting intellectual adventures of my life." These are remarkable words for a man as cool and worldly as Russell to have uttered about anyone. They are positively amazing if we stop to reflect that when they first met, Wittgenstein was a youth of twenty-two and unknown, while Russell himself was a mature man of forty and already famous.

Wittgenstein was extraordinary too in the number of his gifts. He showed precocity in engineering and technical matters; at the age of ten, we learn from his sister, he constructed out of bits of wood lying around the house a sewing machine that actually worked. Trained as an engineer, he first went to England in 1911 to work in aeronautics at Manchester. He even took out some patents that, we are told, anticipated later inventions in this field. Combining engineering and art, he spent two years (1926-28) building a house in Vienna for his oldest sister, which was at its time a remarkable contribution to modern architecture. Sensitive to music and literature, he also wrote very well. Thus it would seem that a career as engineer, artist, or literary man might have been open to him. That he happened to become a philosopher might look then like a mere matter of chance, but in retrospect it is hard to think that he could have become anything else.

The profusion of gifts suggests a Renaissance figure, lavish and outgoing in its energies. The direction of his thinking is exactly the opposite. He restricts himself, narrows his horizons, absorbs himself in what appear as small and commonplace questions. He remarks ironically of himself that he philosophizes somewhat like an old woman who has misplaced her keys or spectacles and is rummaging for them. Several times in his life he tried to escape from philosophy and turn himself to some less reflective and uncertain a profession. In vain; he was pulled back into the ceaseless questioning that claimed him as a philosopher. A homeless being, he could find a home here, for philosophy is that area where man seeks himself out as homeless. No matter what casual item he touches, Wittgenstein philosophizes with a peculiar intensity that we can only call religious.

The family he was born into in 1889 was wealthy and influential—his father was an important industrialist and a minister of state. The familial origins were mixed Jewish and Christian, but predominantly the former. Intermarriages between Jews and Christians had long been commonplace in Austria, and the attempt to separate racial lines was not undertaken until Hitler. Wittgenstein's mother was Catholic; he was baptized as a Catholic, and listed that officially as his religion. There is no indication that he ever thought of himself particularly as a Jew. A rather remarkable fact: a Jew who never thinks of himself as a Jew—homelessness compounded.

The family was also very cultivated, and from the earliest age, Wittgenstein was exposed to the various currents of the cultural life of Vienna. (It was also a family haunted by tragedy: all of Wittgenstein's brothers ended their lives in suicide.) The attempt has been made—not always convincingly, I believe—to establish detailed influences from this environment upon the formation of Wittgenstein's thought. Nevertheless, the general intent of such studies seems to me sound, whether or not they hold up on particular details, for there does seem to be some very deep sense in which Wittgenstein belongs to the spiritual milieu from which he sprang.

What was the atmosphere of the capital of the

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Austro-Hungarian empire in the early years of this century? We have one unforgettable and powerful portrait of it in Robert Musil's great novel, *The Man Without Qualities.* Musil calls the place Kakania—a name that speaks its own derision—and he depicts it as frivolous and empty, alternately yearning and despairing, pretentious and nihilistic. But Musil's pen was dipped in acid, and we get only a negative, if searching, vision of this Viennese world. On its positive side, out of this same spiritual milieu, Vienna produced two of the most powerful and symptomatic movements of modern culture—psychoanalysis and atonal music—both voices that speak of the homelessness of modern man. Perhaps Wittgenstein's in philosophy is a third voice to set beside these two. On its social side, Vienna was the glittering and elegant capital of the empire. But if this gaudy part of its life was ever encountered by Wittgenstein, it left no traces. The religious earnestness of his own temperament seems to have passed it by unnoticed.

His sister records that these marks of seriousness and intensity appeared quite early, and caused the family to worry about him. She took consolation, however, from Dostoevsky's words about his saintly character Alyosha in *The Brothers Karamazov.* Alyosha appeared unworldly and helpless, yet people would always come forward to help him, and he would land on his feet. Some benign angel hovered over Wittgenstein through the events of his life; and though it did not spare him torments, it enabled him to survive.

WITTGENSTEIN did not enter philosophy in the creeping and tedious fashion of the usual graduate student; he leaped almost as if without preparation *in medias res.* He found in Bertrand Russell and mathematical logic both the man and the subject to focus his questions. Russell was generous in this relationship; he said that he learned more from Wittgenstein than he taught him, and quite early on announced that it would be this young man, as yet unpublished, who would make the next decisive step in philosophy.

Varying and conflicting things have been said about the relationship of the two, usually spurred on by the philosophic animus of the particular commentator. The simple human truth of the matter is expressed in a letter that Wittgenstein wrote Russell in the first year of their friendship. They cannot be friends, he says; he will always revere Russell, and be very grateful to him for his help and kindness; but friends they cannot be, for their values are too different to permit it. Now, Wittgenstein was a difficult person in many ways; he set a high value upon friendship, and in turn was likely to be an exacting friend. But there is no petulance in this letter. What is amazing is the singular maturity in a young man who had just turned twenty-three. On this particular occasion, Russell seems to have quickly smoothed matters over, and their friendship continued as it had been. But the letter was prophetic: when the final rift came, in 1922, the occasion was relatively unimportant; they were simply too different to remain permanently close friends.

The difference is shown in their response to the outbreak of war in 1914. Russell, opposing the war, was imprisoned for a while as a dissenter. Wittgenstein promptly returned to Austria and volunteered for service in the army. Radical as he was to prove in his thinking, in life he felt a deep and spontaneous loyalty toward any authority that he considered legitimate. His religious sense of life moved him to seek out some kind of service and self-sacrifice. Stationed away from the front, he made repeated efforts to be sent closer to the fighting. It is part of the comedy with which the world looks at really serious personalities that these efforts were regarded by the authorities as an attempt to evade service. Eventually, though, he did get to the front and ended as a lieutenant in the artillery.

The intensity of his inner life continued during all the outward turmoil of the war. In the little town of Tarnev, near the front, he picked up a copy of Tolstoy's version of the New Testament, was deeply impressed by it, and kept it by his side. His troops knew him as "the man of the book," because he carried it everywhere with him. He was the man of the book in another sense too; he was also carrying around with him the manuscript of what was to be his first work, the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus,* while laboring to complete it. That a work so concentrated and compact in form should have been conceived and largely brought to completion amid the life of the trenches cannot but fill us with awe at the intensity of concentration of the thinker himself. Shortly before the Armistice of 1918, Wittgenstein was captured by Italian troops, and it was in an Italian prison camp that the book was finally completed.

Russell had no word of Wittgenstein during the war, and, in fact, did not know if he were still alive. The two did not see each other again until the end of 1919, when they met in Holland. Russell has left us, in a letter, a record of that meeting that is of the utmost importance in understanding Wittgenstein's state of mind at the time. Without it, we might not grasp the depth of religious feeling that lies behind the *Tractatus,* and therefore miss the intent of the work itself. Writing to Lady Ottoline Morrell on December 20, 1919, Russell says: "I had felt in his book a flavor of mysticism, but was astonished when I found he had become a complete mystic. He reads people like Kierkegaard and Angelus Silesius, and he seriously contemplates becoming a monk." We note Russell's surprise that what he had taken to be only "a flavor of mysticism" turns out to be a matter on which Wittgenstein is really dead serious—and which he intended, in fact, to be the central message of the work. Russell further observes that Wittgenstein is passionately attached to the novels of the Russians Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, particu-

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larly the latter. It all started, Russell goes on to say, from Wittgenstein's reading of William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience* back in Cambridge before the war. Much as one admires James's book (which, by the way, remained a lifelong favorite of Wittgenstein), one cannot quite believe it all started with that reading. James does not have that evangelical fervor or power to have effected a conversion where no previous disposition existed. From the start, Wittgenstein seems to have been that rare phenomenon among human beings—a genuinely religious personality.

Finally, there is one remark in Russell's letter that is more revealing than he is aware of: "He [Wittgenstein] has penetrated deep into mystical ways of thought and feeling, but I think (though he wouldn't agree) that what he likes best in mysticism is its power to make him stop thinking. . . ." To stop thinking, to be free for a while from the devouring jaws of the intellect!—that is a cry of thinkers like Pascal and Kierkegaard, with whom in his own peculiar way Wittgenstein has a kinship. In that book he had picked up near the front, Wittgenstein would have read and understood Tolstoy's magisterial sentence in the essay that accompanies his Gospel translation: "The more we live by our intellect, the less we understand the meaning of life." Wittgenstein probably would not have disagreed with Russell's remark about the need to stop thinking. Certain parts of experience are only grasped if we stop thinking and let be. But all of this would have been foreign country for Russell.

Back in Austria, Wittgenstein made efforts to get a publisher for his manuscript. After running into difficulties, he was at one point ready to drop the whole matter. The questions the book dealt with, after all, lay behind him; he was engaged in the attempt to escape from philosophy and its questions, finding work as a gardener in a monastery and then as a country schoolteacher. It was through Russell's intervention that publication was finally secured. The English edition, with facing German text, appeared in 1922, together with an introduction by Russell. Wittgenstein objected to the introduction, and thereafter the friendship between the two men was never quite restored. The subsequent fortunes of the book are now part of the philosophic history of this century.

## II

Now that the controversies and misunderstandings it originally provoked have faded, the *Tractatus* is at once a simpler and richer work to read. Subsequent developments in logic have moved beyond the book, and show us that while on some points Wittgenstein made a few prophetic hints, on others he was groping in the dark. No matter; the author continues to interest us as a philosopher, not as a technician. The book was strange and mystifying to its readers when it appeared. For us it has long since become familiar; and yet, when we come back to it after his later writings, we find it stranger in another sense because it strikes us as more extreme and arbitrary in its assumptions and conclusions. Yet it has the peculiar stamp, the intensity, of Wittgenstein's genius about it; it continues to live as the unique and thoroughgoing expression of a particular philosophic vision that haunts the modern mind more deeply than it is aware of or often cares to acknowledge.

What is this vision? The position may be labeled as "Logical Atomism," a phrase previously introduced and put to use by Russell. But Russell advanced this new style in philosophy merely as a mode of procedure, as a kind of philosophical analysis that proceeds by the piecemeal decomposition of any complex subject into its logically ultimate components. Wittgenstein cannot abide in this halfway house of method; with his usual abruptness, he pushes the matter of procedures to its root. What must the world be like if one's only reliable mode of analyzing it is to take this logical form? And he wastes no words in telling us what his vision of this world is at the very beginning of his book. The world is the totality of all facts, and these facts have a peculiar relation, or nonrelation, to one another: *"Any one fact can either be the case, or not be the case, and everything else remains the same."*

We have to catch our breath at the audacity of this last statement. We have slowly to let sink in how austere and bleak a picture of the world Wittgenstein is painting for us. The facts that constitute the world are utterly disconnected and lie external to each other within logical space. There is no internal, necessary, or organic bond between them. We may be prepared for this position a little, but only very little, by some other expressions of fragmentation in modern culture. The modern imagination indeed has been haunted by the image of a fragmented world, and in the arts has sought from time to time to give some expression to this feeling. In the novel, particularly, there have been certain bold attempts, and even the elaboration of special fictional techniques, to convey this aspect of experience as the brute flow of random detail. But nowhere has this picture of an ultimately fragmented world been given *intellectual* expression so starkly and tersely as in the single proposition of Wittgenstein: *"Any one fact can either be the case, or not be the case, and everything else remains the same."*

This is an astounding statement to fling in the face of our ordinary experience. To be sure, our everyday world has its gaps, discontinuities, irregularities, and non sequiturs; and we ourselves, if we took notice, are far more fragmented beings than we care to admit. Still, connectedness is more generally the case than not. One fact does make a difference to others; and if certain facts did disappear, it seems to us that everything else would surely not remain the same. In our dealings with others we like to think that our personal existence

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does make a difference to some people, just as we feel that our own lives have been different because of a few people here and there whom we have come to know and love. But these feelings of ours, if we follow Wittgenstein's doctrine, would only hold for the superficial *appearance* of things; the *reality* of the world that underlies them would be totally different and alien from them.

What leads Wittgenstein to this peculiar view? The *Tractatus* is written in an aphoristic and oracular style; it does not give the reasons that lead its author to the conclusions he expresses. Yet it is not difficult to reconstruct those reasons from his text. And, indeed, his reasoning here is not a piece of personal idiosyncrasy, but has about it a massive simplicity that expresses a whole ideological epoch.

We have to grasp, first, what it is that the book seeks to do. Wittgenstein's aim is to tell us what the world is ultimately like insofar, and only insofar, as it can be expressed in a logical language. The attempt has, *prima facie* at least, as much justification as Kant's effort to describe the world from the structures of human consciousness. If the world in itself should be different from those structures, then—so Kant tells us—we would not be able to think it. Analogously, with Wittgenstein, if the world were altogether differently structured from the forms of our logic, we could not express it in language—at least not in any kind of logically exact language. "We could not say of a nonlogical world what it would be like."

Two things, however, have to be noted specifically in this attempted inference from language to the world. Everything turns (1) on the particular form of language one chooses; and (2) on the particular relation one takes to hold between language and the world. Our view of the world could be quite different depending on what choice we made on either of these matters.

1. For Wittgenstein, at this stage—he was later to reverse himself dramatically—the pivotal choice is the language of mathematical logic, and, specifically, the logic of Bertrand Russell and Alfred North Whitehead. It has been remarked that he seems to be describing the world as if God had created it after the image of Russell and Whitehead's great book, *Principia Mathematica*. The joke is not inaccurate. To be sure, he has serious quarrels in matters of detail with this logic; but on the whole he takes it as the model or paradigmatic language that provides the framework within which to see the world. What justifies his choice of this particular language, and for this particular purpose? He does not tell us. But the reasoning behind the choice would seem to be clear: if we are to construe the nature of the world from language, it would be best to start from the logically most exact form of language that is available.

2. Between this model language and the world there must be a definite relation if we are to infer from the former to the latter. And for Wittgenstein, at this stage, the relation is very simple and clear-cut: language is a mirror that reflects the world, and, accordingly, we may infer from the image in the mirror to the thing or things it mirrors.

Wittgenstein is captured by the metaphor of a mirror, and by the simple line of reasoning that leads him to it. Suppose we take it as fundamental that the business of language—for Wittgenstein, at this stage, it is the sole business—is to state facts. In order to state its fact, the statement must be in some way a representation of that fact. But it can represent its fact only if the constituents of the statement correspond one-to-one to the constituents of the fact—as the details in the mirror correspond to the details they reflect. "The statement is a *picture* of the fact."

Now we have to take only one tiny step further in order to arrive at the logical atoms that make up the world. Logic analyzes statements into two kinds: complex or molecular statements, on the one hand, and, on the other, the atomic statements into which these are resolved. But what holds for the items in the mirror must also hold for the realities the mirror pictures. Hence, in line with our picture theory of language, the world must ultimately be made up of atomic facts that correspond to the atomic statements with which logical analysis terminates. And the various groupings of these atomic facts make up the complex facts that constitute our experience.

But what of philosophy? In Wittgenstein's world, where the facts stand external to each other, and logic deals only with the identities within a formal language, what is there left for philosophy to do? Very little, indeed, when we think of the traditional aims of philosophers. If we wish to make statements about the world, these fall within the province of the empirical sciences, and are to be tested by the methods of those disciplines. On the other hand, there are the tautological statements of logic, which have a formal interest and may be manipulated for practical use, but tell us nothing about the world. All our human questions must fall into one or the other camp; and philosophy, accordingly, divides dichotomously into questions of fact or questions of logic.

In that division, it virtually disappears. The traditional parts of philosophy—metaphysics, ethics, aesthetics—fall by the way, since they emerge, according to this perspective, as a confused mixture of questions of fact or questions of logic, which it is the business of logical analysis to sort out. So far as ethics, for example, deals with human desires, values, and choices, these are facts within the world, to be explored by psychology and the behavioral sciences. The philosopher must content himself merely with analyzing the logical syntax of value statements. Where philosophers make metaphysical speculations about the cosmos, if these have any factual content, they pass over into possi-

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bly suggestive hypotheses to be dealt with more efficiently by the natural sciences—physics, chemistry, or biology, as the case may be. Any statements philosophy might try to make beyond these would be, strictly speaking, nonsense. Henceforth, there will be left to philosophy no doctrine at all, but only the logical activity of clarification, which consists chiefly in sorting out statements into their factual and logical components.

So the young Wittgenstein, not yet thirty, drew up the complete blueprint for Logical Positivism before even the name of this philosophical school had been coined. This movement, begun in Vienna in the 1920's, proceeded to make great headway in the Anglo-American world of the 1930's and 1940's. Though not now so prevalent, at least in its originally more aggressive form, it has left its deep mark upon the current philosophic mind. And much of the philosophy that succeeded it in the Anglo-American world, though it would disclaim the name, has been and remains thoroughly positivist in spirit. The vocabulary has changed, but the fundamental pattern of thought remains.

It was, in one way, a very strange movement for an individual like Wittgenstein to have fathered. In the matter of temperament and personality, he stands alone and at a great distance from other prominent positivists. They were men (as I knew them personally) for whom the sense of mystery simply did not exist. For Wittgenstein, it was very real indeed, but he wished to keep it out of philosophy. In the same spirit he could cheerfully consign ethics to psychology because his own ultimate values were not facts within the world: "The meaning of the world lies outside the world." He was a divided man, and the positivists took half of his mind. Some ardent followers of the later Wittgenstein have inveighed against positivism as a total misunderstanding of him. The charge is excessive; there is in fact a strong positivistic streak in Wittgenstein that continued throughout his thinking to the end, though it is not the only component. The positivists were not false to his thinking, but they did take over only a part of it, and that part indeed—as we shall see—which he thought relatively unimportant.

## III

THE first part of the *Tractatus,* so far as substantive contributions to logic are concerned, is largely of historical interest. The subsequent progress of logic, as well as Wittgenstein's own development, were to absorb some of his questions, displace others, and generally transform the nature of all of them. But it is the last part of the work—and, strictly speaking, not so much a part as a few pages tacked on almost as an afterthought, so it might seem to the careless reader—that gives us the real sense of Wittgenstein's thinking in this book. They are likely to prove the more enduring pages, for they tell us of the ideas —the mystical ideas—that kept the man Wittgenstein alive.

The place of "the mystical" is identified quite simply and tersely: "*That* the world is, is the mystical." Science tells us *how* the world is; it describes the myriad kinds of phenomena, their behavior, and their mutual interactions one with another. But before the sheer fact of the world's existence, *that* there is a world at all, that anything at all exists, in Leibniz's telling phrase, we can only stand in silent awe. Before this primal mystery of Being our human chatter falters. Here language can only point, and then pass into silence. "Of that whereof we cannot speak we must be silent."

Yet it is just this domain of what cannot be spoken that Wittgenstein personally valued most and that he believed to be the most important part of human life. Only if we enter that zone of silence are we truly human. And here he is at the uttermost remove, personally and existentially speaking, from the great body of his positivistic followers. Silence would put the academic philosopher out of business; where nothing is to be said, one cannot hope to write a paper on logic.

The importance Wittgenstein attached to the mystical is shown most forcefully and unmistakably in a very revealing letter he wrote about the *Tractatus* to his German publisher Ficker:

> The book's point is an ethical one. I once meant to include in the preface a sentence which is not in fact there now but which I will write out for you here, because it will perhaps be a key to the work for you. What I meant to write, then, is this: my work consists of two parts—including the part I have *not* written. And it is precisely this second part that is the important one. My book draws limits to the sphere of the ethical from the inside, as it were, and I am convinced that this is the *only rigorous* way of drawing those limits. In short, I believe that where *many* others today are just gassing, I have managed to put everything firmly into place by being silent about it.

This letter is of crucial importance for the student of Wittgenstein. In the first place, it gives us a quite unambiguous declaration of his own meaning in writing the book; and second, it gives us another description of—or more exactly another pointer toward—the domain of what cannot be uttered. The mystical is also the ethical, or the source of what is truly ethical in life.

How can this be so? How can the awareness of the mystery of existence have ethical substance for us—indeed, if we are to follow this letter to Ficker, be the decisive factor, ethically speaking, in human life? To speak at all, for Wittgenstein at this stage of his development, is to speak clearly; and if we cannot speak of the mystery, beyond the mere verbal gesture that points toward it, how can we draw any definite ethical prescriptions from its acknowledgment?

Wittgenstein does not have anything like a system of ethics. One has to construct what his ethics

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would be like from a few skimpy remarks that he has left us. On one side—and it is the negative side—his view is tolerably clear, and it is thoroughly positivistic. So far as our will and our ethical behavior are facts within the world, they fall under the empirical sciences of behavior. Our moral statements, under logical analysis, turn out to be expressions of our own emotions—of desire or aversion, as the case may be. Such was the general position that the positivists, allegedly following him, used to discredit traditional ethics.

But this is only one side of Wittgenstein's thought, and he has something more and very different to say on the subject. The meaning of the world, he tells us, lies outside the world. Consequently, the striving of the will, so far as it is engaged with this meaning, is pointed beyond the world. (The world here, remember, is simply the totality of all the facts.) Thus, whatever Wittgenstein's positive ethical views may be, we know at least what they are not: they are not those of a strictly naturalistic or utilitarian ethics. The ultimate good could not be defined finally and completely as happiness or the greatest balance of pleasure over pain. These are states of human being that, if they occurred, would be facts within the world; their meaning—like the meaning of the world itself—would point beyond them. The happiness of mankind, for example, if it ever should come to pass, would still leave men asking: Why? What point to it? To what end?

Suppose we gather together the various hints that the last pages of the *Tractatus* give us about this region beyond language. They fall under three headings:

1. "The mystical" is the sheer fact that the world exists, that there is anything at all rather than nothing. This is the cosmological awe at the mystery of existence.

2. This region of the unutterable, that of which we cannot speak, is also of supreme value to man. It is the whole "ethical" point of the book, as Wittgenstein says in his letter. In our ethical striving we reach toward it as the domain in which our actions and we ourselves would find their "meaning."

3. When we speak of something we call "the meaning of life," we are but speaking in another mode of the ethical. At times, in our worst moments, we feel that life is without meaning; at other times, it seems to us to have meaning. But we may be hard put to state in any concrete, factual way the difference between the two conditions. We are driven by a desperate need that our life should have meaning. Yet this "meaning" that we seek is inexpressible—at least by the strict standards that the *Tractatus* would impose. We cannot state it as a simple fact or any of the combinations of facts that logic permits. *"Is this not why men to whom the meaning of life, after long doubting, became clear, could not say wherein this meaning consisted?"*

Suppose we now put these three kinds of hints together; we take them as so many indications coming from somewhat different directions but all pointing toward one and the same region of experience that our life touches from time to time. Wittgenstein's mysticism would embrace all three. Intellect and will here meet: the mystery of the cosmos before which our mind stands in awe becomes one with the mystery within us by which we ethically strive, and both come together in the sense that somehow, in a way inexpressible to us, it is all meaningful. Our point here is reinforced if we consider further what Wittgenstein says about immortality. If we had eternal life, he tells us, that would not solve the question life puts to us. We could go on endlessly burdened with the sense that existence generally, and our own particularly, is meaningless. What can redeem life, if it is to be redeemed at all, are only those moments of "eternity in the present"—when the mystery of the world and we ourselves as ethical beings belong together in some unfathomable feeling that all is well.

Sketchy and brief as the hints he gives us are, there is nevertheless the value of a certain logical austerity in the way Wittgenstein exhibits his mysticism. It does not come at us as the deliverance of any special state of mind, special revelation, or sublimely hysterical vision. In its very terseness of expression it is presented as binding on all of us and not merely on the mystic as a peculiar kind of temperament. The mystery that the world is, engulfs us all. We do not reach it by any peculiar hallucinatory or paranormal experience; we have only to push our reasoning about language and facts far enough, and it is there waiting for us. No doubt, for the great bulk of mankind the awareness of this mystery occurs, if at all, only on the margins of consciousness. But were it to fade altogether from those margins, we would become a race of narrow technicians.

Yet it is precisely here that the tactic of silence becomes a debatable one. No doubt, Wittgenstein's exploitation of this silence has its own dramatic effectiveness. On our first encounter with his text, this silence seems positively thunderous; thereafter, however, it begins to diminish a bit in its power over us; we would really like a little more to be said. No doubt, too, most of those who venture into this region are "gassing," as Wittgenstein calls it. Few indeed, amid all the varieties of religious writers, are humanly convincing; and those who succeed must often use all those devices which Kierkegaard calls "indirect communication." Silence before the incommunicable at least retains its own peculiar dignity. Yet there is a danger in such silence adopted as a deliberate tactic. The positivists, for example, who professed to follow Wittgenstein, took this silence to be a sign that there was nothing there at all to talk about. For them, indeed, there *was* nothing there; the part of life Wittgenstein valued most did not exist for them. They are not unusual and strange in this. Indeed, they are

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representative of one powerful tendency of our culture today, which in its sheer thirst for information becomes ever more positivistic in spirit. It insists on facts, but the facts must be tailored to the means of communication. We come to accept as real only what can be communicated in some tidy and precise bulletin conveyed by television or radio. Whatever eludes such neat capsulation goes unnoticed or forgotten. Silence, permanent silence, in the face of this drift can only assist in making the mystery vanish altogether.

Most of all, though, to pursue the tactic of silence is perhaps to bow a little too obsequiously to the formalist restrictions upon language. What is suggested is that the mystery is merely a flaw in language, as if we merely happened to have hold of an instrument deficient in this respect. The mystery that the world exists is not, first and foremost, a peculiar fact about the limits of language. In stressing those limits, in locating the mystery on the other side of language, we tend to place it at a distance from ourselves. But the mystery, in fact, encompasses us; we and our language exist within it.

Wittgenstein could not abide within the stark limits of the *Tractatus* forever. The logic of Russell began to appear as a much too rigid framework in which to cast reality. The attempt to understand language itself through the model of a single paradigmatic language—and that, mind you, a formal language that is artificially constructed—is fruitless. It does not show us the multiple uses that language serves in the actual flow of life. And as for attempting to construe the world from a logic like the *Principia*, that is like looking at a landscape through a grid and then carving out its parts in geometrical form without following the natural contours of the terrain.

In the next and mature stage of his thought, Wittgenstein embarks on a course of seeking out the living contours within language as we use it.

## IV

WHILE his book had become the topic of philosophic conversation at Cambridge, Wittgenstein remained in Austria, a lonely figure searching for a vocation. For a while he found employment as a gardener's assistant in a seminary. Perhaps at this time the idea was still strong to enter a monastery and become a monk. A little later he took the job of country schoolteacher in some of the poorer Austrian villages. The desire for service or sacrifice of some kind was still with him.

His sister Hermine, who visited his classes on several occasions, tells us how passionately Wittgenstein flung himself into teaching his country schoolchildren. He made models, taught the children to build simple engines and to create their own visual pictures for what he was trying to teach them. Wittgenstein had a genius here that he was to carry over into his later writings, which exhibit a tireless capacity for inventing models and examples—a quality that makes at once for the unusual richness of his thought and the despair of anyone seeking an easy summary of it. It is a gift that also places him in an ambiguous relation to the philosophic school that is too loosely and easily labeled "analytic philosophy." He is not an "analytic" philosopher in any sense comparable to those who earn this title by grinding away at the consequences of this or that particular proposition, as if filing a legal brief. On the contrary, his procedure is synthetic and imaginative throughout—constantly projecting new pictures, models, and points of view from which to look at the most ordinary states of affairs. Wittgenstein's invention in the matter of examples was a gift of nature and not something learned. But nothing prevents us from seeing the episode of schoolteacher as a stage on his life's way. It can sometimes be a more enlightening experience to instruct elementary pupils than advanced scholars. In teaching the young, you have to satisfy the schoolchild in yourself and enter the region where all meanings start.

All the same, his sister felt his teaching school was a waste of his great talents. It was, she said, like using a precision instrument to open crates. She was voicing the family's anxiety for what appeared to be Ludwig's drifting and uncertain state of mind. On the whole we know little of his life during this period of the 1920's and particularly the conflicts in which his homosexuality involved him. Wittgenstein's answer to her reveals under what deep tensions he was passing: "You are like someone who, looking through a closed window, can't explain the strange movements of a passerby. He doesn't know what kind of a storm is raging outside and that this person is perhaps only with great effort keeping himself on his feet."

These words bring up inevitably the morbid aspects of Wittgenstein's temperament. His student and friend G.H. Von Wright declares: "It is probably true that he lived on the border of mental illness. A fear of being driven across it followed him throughout this life." A hostile critic could easily distort these words. It is a mark of one kind of religious personality, as William James has pointed out, to be infected with a certain degree of morbidity. The religious man lives at the farther edge of existence, from which most of us keep clear, and he is therefore likely to show traits that will seem morbid to us. But what really counts here—again following James—is whether the so-called morbid disposition is ultimately destructive of the personality and the life, in which case it is genuinely pathological, or whether it somehow brings the life and work into some more concentrated unity. And by this criterion there can be no doubt of the health of Wittgenstein's later writings. They are in their own way a celebration of the ordinary world and of the everyday vision of things.

In 1929 he was recalled to Cambridge and the

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teaching of philosophy. Here his external biography falls into line. The rest of his life, with some brief interruptions, was spent in Cambridge teaching and writing.

It was an austere existence, the more austere by Wittgenstein's own choosing. He slept on a simple cot. His rooms were almost bare of furniture. He preferred to eat alone in his chambers rather than dine in the Commons with the other dons. The conversation there, he told his colleague and friend John Wisdom, was "neither of the heart nor of the head," and he preferred not to join it. There was nothing of the theatrical gesture here; Wittgenstein wanted to simplify his life, and he followed the simplest course that many of us might like, but would not have courage enough, to take. In the same spirit he had simultaneously renounced his fortune and given up wearing a tie in the 1920's. These were not acts of bohemian defiance; he wanted simply to rid his life of as many encumbrances as possible. In his bare chambers there were few books. He read detective stories for diverson, needing the simplest pulp fiction to turn his mind off. As for more serious authors, he maintained his attachment to William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*, a book that—as Russell notes—had been a powerful influence years earlier. And Wittgenstein delivered himself of the judgment that Kierkegaard was "the greatest writer of the 19th century."

In a sense, then, Wittgenstein did fulfill the plan of becoming a monk and entering a monastery that he had spoken of to Russell at their 1919 meeting. Only the monastery was a monastery of one, and was located within Cambridge. Otherwise, Wittgenstein's life shows all the marks of a religious dedication. For us, who are so naturalistically inclined by our culture, the inevitable question is: was it a happy life? His pupil Norman Malcolm reports—in the same vein as Von Wright—that Wittgenstein lived for the most part in perpetual torment. Yet Malcolm also notes that at the end Wittgenstein declared his life had been "wonderful." Malcolm in turn finds it wonderful and mysterious that he should have said this. It would not have been puzzling to Dostoevsky, who gives to his tormented character Kirillov the redeeming vision that all of us, if we but knew it, are happy. In the end, the religious man declares that all is well.

Yet, as a religious life, this was one of strange self-denial. The traditional ascetics denied the flesh in order to luxuriate in the spirit. Wittgenstein, in effect, denies the spirit by remaining silent about that part of his life he held most valuable. Now, denied speech, and without ritual expression through attachment to a church, religious longings are likely to grow thin and anemic. There is a story by Franz Kafka, "The Hunger Artist," one of his most compelling and frightening, that we feel has a particular application to the author himself. The art of the hunger artist is fasting, and he carries on his protracted fasts before the public, which finally grows bored with them. Eventually, all skin and bones, he starves himself to death. Physical fasting here can be taken as a parable of spiritual denial. The religious impulses, when not nourished, grow into a starved specter of themselves. Kafka had a deeply religious temperament, but a curiously ironical and dialectical rationalism stood in the way of his spiritual fulfillment. "A spike grew out of his forehead," he observes of himself in one brutal and telling image; and elsewhere he sums up his life by saying that his head had conspired against him. Wittgenstein, like Kafka, is a hunger artist of the spirit. In this respect they are kindred souls, both thoroughly representative figures of the "modernist" spirit in its simultaneous longing and self-denial. The religious note sounds throughout Wittgenstein's life as it does through Kafka's, but with a curiously self-frustrated, muffled tone—like a strangled prayer.

## V

Picasso once remarked about the painting of Cézanne: "If there were not anxiety behind those apples, Cézanne would not interest me any more than Bouguereau." The word "anxiety" here may not be the right one; it suggests nervous flutterings that are alien to Cézanne as a painter. The father of modern painting was not a modernist. He stands as solidly within nature as any painter in the tradition and as no painter has stood since him, while the essence of modernism lies in its break with nature. Yet Picasso's intent was clear enough, and his judgment profound: he meant to refer to the intensity of inner life that, in the right hands, can make even an apparently trivial subject matter of absorbing significance. And so understood, his remark may be fittingly transcribed to apply to Wittgenstein's *Philosophic Investigations.*

If a philosophic reader of the 19th century were brought back to life, handed this book, and told it was one of the major works of our period, he might find himself very startled at that claim. A major work that talks only of such small and trivial occasions of ordinary speech! That goes on without beginning, middle, or end from one isolated paragraph to another! It would be in vain for us to cite Nietzsche's occasional aphoristic style in comparison. The aphorisms in Nietzsche break the expository flow, or they themselves add up to some sweeping generalization about the universe and man. In Wittgenstein, there is never the eruption of any generalization beyond the matters that our ordinary language talks about. The philosopher does not step outside the everyday to intimate any comprehensive world-view. Yet this book, like the apples of Cézanne, acquires a certain monumental life of its own in our mind.

The *Investigations* rings us around from that encompassing zone of silence toward which the

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*Tractatus* had pointed. In that earlier work, this final silence had been thundered at us, but here it is not even announced; it is present, if at all, only through its absence. The *Tractatus* had spoken of the world as seen from above—even though Wittgenstein had announced that everything he said in it was to be regarded merely as a ladder, to be thrown away after we have used it to climb to the height of his vision. In this later stage of his thought, there is no height and no ladder; we are totally immersed in the world of ordinary language as we go from one particular example to another. Critics have spoken of the world of Franz Kafka's fiction as one of "baffled transcendence." The characters are always haunted by some transcendent world beyond the banal one they inhabit, yet they are perpetually defeated in their attempt to make contact with this other sphere, and they always return to the flat contours of the everyday. But Wittgenstein does not appear to be haunted by even this kind of transcendence. The renunciation of that other and higher world must be so complete—at least for philosophical discourse—that we must even forgo any nostalgia for it. "Philosophy leaves the world as it is."

A work of such ambitious renunciation brings with it its own peculiar difficulties. Wittgenstein's delay in publication is a symptom of the unusual enterprise that its writing was. The book was substantially completed in 1945; yet he held onto it, still adding and correcting; and it remained unpublished at his death in 1951. It finally appeared posthumously, in 1956. Had he lived longer, he could have held onto it indefinitely. One could always add more. The form of the work did not indicate when one had arrived at completion. In this respect the *Investigations* resembles some works of contemporary art that seek to break with the traditional concepts of form. In a piece of atonal music, there may be no development toward a climax, no resolution, and no coda. The piece begins abruptly and breaks off abruptly. It is completed when enough has been given to draw us so fully into the work that its reality has become valid and convincing to us. So Wittgenstein's book, organized more or less around two basic themes, gives us enough to draw us completely into the point of view from which it is written.

This is obviously a dangerous form to imitate, and Wittgenstein's followers have not always been as lucky as the master. The preoccupation with ordinary language can degenerate into triviality. Even in Wittgenstein himself one chafes at a certain fragmentary quality, the indisposition at times to push an insight toward more systematic and coherent shape. Bertrand Russell remarked about the ordinary-language movement in philosophy that it showed an unseemly preoccupation by philosophers with "the silly things that silly people say." Russell's wit was catty, as usual, but there were times when some of the more derivative practitioners seem to have earned his barb. What is the difference in Wittgenstein? We have to go back to Picasso's remark about Cézanne. What makes Wittgenstein different is the intensity of mind at work through the apparently trivial subject matter, so that as often as we may turn away from his text, frustrated at not finding the answers we seek there, just as often do we come back to find our thinking quickened by it.

## VI

THE monumental change from the *Tractatus* to the later Wittgenstein lies in the shift from the formal language of logic to our ordinary language as the chosen subject and medium for philosophy. This choice has far-reaching consequences. Our ordinary language is not a single monolithic structure. We speak differently at different times and as we address ourselves to different subjects. The logician considers language only as the vehicle of statements or propositions. But in fact we use language for a great many other vital purposes. At the end of a long and informal catalogue of these, Wittgenstein concludes by asking us to reflect on how we use language when we go about "asking, thanking, cursing, greeting, praying." Thanking, cursing, praying—these are a far cry from the province of logic, yet they are very significant parts of life, and therefore the philosopher ought not to exclude them.

Our common language, far from being a single homogeneous whole, is in fact a family of overlapping languages. Here Wittgenstein introduces his now famous notion of "language games." The term "language game" is apt for two very good reasons: A game is a form of vital activity, an exuberant and adventurous display of life. And a game is played in accordance with rules, although these rules have been set up by human beings, and are subject to change.

Consider the latter point first. Our American games of baseball and football have been played year in year out, generation after generation, and yet the rules are still undergoing changes. Sometimes a rule is changed to eliminate indeterminate situations; the infield-fly rule in baseball is such a case. Sometimes the change is to make the game more interesting: some changes presently proposed for baseball are aimed at speeding it up. The game, it is said, originated in a more leisurely period; our present lives have speeded up and demand a more rapid rhythm in the games we play. Here the total context of our life comes into play as a force to change the rules.

But are not such strict disciplines as logic and mathematics outside of this vital context? Not at all. The history of mathematics exhibits changes in the same fashion as other games. When the Greeks discovered irrational quantities, they might have chosen—as some ardent Pythagoreans would have wished—to exclude them from mathematics altogether. Arithmetic would have been confined

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to counting and mathematics otherwise would have become less powerful and interesting. Newton and Leibniz violated old rules when they introduced infinitesimals in the 17th century, but this new calculus enabled them to develop the science of mechanics for the mastery of nature. The paradoxes so introduced were not removed until the 19th century, when Cauchy and Weierstrass adjusted the rules to accommodate this invention. And so it goes.

We are now in a position to understand the reason for Wittgenstein's shift from the *Tractatus* to his later immersion in everyday language. As usual, he condenses the point into a vivid image, leaving it to us to piece it together with the whole. To deal exclusively with a formal logical language is like walking on ice. "There is no friction and so in a certain sense the conditions are ideal, but also, just because of that, we are unable to walk. We want to walk: So we need *friction*. Back to the rough ground!" The more abstract and ideal the language, the more remote it is from the concrete conditions of life.

His general position thus is one of a very radical and thoroughgoing pragmatism—as thoroughgoing, indeed, as anything William James and John Dewey could wish. If Wittgenstein had developed his book in anything like a demonstrative form, its fundamental axiom would have been a sentence that we come upon only far into the text, as if he had worked to his true starting point only near the end: "What has to be accepted, the given, is *forms of life*."

This is the fact, the given, from which all thinking must start; and thinking, which starts from this fact, is in turn itself but another form of life. *Primum vivere deinde philosophari*, says the old adage; and it is right to emphasize the primacy of living, but wrong to suggest that philosophy is an adjunct added onto life, when in fact it should be a vital activity we carry on to clarify our ways among the tangled affairs of the everyday. Formal logic is not a framework that encloses this life, but a deliberately restricted language that we use for our own purposes, and so it falls within the total context of this life. If Wittgenstein is no longer absorbed within that narrower formal language, but chooses instead to immerse himself in everyday language, that is because here we are engaged with the more enveloping and concrete conditions of our life.

Logic no longer dictates an ultimate structure of the world. There is no ultimate reality lying behind or beneath or beyond ordinary experience to which we turn intellectually as the court of last appeal. All meanings are born out of the human world of the everyday, and have to return there to be tested.

## VII

GRANTED this radical move, that our colloquial speech is to be the medium within which we philosophize, what then does Wittgenstein have to say? What is his doctrine?

The paradoxical answer is that he does not have a doctrine at all to communicate. There is a definite emphasis and orientation, but no body of propositions that could conceivably be taken as a philosophic system. This seeming paradox, however, is quite in line with his purpose. The activity of philosophy is for the sake of clarification; and if it has done its job, it should return us to what is plainly and obviously there in the first place, if we had but the eyes to see it. "Philosophy leaves the world as it is." It can alter nothing in the world; nor can it, like science, advance into territory unknown to our ordinary perceptions and powers; it can only bring us back to what must be our perpetual starting point.

The emphasis and orientation, however, are sufficiently distinct that we may quarrel with them—and to that extent, at least, they will do for a doctrine. Wittgenstein's subject is restricted enough. The lively motley of remarks, asides, illustrations, and queries that make up the *Investigations* center on two principal themes:

1. Language and the problem of meaning; what used to be called the meaning of meaning.

2. The problem of mind and body; how mental experiences are to be spoken of correctly in relation to overt bodily behavior.

The two themes are not unrelated, and Wittgenstein's treatment of them is to bring them together as closely as possible. In both cases his intent is the same: to get rid of a Cartesian model of the mind as some distinct container, or closet, in which peculiarly "mental" experiences, ideas, or meanings are harbored. We are not to think, for example, of meaning as a kind of halo that surrounds a word; or to change the figure, as Wittgenstein so often does, as a kind of mental nugget that we keep in the treasury of consciousness. The meaning of a word has to do with the way we use it within the total web of our discourse. The force of Wittgenstein's emphasis upon the intrinsic connection of meaning and use is to turn us away from the fictitious inner cabinet of the mind into the open and public world, where people talk and behave toward each other in the ordinary situations of life. The emphasis is thus plainly behaviorist throughout. The question remains: how far does this behaviorist tendency in Wittgenstein go? Indeed, how far can it rightly go if ordinary language is taken as an arbiter?

What does the behaviorist seek? In one sense or another he wishes to reduce our mental life to overt bodily behavior. The reduction can take place by denying outright that there are any distinct kinds of things as mental processes or states at all; or the behaviorist may claim that our expressions about such processes or states, wherever meaningful, can be translated into equivalent expressions about bodily behavior. Wittgenstein claims that he is not seeking to eliminate the fact of consciousness as such. "Why should I deny

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there are mental processes?" he asks at one point; and he goes on to explain that he doesn't want to deny them, he merely wishes to show how we can talk about them correctly. Yet the bulk of his text, the sheer accumulated weight of his examples, all tend in the other direction. They nearly always serve to indicate how a statement referring to consciousness is to be replaced by one that refers to overt behavior.

It is the simplicity, or even simple-mindedness, of the examples that is most troubling. Our heaviest grievance against the behaviorist, after all, may be over his impoverishment of our psychological life itself. Since he deals with overt behavior, he restricts himself to the more elementary kinds because it seems that these can be described without injecting "inner states" into the data. Hence the psychic life that emerges is one without depth, complexity, or inwardness. The world of the behaviorist has been well described by Iris Murdoch as a world

> in which people play cricket, cook cakes, make simple decisions, remember their childhood, and go to the circus; not the world in which they commit sins, fall in love, say prayers, or join the Communist party.

Nor, she might have added, a world in which anyone would write a novel—at least an interesting novel. Miss Murdoch is both a philosopher and a novelist, and she would not want to forget as a philosopher what she knows as a novelist. Reading the great novelists—Dostoevsky, Proust, Henry James, or Jane Austen, for that matter, who in her own way is as complex and subtle as any—we move constantly and easily within the minds of their characters, and at the same time within the world they inhabit. We understand what goes on in the character without having always to pin this understanding on some small twitch of behavior. We do the same in real life, with the people who are our intimates, though not with the radiant clarity that it is the power of art to bring us. Indeed, as soon as we invoke this comparison with the novel, how meager and paltry the behaviorist's world looks.

What leads the philosopher to this poverty is an admirable intention: to get rid of the Cartesian dualism between mind and matter. Indeed, the struggle against Cartesianism seems to be the common bond amid all the diversities of schools and sects of philosophy in our century. The result has been a great enrichment in the exactness of our philosophic talk about consciousness, but Miss Murdoch's observation leaves us with a nagging doubt. Perhaps it is the fact that she is also a novelist that suggests another perspective; for as soon as we think of the novel—of the prodigious breadth and depth of acquaintance with the inner lives, indeed the souls, of its characters, that it leads us into—we have to find that the human soul stands very poorly with modern philosophy, in whose eyes we have become behaving organisms rather than conscious subjects.

IN HIS sudden and abrupt fashion Wittgenstein lets fall the observation:

> My attitude toward him is an attitude toward a soul. I am not of the *opinion* that he has a soul.

The statement dangles there in the text, and is not given the further exploration it cries out for. I do not think my friend *has* a soul, in the sense of some Cartesian substance hidden inside his head or diffused throughout his body. Nevertheless, my attitude toward him is still that toward a soul. It would be more correct to say that he *is* a soul, rather than that he *has* one—just as, by the way, it is more correct to say that he is a body rather than that he has a body. Is the attitude merely fanciful, fictitious, cute, or is it real and earnest? Wittgenstein has written elsewhere at length to show that belief is not an isolated mental state: to believe something is to hold fast to and act upon it. If I act, talk, and think in relation to my friend as toward a soul, then I do earnestly believe that he is a soul. It is true that I know of no philosophic analysis of the soul that is quite satisfying to me. But must I wait upon such an analysis before I have the attitudes that I do toward those I love? And even were there an analysis that dispensed with the soul, my attitude would remain what it is—unless love and devotion were to vanish altogether.

Wittgenstein's observation about the soul leaps out at us like a sudden thrust of lightning, but as quickly fades away. Had he pursued examples of this sort, his text would wear a different aspect. He himself gives one of the best warnings against some of the more simple-minded and monolithic types of behaviorism:

> A main cause of philosophical disease—a one-sided diet: one nourishes one's thinking with only one kind of example.

At a certain point, we feel, he might have sought out more complex and subtle instances for his material. The fact is that the streak of positivism, the simple-mindedness of the engineer, runs deep in Wittgenstein, and he was never quite free from it. And the characteristic of the positivist is above all that he must ban the meaningless from discourse, the result of which is often that the more complex and voluminous matters at issue are also shut off from our vision. Thus the data of introspection, the inner life itself, have become suspect to our analytic philosophers. But Wittgenstein should have had more trust in the powers and richness of his chosen medium, ordinary language. Our common speech may be in good part geared to our transactions with things, but it is also saturated with human inwardness and subjectivity. How could it not be, since it is the medium within which human souls have communicated with each other over the generations?

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## VIII

AND, finally, if this behaviorism of his were to be thoroughgoing and consistent, what would Wittgenstein have to tell us on the crucial question of human freedom? This is the question on which we are likely to feel the behaviorist to be most doctrinaire and unsatisfactory. And it is an even more troubling question for a behaviorism that claims to draw its vision from our common language, which happens to be saturated through and through with the moods, tenses, and varied expressions that invoke freedom.

His earlier view had been both explicit and negative—and also entirely consistent with the closed world of the *Tractatus*. Human freedom, in the world of atomic facts, is only another name for our ignorance of the future: *"The freedom of the will consists in the fact that future actions cannot be known now."* This is the only kind of freedom possible for us in a world so fragmented that there can be no effective bond between the present and future. The future is open to us only in the sense that we enter it blindly. We are like blindfolded children seeking to pin the tail on the donkey and free only to stumble over any odd piece of furniture that happens to come in our path. This is a freedom of pure negativity—a freedom of ignorance and impotence.

The later Wittgenstein, in the *Investigations*, offers us nothing explicit to replace this earlier doctrine. He does not discuss the question of free will as such, and his observations about the will itself are very brief and compressed into a barrage of remarks about intending and doing. As usual, these observations are stimulating, but also, as usual, fragmentary. Wittgenstein helps us to think, but he does not give us a philosophy; we have to form our own from the stimulus he gives. Yet if we do not rest content merely with his fragments, but instead push further the whole movement of thought that he has initiated but only very imperfectly embodied in the *Investigations*, then I believe we can come up with a more satisfactory understanding of human freedom.

The tenor of what Wittgenstein actually does say is that we are not to regard the will as a substantial entity in its own right, whose acts parallel or trigger the body's actions. The will is not an independent agent operating within us, nor is it an instrument that we make use of to perform an action. When I raise my arm "voluntarily," I do not make use of my will as an additional lever, so to speak, between me and the movement.

All this is quite obvious. The will is a high-level abstraction that serves to single out one aspect of that seamless web of becoming that we call a voluntary action. This abstraction, however, does designate something real; and Wittgenstein is so intent upon expelling the Cartesian ghost from the machine, that he does not do justice to the will as an inner and motivating power in our life. Thus he asks us to consider the case where our body may be incapacitated for one reason or another and does not respond as we would like:

> We can say "I will, but my body does not obey me," but not "My will does not obey me" (Augustine).

Yet St. Augustine had experience enough in the discipline of the will that we should perhaps listen to him here. To be sure, the will is not an independent creature, like a dog, whom we teach to obey us; but still there are many matters in life on which we try to change our will. "I do not wish to wish these things," sings T. S. Eliot in *Ash Wednesday;* and if we dislike enough the kinds of things we wish, we may actually set about changing our wants. Of course, this usually involves changing the kinds of things we do—our habits of behavior; but the latter in turn overflow into and change the kinds of things we want.

Imagine a doctor who tells his patient: "Cigarette smoking has become very dangerous to you in your condition. You must contrive some way to give it up." If the prospect of life without cigarettes seems so grim and cheerless that it is not worth the effort, the patient will have no motivation to forsake his habit. (Motivation and will I take here to be equivalent.) But if he treasures his life, he may be moved to initiate a strategy of behavior that will enable him finally to quit smoking. This is freedom, and it is a fact that some people achieve it. The motivation, or will, is here the central source of the change—the manuals on how to stop smoking always insist on this: you have really to want to stop smoking in order to give it up. But it is also the case that the change in behavior aims at altering the will. Thus it would hardly be a satisfactory solution if the man gave up smoking but lived in the perpetual itch and uneasiness to light up. A satisfactory cure must deliver us from the desire. This too sometimes happens with people who have changed their behavior about smoking; they may have come so to dislike the smell of smoke that they find it unpleasant even coming from others. I know of such cases.

Might we not venture to say, indeed, pushing past such reformations of our external behavior, that the change we often most ardently desire for ourselves is a transformation of the "inner person"—a change in our feelings, desires, and will, in our fundamental attitude toward ourselves and the world? The route we may have to travel may be a change in behavior, but the goal that we seek is a change of heart.

As soon as we shift our gaze from some isolated fragment of behavior, like raising an arm, to the larger question of motivation, a new perspective on human freedom opens before us. The question of this freedom enters another dimension. Where Wittgenstein may help us in this problem does not lie in his brief remarks on the will but in the whole drift of his book itself—in the sense and im-

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port of the philosophic reversal from the *Tractatus* to the *Investigations*.

In the earlier work he had taken formal logic as his model. He believed, like others at the time, that this language was closed—that it provided a mechanism for determining automatically the truth or falsity of any proposition uttered in it. The change to ordinary language is thus a shift from closed to open language. The rules of the latter are indeterminate and flexible; we have to improvise, create, and choose as we go along. But this change from closed to open language is also a passage from a closed to an open world, for our world—the concrete world in which we live—does not come to us as something independent of language; we do not construct a language independently and then add it on to experience; our world transpires within language. Consequently, the essential openness of the language that we have to use for the purpose of life means that the world of our experience is correspondingly open. And that the world should lie open to us is the real and concrete meaning of freedom to which we aspire. For what is the depressing sense of unfreedom that steals over us at times but the feeling that the world has closed in upon us, that we are in a prison all the doors of which have been locked, and that we are trapped in a routine that never opens out upon any fresh possibilities?

We must guard ourselves, however, against too sensational a misunderstanding of this open world. Here the demon of Sartre's freedom winks and beckons. This Sartrean freedom is absolute and dizzying; at any moment it holds before me the possibility of some radical and gratuitous act into which I may plunge my future totally. If I have the money, I can take a plane to Tahiti and start life anew. Alas, I have not fled from myself; I carry with me the same flesh and blood, the same psyche, and I have now to recreate their fortunes under other conditions. The sense of an open world does not lie in these glittering possibilities of a leap into another mode of existence, but in something much more mundane and humble; in fact, that sense of the world's being open may be assisted, not hindered, by some sustaining routine.

PHILOSOPHERS, dealing with the question of freedom, have thrown too much emphasis upon the question of the single act. In this they have been captured by the language game of the law. In a criminal trial we have to debate whether the defendant was in control of himself at the time of a particular action. Was he in his right mind or temporarily deranged by passion at that unique moment when he committed the act? We ask such questions as part of the fabric of our social and legal life, where it is necessary to establish degrees of guilt. The prisoner must wait in the dock for our judgment. But the question of freedom itself is not to be so confined. That question cannot be contracted within such horizons. It is perhaps time that all those examples of isolated fragments of action, like the raising of an arm, be retired to the philosophical oblivion they deserve. We should ask, instead, whether an individual is free or not in his concrete "form of life." We need, in short, to remind ourselves of Wittgenstein's axiom: "What has to be accepted, the given, is *forms of life*." In the light of this principle, the question of freedom is to be raised, not for an isolated act like lifting one's arm, but for the given individual in his total and actual form of life. Is that particular life a free one or not?

Consider the case of Immanuel Kant, who took his daily walk so regularly and precisely at the same time each day that the townspeople of Koenigsberg set their clocks by it. Was Kant nothing but a robot in this? Not at all; he was acting voluntarily. He had set up the arrangement himself as part of the discipline of his life. Suppose, however, that the habit had become so ingrained that he could not change it. Suppose—to borrow the lingo of psychiatry—a repetition compulsion had taken such a deep hold on him that, even had he tried, he could not have pried himself loose from it. He would still have been a free man. The openness of his life lay elsewhere; for on that daily walk, so regularly timed, he was nourishing thoughts that were to transform the intellectual history of Europe.

Kant, of course, is one of the very great figures in the history of culture. It is given to very few of us to be open in our life toward momentous intellectual or artistic creation. Yet, humanly speaking, none of us need lock ourselves in the prison of a closed world. We need not be creative geniuses to find the world open before us. It may require little, very little, for the doors of our prison to spring apart—perhaps only some simple change in our inner attitude. For, contrary to any behaviorism—even so flexible a one as Wittgenstein's—this inner attitude is not a peripheral and dangling accompaniment to our actions, but the other way around. It is doing that is subordinate here to being, our actions to the consciousness that can irradiate them and give them meaning.

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# Impossible Appetites

## *A Story*

James Fetler

**1 / April 21, 1969-June 14, 1969**

MONDAY. We got back to her apartment after dark and I spotted the note in the mailbox but kept my mouth shut. She drew the drapes and unbuckled my belt. I was reaching for her when she turned and went into the bathroom. The tub started splashing. She said soak and unwind for a while, and went out to the kitchen. I said Julie, there's nothing to unwind.

During dinner she kept making amusing comparisons between Telegraph Avenue today and the way it was nine years ago, before the zombies and urban guerrillas set up camp. After dinner she led me to the cot, and for about twenty minutes I felt I was being worked over by somebody else. She had never been that intense or methodical, not even when we had first met. As I was falling asleep, I felt grateful to her, and my gratitude angered me.

I found the note in her jacket pocket in the middle of the night and checked the number against the Berkeley directory and crawled back to bed. Struggled out of bed at 5 A.M. and got dressed without waking her up and drove back to Palo Alto, a hammering in my head.

TUESDAY. We yelled for over an hour. I hung up. She phoned back: protestations of love, accusations, interrogations, counter-accusations, remorse. She said there's nothing between her and Thad, she's just naturally worried about him—you don't live with a man for four years and then stand back and whistle as he slides down the drain. I said it didn't exactly sound to me like the comical fellow was sliding down the drain with his sexual *double-entendres.* She said Joe, you don't understand him, he happens to be gifted with levity and wit. I said well, that's fantastic, you're welcome to try four more years of that vaudeville act.

JAMES FETLER, a new contributor, teaches European literature at Foothill College in California. He has published stories in the *Atlantic, Transatlantic Review, Prairie Schooner,* and elsewhere. Mr. Fetler is now completing a novel, *Deliberate Collisions,* of which the present story will form a part.

FRIDAY. I had vowed not to drive up last night, but I started to pace back and forth in the carport and suddenly I opened the door to the car and took off. Arrived close to midnight, my head full of sherry and cigarette smoke. She said Christ, take a look at yourself! I kicked off my shoes and fell asleep while she was still brushing her teeth.

Struggled out of bed at 5:30 A.M. Everything in slow motion, a feeling of fog hanging over the kitchen. Coffee and a handful of vitamin C's. She said Joe, what's the matter with you, driving up glassy-eyed in the middle of the night—you're a grown man with kids—and that sherry, night after night, turns me off worse than anything else. I said Julie, no more booze. She said wow.

I reached out to her carefully. She waited for me to let go. I held her without really holding, the way I had taught myself to do when we met. She kept standing there, patiently waiting for me to back off and sit down. I kissed the rim of her ear. Finally she did her eye roll and sighed here we go, folks! and we went to the cot.

During lunch today my friend Sparrow said Joey, you'll burn yourself out on the Nimitz Freeway if you keep up this pace, I've never seen you as driven as this. I said mind your own business and leave me alone. He said look at the bags under your eyes. Stayed away from the sherry tonight and was careful not to phone.

WEDNESDAY. She says she appreciates being desired as much as the next person, but she can't help backing off whenever anyone grovels or leans. She says I'm asking for things she can't possibly give on demand. The moment I walk through her door I start mashing her bosom and aim for the sack. Same thing in the morning. She says how would you feel if you showed up at work every morning with a wet crotch? I suggested maybe we have different thermostats or something. She said maybe we do, Joe—just don't tamper with mine. I asked if she'd seen Thad again. She said I'm not accountable to you. Bought a new pair of boots for the trip.

TUESDAY. Mt. Shasta. She's still asleep in her bunk. There were rats in the rafters last night. Ar-



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rived at Sand Flat by noon yesterday and hiked up to the cabin without too much difficulty, even though there's been lots of fresh snow. She's impressed by the view. As I was taking a close-up of her drinking water from the pump, I remembered the marvelous shot I had taken of Claire years ago, when the pump was completely encrusted in ice. I expected other hikers to be using this camp, but so far we've got the entire stone hut to ourselves.

Cooked our steaks outside last night, snow all around us, a sudden hailstorm pelting us as we bent over our pots. Julie kept whistling and uttering whimsical one-liners. She said Berkeley has turned into Mecca, everyone's so conscientiously pure and correct. I said Julie, you sound like your father again. She said I could do worse.

We built a fire in the stone hut and drank brandy, the winds rumbling up near the summit somewhere. As we sat side by side in front of the fire, she kept playing with her gloves. The logs started breaking apart. She asked how many times I had been here before. I said only once, a few months after Claire had had the miscarriage. Our daughter Laura was six at the time. She asked if Laura had hiked up with us. I said yes, she was way out in front most of the way. Julie said well, you were certainly cruel to Claire, weren't you, running after those students of yours and then letting her get pregnant again—do you always return to the scene of the crime? I said hey, you don't know what you're talking about, better leave it alone! We finished the brandy. She lit another cigarette.

She said as far back as she could remember everyone had always been forcing her to try to become something she couldn't possibly be. The first months with Thad had been carefree and light—he clowned around like you wouldn't believe and they laughed all the time, it was great. But then Thad started changing, the same as the others, he became more demanding and moody and snapped and grew sullen and stayed out very late, often drinking with friends or driving around by himself aimlessly, and finally it got into yelling and physical blows.

I said boy, I can't comprehend how you took it so long. She said yeah. I threw another log on the fire and climbed up to my bunk. I watched her sitting there, flicking the cigarette ashes into the fireplace, and realized it wasn't her arms I was hungering for.

**2 / August 18, 1969-September 19, 1969**

MONDAY. Attached the shutters to the turret windows this morning. Julie finished upholstering the chairs. The plants in the alcove are doing surprisingly well, considering the heat. Finished painting the sun porch last night. Julie said the Victorians had their faults, but they certainly knew how to put up a civilized house—the Victorians wouldn't tolerate aluminum-frame windows. I said they didn't have aluminum. She said that's not the point, Joe.

My daughter Laura phoned, very distraught. Two more baby rabbits chewed up by some cat. Drove to Claire's house in Hopkins Street and examined the hutch. I couldn't find any tunnels or holes, but it's obviously going to require a plywood floor. My son Alex rode up on his tricycle and stared at the matted fur on the grass. I carried him into the house. Claire brewed some coffee and reminded me for the fourth time that she never wanted the rabbits in the first place—this was part of a regular pattern with me. I spotted one of the neighborhood cats slinking along the fence and threw the coffee cup at it. Claire said well, I can see that your girlfriend is bringing out the best in you these days, and went into the house. Laura sat next to me on the back steps and clung to my arm for a while. We buried the rabbits in the vegetable patch. Julie seemed tense when I finally came home.

FRIDAY. Laura helped me rebuild the hutch yesterday. Put in a solid plywood floor. I was getting ready to climb up on the roof to adjust the TV antenna when Claire grabbed my ankle and said never mind, I got tired of waiting for you to adjust it—Rex is coming over in half an hour with his toolbox. I said since when do you need a toolbox to adjust an antenna? She let go of my ankle and went back inside. Gave Laura her allowance and left.

Julie had flowers in bowls everywhere. We sat in the alcove and worked out the itinerary. The afternoon sun was striking the chandelier and the ceiling was quivering with diamond shapes. She put her hair up for dinner and wore her Henry James blouse. We dined at opposite ends of the massive mahogany table, separated by flowers and candles. The game hens she had fixed were exquisite. Wild rice and Chablis. After the second glass of wine, she sat back and said this is more like it, isn't it? I said it certainly beats that cramped studio apartment off the Bayshore Freeway. She said boy, you were drinking a lot in those days, weren't you. I said well, leaving a wife and two kids isn't exactly an easy adjustment to make. She said maybe I'm different from you; when I see that it's time to get moving, I just swallow two aspirins and move. I said it wasn't exactly like that when you ran into Thad. She said listen to you! You are hardly the person to talk!

I tried coaxing her to the couch after dinner but she pushed me away. She said she needed to work on her renderings for a while. I said fine. I went into the alcove and tried reading Ouspensky. She crashed around midnight. I sat in the alcove with the sherry decanter and tried to figure her out. Around one I climbed into the car and drove

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past Hopkins Street. The lights were out and the four-wheel drive Toyota was parked behind Claire's Maverick. I headed up the Bayshore as far as Coyote Point and looked at the boats for a while and drove home.

TUESDAY. My friend Sparrow was very excited: he's lined up an ex-Jesuit from Brazil to marry us who suggests that Julie and I compose our own script. Creative spirituality. I told Julie I was swamped with paperwork—could she come up with something? She said sure, and she promised not to include anything by her father or Kahlil Gibran.

FRIDAY. Got the traveler's checks. Puzzled over Julie's script: excerpts from Bob Dylan and Teilhard de Chardin and a big chunk of Rilke. Drove up to the Fortress for prime rib and broccoli. Mrs. Bronson, Julie's mother, was gracious and strained. During dinner the Commander, Julie's father, inquired if I had reservations for all of the stops. I assured him I did. And had I gotten the car finally tuned? Yes, I got the car finally tuned. How much did they charge me to get the car tuned? I told him how much. He said well, that's all right. He asked if the tires were still good. I said the tires were still pretty good. After dinner Mrs. Bronson passed around sticks of sugarless gum on a small silver tray. I took Julie aside and said listen, do you think I should let him examine my teeth? She gave me her watch-your-step smile.

She remained up on the hill for the night. I drove home and began sorting piles of old letters. Trimmed my hair a little as a gesture to the Commander. Tried reading some more of Ouspensky: he says man is a lying animal. I went back to the letters. I reread Claire's frantic notes and was hit with remorse. I kept thinking about the way I had shaken her off like a burr. I glanced at my journals of ten years ago. Hungers, predictions, and plans.

MONDAY. Portland. Julie is twitching under the blankets again. Her stomach is still bothering her. Spent the afternoon roaming about on the bluffs by myself.

Saturday started out humid and warm. The Brazilian ex-Jesuit turned out to be a typical Sparrow maneuver—a psychic healer from the Church of the Internal Divine. Massive rings on each finger and a cloth over his head. The Bronsons strove mightily to be cordial and correct, but they couldn't disguise their chagrin. Julie was effervescent and showed me off to the clan. Got into a brief dialogue with the uncle who is a mortician in Bakersfield. He said I want you and Julie to come down and visit us soon. I said well, we certainly will. During the ceremony Laura withdrew to the rear of the garden. Alex clung to my knee. Janis, Julie's sister, strummed her guitar.

As soon as it was over, Sparrow came up to me and I saw there were tears in his eyes. He said Joe, I'm so happy for you! I wanted to assure him that all the terrible yearning was now in the past, but his wife started hugging me and the guests milled around and there wasn't time for words.When Laura came up to congratulate us, I got the impression she was glaring at me. The Commander's aerospace people lumbered into the dining room for the buffet. Mrs. Bronson was smiling nonstop and seemed tight as a drum. Sparrow, Sol Luken, and Mandel slipped away to the apricot orchard with the Brazilian. Their wives gathered up their children and left. They were still passing around joints under the trees when Julie and I finally left to drop off the kids.

Claire offered us coffee and gave me a kiss on the cheek. Rex shook my hand vigorously: he was helping her paint the laundry room. Julie stared silently at the photographs on the living room walls.

STEADY driving all day yesterday, Julie reading travel guides on Seattle and British Columbia. She said wow, Sparrow's wife has turned into a dumpy little thing, hasn't she?

Stopped in Ashland last night: a decaying motor court with stone dwarfs and little windmills on poles. The radiator overheated today, steam hissing up at the windshield. Got it fixed at a rural garage at the foot of some beautiful hills. We sat in the mechanic's dark office for a couple of hours drinking Dr. Pepper and reading *Field and Stream*. When I tried putting my arm around her, she said Joe, can't you see I'm not feeling well? I said sorry, and went out to look at the hills.

THURSDAY. Orcas Island, Puget Sound. Brilliant water and keen blasts of wind. The old hotel seems deserted—I think we're the only guests here. Our room has a view of the Sound. I watched the ferry come in before dinner tonight. The bed creaks. There's one chair. On the night stand, a pitcher and basin. The toilet down the hall makes funereal sounds.

SATURDAY. Victoria, B.C. The Empress hotel is an impressive old pile. We had tea in the lobby but had little to say. When I tried to maneuver her to bed before dinner she said she wanted to soak in the tub for a while and read up on the history of this area. I said it has quite a history. She said that's what I've heard.

I went down to the lobby, looked around, converted some of my money into Canadian currency to reinforce the illusion that I was abroad, spent an hour in the bar, wandered over to the buildings of Parliament: hundreds of light globes like a theatrical set. Started thinking about Claire and the children. In a setting like this, Claire would be resting her head on my chest. When I got back to our room Julie was twitching in her sleep.

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This morning I tried catching her on film. She pretended to ignore me. When I tried to pursue her on the deck of the ferry with the movie camera, she lunged at me. I jerked the camera back. She hesitated, then laughed.

WEDNESDAY. Palo Alto. The Oregon coastline kept shifting from sharp precipices to pockets of gray. As soon as we headed into the mountains, the car started steaming again. She said you should've listened to my father, Joe. I didn't say anything. She said he warned you about the water pump. We gave up on Mt. Lassen and drove straight to Tahoe, the car chugging worse as the altitude increased.

The casinos at Tahoe were running around the clock like huge vending machines. I followed Julie from table to table and tried fathoming her gambling technique. She was all calculation and internal strategy. She said she had learned all the tricks by observing her father when she was a girl. I said well, I'm sure the Commander is a fabulous poker player—he's got a face like a cement wall. She ignored that and went to the roulette tables. The smoke in the casino bothered my eyes, but her luck held up well and we managed to get two complimentary drinks. She was still playing roulette at 3:30 A.M. I was hungry and went to the coffee shop for some terrible scrambled eggs. Styrofoam. I propped myself up in a chair in the lobby and slept for a while.

This morning I asked her how she felt about her father. She smiled politely at me, a bad sign. I said look, I'm just curious—I've never seen you two close, but you seem to have some kind of bond. She said Joe, all this heavy introspecting simply keeps you from getting on top of yourself.

### 3 / September 25, 1969-October 26, 1969

THURSDAY. She brushes her teeth, I brush mine. We put the decanter and the ashtrays away. I follow her into the bedroom. She sits on the bed in her red Chinese robe. I count the turns as she winds the alarm. She offers me her most recent analysis of Sparrow. A commonplace mind. Sparrow's deepest convictions are all platitudes. His natural impulse is to trivialize difficult things. I suggest there is more to Rod Sparrow than that, and try shifting from Sparrow to somewhat more delicate terrain. She says Joe, I am struck by the fact that you have a long history of throwing your lovers and friends to the sharks, but you keep your hooks in them and occasionally reel them in—isn't that how it usually goes? It's as though you retain little pieces and bits for some enigmatic future use. I say Julie, I've never thrown lovers and friends to the sharks. She says you're a hungry man, Joe.

I watch her. She slips out of her robe and flicks off the light. All evening she's been glittering from one room to the other, leaving her scent everywhere, and now suddenly comes the great *phew!* as she falls down the bottomless shaft. I try closing my eyes. They refuse to stay closed. I stare up at the ceiling. The patterns of passing headlights.

Finally she's asleep. I slip into my Levis and go for a walk. A patrol car drives past and slows down and goes on. Dogs start barking. A black labrador runs toward me. I pick up a section of brick from the edge of a yard. The black labrador backs away.

FRIDAY. The Bronsons dropped by after their thirty-six holes and suggested drapes for the flat, either eggshell or plum, they'd lend grace to the home. I agreed that drapes would certainly give the home elegance and grace. Julie said plum-colored drapes would transform the flat into a bordello. The Commander glanced at the petitions on my desk and informed me that only the top echelons are aware of what's happening in the rice paddies these days—I could hardly presume to match the intelligence-gathering capability of the Secretary of State. I said well, I'm sure you're aware that statistics are frequently juggled on every side. They measured the windows and left.

Finished fixing up the back room for Laura and Alex. Julie hasn't mentioned either of them recently, and I'm trying to ease them in more diplomatically this time. I told Laura to stop calling Julie the Governess, it isn't helping the overall picture at all.

TUESDAY. Moratorium Day. Organized one of the teach-ins around Pentagon self-deception and statistical mirages. Sparrow was in the cafeteria circulating petitions with Luken and Mandel. Their wives were stenciling fists onto shirts. The Highway Patrol appeared briefly, then faded from sight.

I walked over to the crowd that was assembling in the square and someone pulled on my shoulder and I found myself holding the mike. I climbed up on the platform and said a few words about the Geneva convention. The crowd was responsive. I talked for ten minutes and found myself gradually modulating my voice, watching my timing, and as I was going full blast about the realities of search-and-destroy, Sparrow appeared and announced we were going to seal off the Dumbarton Bridge on the Menlo Park side. We piled into cars and drove down to the bridge, but the sheriff was there in full force. We went back to the campus and stayed until dark. A few windows got pinged. Someone sprayed the door to the chemistry lab with red paint.

When I finally came home, Julie blinked at my armband and asked who was dead.

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SUNDAY. Rich Parks had us over for dinner last night in his Japanese retreat in Los Trancos Woods. Sliding panels and mats. Julie pretended to be greatly intrigued and kept poking around with a bit too much zeal. Bev wore her hair in a single long braid and served pieces of squid with some kind of bean paste. As they talked about *satori* and Hakuin's *koan* (one hand slapping), I found myself drifting into a mist. Julie covered for me, coming up with significant questions about the wisdom of insecurity and the mirror of the mind, but I couldn't get rid of the blank. Before we departed, we formed a close circle and hummed *Om* for a while. Bev dug her fingernails into my wrist. My foot fell asleep.

Julie's face flattened out as we were driving home. She said Joe, you were swaying about on your mat like some pathetic retard while that woman exhaled her fishy fumes in your ear. I said Bev didn't exhale anything in my ear, what's the matter with you, and the blankness increased.

I set myself up for experiments. The junkyard expands.

**4 / November 21, 1969-January 6, 1970**

FRIDAY. Laura has been dropping in after school while Julie is still at work, and we talk. Alex comes over on alternate weekends and says he has dreams about pigs under his bed. Julie has been civil to them. She's been taking great pains with the plants in the alcove. She's even reconciled herself to the plum-colored drapes. Our dinners are solemn rituals. We hardly ever go out. After dinner I withdraw to the sun porch with my briefcase. She sits before the fire and works on her blueprints or watches TV. She has almost completely stopped needling me about Claire. The phone rarely rings. The formality eases the strain.

FRIDAY. In the middle of the dinner yesterday the Commander began delivering a few observations on Thanksgiving—about the deeper significance of this day. He advised us to count our blessings each day, for we've been showered with physical and spiritual nourishment. Mrs. Bronson kept her smile nailed to her jaw and agreed with her husband that we had a great deal, all of us, to be thankful for.

I kept pouring myself more Riesling. When I carried some dishes to the kitchen, Julie whispered: you're one hell of a host—don't you know how to *talk*? Kevin, Janis's boyfriend, recalled their last trip to the Islands, and the dirt bikes they'd brought to the beach. The Commander observed that some people constantly focus on the dark side of life because they cannot be happy with what they've got. Janis recalled how her tennis game had improved in the Islands—she and Kevin had hit the courts every morning at seven, and she'd worn out two pairs of Adidas and was starting to wear out a third. I excused myself and went into the kitchen and slipped out the back door. Spent a couple of hours drinking beer in the Goose bar. When I came home everybody had left.

SUNDAY. As I was cleaning out the hutch yesterday—Laura's afraid to go into it now—I found the remains of four newly-born rabbits in one of the tunnels. They looked like stiff mice.

Julie was ominously controlled when I came home. She said there'll always be Hopkins Street strapped to your back—you can hardly exist without Claire and her unending chores, you're so loaded with guilt. I pushed her aside and went down to the basement with the tools. I'm building the children a puppet theater like the one we had in the gazebo when we were kids.

TUESDAY. Julie says every time she looks into my eyes she sees hunger and need, it's like Berkeley all over again. If I want her respect I will have to stop limping with my tail between my legs. I said Jesus, let's hope that it isn't like Berkeley all over again.

SATURDAY. Borrowed Sparrow's hot splicer last night and assembled the film clips of Julie. She came down to the basement and watched as I finished the editing. I left the film on the work table. An hour later it was twisted and torn, but I managed to salvage almost half of the reel.

MONDAY. Yesterday morning she's cheerful and fixes me poached eggs on muffins. Not a word about the film. We go through the Sunday paper. She says the Sunday papers aren't what they used to be. She gets up and waters the plants.

She drives off after lunch. I wander through the flat, smoke a few cigarettes, stretch myself out on the couch, get up again and stare out the window. A cat is sitting in the middle of the street. I try to read *Scientific American*. I throw the magazine down.

Julie phones: she'll be staying for dinner at the Fortress. Her sister Janis is there with Kevin, the prospective son-in-law. I say give them my love. I sit at the typewriter but don't feel like touching the keys. Claire and the children are out for the day. The *Fledermaus* on the radio irritates me.

I go to bed before eleven. I'm already half-asleep when she finally comes home. She kicks off her shoes, a bad sign. I can hear her pulling the bureau drawers open and then slamming them shut. She goes out to the kitchen, then comes back to the bedroom and lights up a cigarette and smokes in the dark.

THURSDAY. We were standing in the checkout line at the Safeway yesterday when she gave me a shove. I said hey, what's with you? She said Joe, you keep staring at me and I don't like it. I said

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I'm not staring at you. She hunched up her shoulders and said Christ, I can't breathe any more, you are using up my space! I threw the car keys on the checkout counter and walked home.

Christmas was quiet. The puppet theater was a success. Laura started to work on a script. Julie went drinking with the gang from the office last night. I sat on the sun porch and puzzled my way through the journals again. Impossible appetites. When she finally came home she was pretty far gone and went into the alcove and cried for a while, but we didn't discuss it.

TUESDAY. Beef brochettes with Janis and Kevin at his Tiburon dockside apartment. The developers have christened the place Terrapin Cove. Everywhere you look, there are tennis courts and tans. Janis said they would probably get married in the fall. Julie said what's the rush? Kevin said the Commander is squirming because his sweet daughter is living in sin. Julie said let him squirm. We broiled the brochettes on the deck of the catamaran. Julie got into a light mood and cracked jokes. As we were eating, I found myself staring across Richardson Bay. I remembered that Claire and I had sailed to this cove years ago, long before there was anything here. Kevin kept mixing us hefty gin and tonics. He said Joe, here's some lead for your pencil. Julie made a long face and crossed herself.

When the wind began blowing we took the gin into the cabin and watched a winter-sports special on the portable TV. Kevin said he wanted to get some new scuba diving gear—they were going down to Baja next month. They talked to Julie about the kind of house they had in mind for themselves. She suggested they look at some lots in the Walnut Creek hills. Kevin asked me what kind of tires I had on the car. I said I didn't really know. He said Joe, you should really switch to steel-belted radials. I said okay, I'll look into it.

It got cold on the catamaran. As they were going back to the apartment to light the logs in the fireplace, Kevin said he would take me duck hunting one of these days. I said fine. Julie said save your money, he isn't the type. I said I'd sleep on the catamaran. Kevin dug out a down mummy bag and a pillow. Julie said don't rock the boat.

I lay in the bag for a couple of hours. I couldn't sleep. I could hear Kevin's Joan Baez tapes. A hammering came over my eyes. Around midnight I squirmed out of the bag and threw up into the bay.

**5 / January 7, 1970-April 27, 1970**

WEDNESDAY. Another dead rabbit on the grass. I still can't find any openings or underground holes. Laura doesn't go to the back yard any more.

During lunch Sparrow took me aside. He said Joe, the department is baffled by you. I said what's the complaint? He said well, you're not functioning any more—I've watched you contract steadily for the last two, three years, but your negative output has suddenly shifted to high. I said lay off the mind dynamics, you write some god-awful scripts for yourself. He said being your friend is the most difficult thing I have done in my life.

Julie has come down with the flu. I sit on the edge of the bed as she's sipping her tea. I can see her jaw working, as though I had deliberately transmitted the virus to her. She says this is the worst possible time to get sick, I'm literally swamped at work! I say they're only houses, Julie, let them wait. She says what are you talking about? Silence. She looks at me and says I've been trying my best, Joe—I've been trying to meet you halfway, even more than halfway, but I simply can't turn myself into whatever it is that you want me to be. I say Julie, I'm not trying to get you to be anything. She says Joe—you're impossible, Joe! I place my hand on her foot. She pulls her foot back.

MONDAY. During dinner she said will you kindly stop staring at me—I'm getting really annoyed by your sorrowful stare. I got up from the table and went to the front porch and stared at the houses and wondered what's happening there.

TUESDAY. Steady drizzle all morning. I don't know what I'm trying to track down. Sparrow said yesterday that my breath smelled bad.

THURSDAY. She says things worked best between us in that studio apartment off the Bayshore Freeway. She could drop in whenever the feeling was right between us, and then leave. At least we had ventilation. But when the distance was no longer there, the air got harder and harder to breathe. By the time she had moved back to Berkeley she felt practically cornered by me. This had happened with Thad and the others—it wasn't anything new. When a man slipped his arm around her waist, she felt suddenly confined. Every bed she had shared was too narrow. A man's hand on the back of her neck felt like a clamp. She was as hungry for affection as anyone else, but she couldn't exist without space. And besides, it was hard to get close to me when she smelled Hopkins Street on my shirt all the time. In my hair.

I promised to give her the distance she needs. I said I'd sleep on the cot on the sun porch. She looked hurt and relieved.

SUNDAY. I'm working in the yard when the telephone rings. Julie talks to her sister for a while. She hangs up and assures me I don't have to go up to the Fortress with her, but it's clear I'm expected to go. I change my shirt and we go.

The patio is decorated with a profusion of fresh flowers, and the Commander is wearing plaid

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shorts. He is offering explanatory comments about each of the wines. The aerospace people are laughing and having a marvelous time. Kevin is making predictions about the recreational-vehicle industry. He says things are really starting to move in that neck of the woods. Mrs. Bronson appears bringing crackers and several kinds of cheese. I compliment her on the little wine cups she has just fired in her ceramics class: the glaze matches the greenish-blue of her eyes. She pats my cheek. Julie and Janis are rummaging through their old closets upstairs.

Kevin motions me into the Commander's den. We go in. He sits on the edge of the desk. He says Joe, this is just between us: in two or three years the back roads of this country will be filled with RV's, it'll be stupendous. The time for the perceptive investor to make his moves is right now, Joe—we're going to see an appreciable spurt.

MONDAY. The Bronsons asked us to join them at Stanford Memorial Church to observe Easter Sunday. We went. Kevin and Janis were there. The solemnity hung over us like cologne. I hadn't counted on brunch after the service. Julie said well, Easter brunch is traditional with them. Locked up the car with the baskets for Laura and Alex and rode up to San Francisco in Kevin's new Mercedes sedan. At the St. Francis the Commander delivered a few pregnant thoughts on the subject of rededication and rebirth. He said World War II taught him that personal fulfillment is assured when the mission becomes more important than the man. We experience rebirth, he explained, when we think about others instead of just ourselves.

Janis announced they had finally fixed on a firm wedding date in September. The Commander pumped Kevin's hand and welcomed him into the family. Julie made a peculiar face. I shook Kevin's hand. We drove home by way of Walnut Creek so Kevin and Janis could check out a couple of lots. They didn't think much of the lots. As we were going back to the car, Julie punched me in the arm and said dammit, stop staring at me!

SUNDAY. Ecology convocation all weekend. Sparrow gave a presentation with the overhead projector—an analysis of our dwindling resources. He announced that the future looks bleak. We must learn how to cultivate the oceans and harness the energy from the sun.

When Parks and wife arrived for dinner last night they looked tense, as though they'd just exchanged words. Julie was even more vivacious than usual. Over the curry she categorized different professions according to their idiosyncrasies. Every architect she's known has a thing about clean toilet bowls. Professors, on the other hand, are unable to think in straight lines, everything's like spaghetti to them. Rich was quiet as Bev rested her hand on my sleeve and explained the *I Ching*. We finished the first bottle of wine and began on another. Bev produced some of their home-grown weed.

Toward the end of the evening I found myself on the front porch with Bev. I was kissing the side of her neck. I could hear Julie laughing inside. Bev pressed her hand against my forehead and said oh, Joe, there's incredible energy blocked up in you! She backed off a little. The porch stretched away, and the steps seemed alarmingly steep. I reached out to her as the lemon tree started to bend.

When we went back inside, Julie was explaining to Rich my perplexing design. She said Joe has developed a pattern of getting into relationships which he paralyzes and slowly dissects—it's got something to do with his need for dramatic control. Rich stared into his plate, as though something important were there. Julie said there are times when establishing meaningful contact with Joe is like trying to grab fish.

## 6 / May 14, 1970-May 27, 1970

THURSDAY. The Cambodian invasion has gotten everyone upset. Sparrow has been running all over the place with his cardboard box under his arm, soliciting attention and maneuvering himself for some kind of recognition that has nothing to do with this miserable war. I reconvened the Student-Faculty Relations Committee but got zero response. Sparrow explained that confrontation politics have made dialogue irrelevant. Watched a small group of students milling in front of Sol Luken's lab. Luken had barricaded the door and was giving them the fish-eye through the transom.

The Bronsons dropped by after dinner for coffee and Julie's upside-down cake. The Commander expressed great satisfaction over the President's firm action—he said he backs the Chief 200 per cent, and the Republic will certainly honor its solemn commitments despite the petulant malcontents. I said listen, this war is a disgrace. He said Joe, you've been reading too many philosophy books—if it weren't for our boys in the field, you wouldn't be able to talk in this manner to me. Try Havana, or maybe Peking.

I went out to the Goose and had several beers and phoned Bev. She said fine, okay, come. I drove up to her place. She said Rich wouldn't be back for a while. We talked for an hour. She pulled off my shirt and gave me a massage with some fruit-flavored oils. I grabbed her. She said she'd been waiting for me, it was in her sun signs.

SATURDAY. Sparrow cornered me in the hall yesterday and demanded I monitor one of his Information Squads—they were going to take over the switchboard at noon. I started walking away. He said Joe, you're a narcissist, you are steeped in

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negation—as long as I've known you, I've never seen you affirm anything long-range or beyond your own sphere, you're surrounded by ice and your hungers won't leave you in peace! I shook him off and went to my office and locked the door. He ran off to liberate the switchboard. I went down to the parking lot to make sure Rich's car was still there and drove up to see Bev.

Two high-powered hours in her bed. A massage on the living room rug afterward. Then a vegetable salad with sprouts. I said I was having some twinges about Rich. She said Joe, don't have twinges—we're committed to actualizing whatever reality we happen to be in. I didn't say anything. She said Joe, you're a beautiful man. I said what's wrong between you and Rich? She said we've got too much soul-energy and not enough kinesthetic contact. Ate my bean sprouts and left. Julie gave me a look during dinner. We didn't talk.

TUESDAY. Went bike riding around old Palo Alto with Laura and Alex Saturday afternoon, Alex balancing himself on the rack behind me. We cycled past a house that had all the shades drawn, and I felt a dark rush, like a blow on the chest, but it filtered away.

Another rabbit was lying torn up in the yard. I extended the door to the hutch with some chicken-wire and tacks.

WEDNESDAY. Found an orange card under my windshield wiper this morning, Bev's calligraphy, signs of the zodiac around the borders:

> i am i and you are you
> and my space is not your
> space
> and your space is not
> mine, etc.

I stared at the card and began feeling cornered again.

Underground Christian Conspiracy hit the campus today: testimonials and guitars. I sat down on the grass and tried following their line. Political activism will not help, conservation of resources will not help, saving whales will not help, Rollo May will not help, abolition of poverty and war will not help—there is only one way to alleviate our hungers, and the bread of life cannot be found among men. I drove home. The Conspiracy has great zeal, but they've parceled off the Rock of Ages like a section of real estate.

More dreams last night. Around 4 A.M. I got up from my cot and went to the alcove to smoke. Julie came out of the bedroom. She looked drawn. I said go back to bed. She said you keep asking for more when there isn't any more. I said I'm not asking for more, go to bed. She said Joe, you are constantly asking for more.

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# Who Owns the Sea?

*Charles Horner*

A STANDARD psychological test asks the respondent whether he would prefer to ride a rocket to the moon or a submarine to the bottom of the sea. A preference for space flight is supposed to indicate expansiveness and adventurousness, while a preference for the deep sea points to a constricted spirit or imagination or, worse, a tendency toward the dark and the depressing. Yet the image of adventure may itself be changing. Space flight and moonwalks have become commonplace; exploration of the deep sea continues to represent an exciting frontier. Just a year ago, scientists discovered two previously unknown canyons cut into the floor of the South Atlantic, each more than twice as long and deep as the Grand Canyon. Other expeditions have uncovered bizarre forms of life adapted to the seemingly intolerable conditions of very deep water. The advances of marine technology make it seem practical to recover, on a commercially profitable basis, mineral ores that sit thousands of feet below the water's surface.

Yet, in truth, very little of the air of adventure has attached to the work of those who seek to regulate in law and politics what has become plausible in science. For the past four years, lawyers, diplomats, scientists, and political theorists have immersed themselves in the most complicated diplomatic negotiation in all of history, the Law of the Sea Conference. First in Caracas, then in Geneva, then in New York, most recently again in Geneva, representatives of 156 countries have attempted to write a treaty governing the world's oceans. The working draft contains more than 300 articles. It is an ambitious legal project, without genuine precedent. Even the effort to regulate activities in outer space did not encompass the same staggering range of economic, political, and strategic interests. In the United States, where much is made of maritime and naval traditions, one would have expected substantial interest in the concrete and symbolic aspects of all this negotiation. But the intrinsic value of the stakes has so far not overcome the conspicuous lack of interest in the political arena. The resumption of the conference later this month in New York will surely conform to this pattern.

THE LAW of the Sea Conference aims at producing an elaborate system of governance for what were once called the "high seas." In fact, there already is a substantial and an expanding body of "sea law." Four international conventions govern the continental shelf—customarily understood as that part of the ocean floor at a depth of less than 200 meters—and others deal with marine pollution and sea life, from whales to migratory birds. The Seabed Arms Control Treaty of 1971 prohibits the emplacement of nuclear weapons or other weapons of "mass destruction" on the ocean floor. Numerous bilateral agreements delineate fishing rights. But there are emerging claims and conflicts which cannot be accommodated by existing international law, and it is in these that the current round of negotiations has its origin.

In a joint declaration issued in 1952, Chile, Peru, and Ecuador proclaimed exclusive fishing zones extending 200 miles into the sea. These countries proceeded to enforce their claims, and were successful in making them stick, thus raising the clear prospect that the other littoral states of the globe would emulate their example—with unpredictable consequences in a world grown used to 17th-century notions about freedom of the high seas. There was, in particular, no general agreement as to the limits of "territorial" seas—that is, the waters adjacent to countries over which they exercised sovereignty—nor was there a general understanding of the notion of exclusive fishing or other economic rights in the waters beyond. And to complicate matters further, such economic rights now possibly extended to assets from the deeper seabeds which had become recoverable through newly developed undersea technology.

The concept of "international boundaries" thus had to be expanded, both to accommodate the new strategic and economic realities and to deal with boundary disputes that had arisen among states. China, Japan, and the Koreas in Northeast Asia; China, Vietnam, and the Philippines in Southeast Asia; Greece and Turkey in Southeast Europe—these and others have become engaged in potentially risky arguments over seabeds. In the strictest sense these are bilateral matters, resolvable by the states directly affected. Yet it would be simpler if there were a *general* agreement on the limits of national sovereignty and what, if anything, might supersede it. A new law of the sea could address itself to both these concerns.

In 1967, a representative of Malta at the United Nations proposed that the resources of the seas *beyond* the reach of national sovereignty be declared the "common heritage of mankind." The UN proved immediately receptive to

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the idea, and in the following year established a Permanent Committee on the Seabed which, in 1970, was given a mandate to organize an international conference to write new laws incorporating this principle.

If a comprehensive agreement does in fact emerge from the ongoing negotiations, it will have certain general features which are themselves illustrative of the scale of the undertaking. The most recent "composite negotiating text" carries forward the division of the world's oceans into three segments. The first, the "territorial sea"—the so-called 12-mile limit—is comprised of those waters which fall completely under national sovereignty, even if that sovereignty is limited by agreements to allow "innocent passage" of ships and airplanes. The second will be the "economic zone," the so-called 200-mile limit, where respective states will enjoy exclusive rights to all resources—though, once again, they may have to accept certain restrictions on their freedom of action. The "economic zones" of all the states taken together will total more than 25 *million* square nautical miles, or about one-quarter of the surface of the globe. The United States alone stands to gain from this arrangement a staggering two-and-a-quarter-million square nautical miles of exclusive "economic zone," an area equal to about two-thirds the present area of the country.*

But it is the arrangements envisioned for the third area, the "deep sea"—the vast areas beyond the 200-mile zones—which will be the novel creation of the conference. And it is the power to be held by this "deep-sea regime," particularly its control over deep-sea mining, which has become the point of departure for discussing the other outstanding issues. The most recent working text creates an International Seabed Authority, of which all states party to the treaty would be members. The Authority, with Jamaica as its proposed headquarters, would function as does the United Nations General Assembly—one nation, one vote. The Authority would have various arms, including an operating arm to carry out activities in the deep sea "on behalf of mankind as a whole." Through other provisions, the Authority would acquire complete control over the exploitation of deep seabed resources; individual states or corporations would not be allowed access, except on terms agreed to by the Authority.

AT FIRST glance these proposals seem innocuous enough, couched as they are in the language of international cooperation and the "common heritage of mankind." Yet the arrangement envisioned by them would be, in truth, profoundly inimical to the West in general, and to the United States in particular. Under existing international law, all states have the right to operate in the deep sea to their own benefit, as they choose. The technologically advanced, economically sophisticated nations are the only ones that have the capability to do so, and thereby to achieve a measure of resource independence. The United States, for example, which is today more than 80 per cent dependent on imported nickel, could under present circumstances become independent by about 1990 through ocean mining. Similarly with cobalt, manganese, and copper. (Indeed, last May's invasion of Zaire's Shaba province, source of half the world's cobalt, highlights our vulnerabilities. And reports that the Soviets took advantage of their prior knowledge of the invasion to "corner" the international cobalt market suggest the potential dangers.) The prospects of independence, with a saving to the balance of trade of many billions of dollars, have impelled some of the world's major coprorations to invest tens of millions of dollars developing the requisite capabilities in equipment and manpower.

All of this would come to an end under the system of total "internationalization" presided over by the International Seabed Authority that is currently envisaged. For such an Authority would serve the interests of the majority controlling it. In that majority are states whose principal business is the sale of natural resources, and most of these exporters of resources are no more attached to free economic competition in the world market than they are to free political competition at home.

There are, to be sure, benefits that might be imagined as just compensation for the surrender on the part of the advanced nations of their right to exploit the mineral resources of the high seas. The tortuous history of the negotiations, however, is far from encouraging on this point. The proposals on the table today are less advantageous to the United States than the negotiating texts of years past—even after the United States has made substantial concessions which have met the demands of the "underdeveloped" majority almost exactly halfway.

From 1970 to 1976, the United States held in principle to a position first enunciated by President Nixon in May 1970—that the right to mine the deep seabed was a right of the high seas. But whatever our position in principle, our actual position moved considerably in those years. We were, for one thing, discouraging American nationals from exploiting seabed minerals until such time as a new law of the sea could be written. For another thing, in discussions with other nations about the discrete powers to be held by the new "deep-sea regime," we did not resist the drift toward outright majoritarianism—even though it promised to dilute to almost nothing the influence of the industrial democracies. Nor did we resist the establishment of an "operating arm" for the new international body, one that would mine the seabed on its own in direct competition with public and private corporations.

DESPITE this effort on the part of the United States to find a compro-

* It is fair to say that any international codification of these "territorial" and "economic" zones in a new law of the sea will reflect *faits accomplis*. Indeed, the United States Congress passed a Fisheries Conservation and Management Act which, as of March 1, 1977, asserted United States control of foreign fishing in a 200-mile zone; by March 1978, 58 other nations were doing the same.

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mise, the discussions remained deadlocked, with the majority still unwilling to accommodate elementary Western interests. Then, in April 1976, Secretary of State Kissinger offered new proposals to break the stalemate. He suggested a "parallel" system under which all nations would have equal access to deep seabed resources. Each state-sponsored miner would propose two sites to the International Authority, which would pick one of the sites to exploit by itself, leaving the other to the entrepreneur. Secretary Kissinger also proposed a sharing of royalties with the developing countries, a sharing of mining technology, and a program to train their people in the use of that technology. Most important, he said that the United States would agree to a limit on production so as not to jeopardize the economic future of the various mineral-exporting states.

How did these U.S. proposals fare in 1977? The task of achieving a compromise was first given to Jens Evensen of Norway, who acted on behalf of the relevant working-group chairman, Paul Engo of the United Republic of Cameroon. What happened has been best described by Elliot Richardson, Special Representative of the President to the Law of the Sea Conference:

> Evensen produced a number of compromise texts on the critical elements of a deep-seabeds regime. These Evensen proposals were *by no means acceptable* from our standpoint, but the resulting texts did represent the product of an open discussion involving all of the countries represented at the conference. The Evensen texts could have been a basis for further negotiation breaking the impasse on seabed mining. Unfortunately, however, these texts—the product of weeks of hard work—were substantially amended at the last moment by Chairman Engo, who forwarded to the conference president a first-committee text that totally fails to accommodate the interests of the United States. This text was produced in private, never discussed with a representative group of concerned nations—treating weeks of serious debate and responsible negotiation as essentially irrelevant [emphasis added].

In other words, despite the tremendous distance the West has traveled to meet the demands of the majority (and notwithstanding the misgivings of Ambassador Richardson and others over what we were *already* prepared to accept), those demands have continued to be absolute and unyielding; several weeks of negotiation this past spring in Geneva produced little substantive progress. As a consequence, there are those who have already, in effect, given up on the Law of the Sea Conference. Substantial congressional support exists for legislation which would end our eight-year self-imposed moratorium by licensing American enterprises to carry on deep-sea mining operations. The Carter administration has offered a cautious endorsement of such legislation, principally as a source of diplomatic pressure. And in early July the General Accounting Office, an arm of Congress, decried the lack of a comprehensive national program for the exploitation of deep-sea mineral reserves. Indeed, the growing support for "unilateralism" of this kind probably represents a resigned acceptance of the impossibility of achieving "international" solutions that reflect our values or our interests. All that substantial concessions beget is intransigence; generosity shows itself to be a futile negotiating tactic.

Is it inevitable that internationalism as such—especially in the new realm of "global" issues—take a form that is contrary to our interests? By no means. In the 1960's we were faced with another problem raised by technological advances and requiring an international solution—namely, space-based telecommunications. An international arrangement was devised for satellite communications that works so profitably, efficiently, and equitably that almost no one has ever heard of it or its method of operation. The International Telecommunications Satellite Organization ("Intelsat") came into being in 1964 with eleven members; it now has 101. The members own the organization; each country owns and votes stock in proportion to its use of the system, and shares accordingly in the revenues. The United States, as the largest single user, has the largest single share, now about 27 per cent. In addition, the United States Communications Satellite Corporation ("Comsat"), the American participant in the organization, earns money by providing services to the whole group. It is a sound enterprise; Intelsat's equity capital stands now at more than $400 million, service has improved, prices have been lowered, and substantial profits have been distributed.

Like the deep sea, the "ether" and the radio-magnetic spectrum may be thought of as the "common heritage of mankind." The position of the United States is analogous in each case—both as a major supplier of technology and as a major consumer of the product. But the difference in our approach to space technology in the 1960's and to deep-sea technology in the 1970's reflects a marked change in what we have come to expect for ourselves in international arrangements.

As Richard G. Darman has observed: "The direction of the seabed negotiations must be deeply troubling for those who believe that the principles of governance affirmed by the American experience are worthy of extension. Indeed, the inertial tendency of the conference is clearly toward a regime that affirms principles of government and economics fundamentally antithetical to both American ideology and pragmatic experience." It is easy to see why the bloc of "developing countries" should prefer things this way. It is to their advantage, and they would feel threatened by anything smacking of free economic activity. But how should we explain the response—or rather, the lack of response—of the United States?

It is true that the disposition of the world's oceans has to compete for a place on America's crowded foreign-policy agenda. And should a Law of the Sea Treaty ever be submitted to the Senate, it might

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well receive microscopic inspection—as have the Panama Canal pacts, as will the SALT agreements. But at that point, the ratification process will have become a political issue, invoking the prestige of the Presidency and relying on the time-honored practice of legislative horse-trading. As it is, the proverbial yawn that greets any mention of the law of the sea may well encourage an administration to proceed along present lines of development.

In the meantime, one can only wonder at the state of mind which laments as a "giveaway" last April's Panama arrangements—hedged about as they were with various guarantees, not least with the ultimate guarantee of overwhelming American force—while steadfastly ignoring the dangers of an international arrangement for the seas as presently conceived. In codifying our new relationship to an inconsequential mini-state in Central America, we have imagined nearly every possible contingency and the exact degree of risk it involves. A similarly precise understanding of our interests in the world's oceans still eludes us.

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# Poland Without Jews

*Ruth R. Wisse*

TEN days in Poland are not enough to form definitive convictions about the country. The physical grace of central Warsaw and Cracow is offset by the harsh ugliness of the growing industrial sectors. The sense of buoyant individual initiative, confirmed by the unending stream of waiters, taxi drivers, managers, storekeepers, and street acquaintances who offer to change your American dollars for anything between three and four times the official rate, contrasts oddly with the docile mood of all those waiting in line in stores, offices, restaurants, and ticket booths, at which there is too little of what is wanted and a provocatively inefficient system of distribution. The apparent homogeneity of what is now an almost monolingual society seems to compensate the proud Poles for their crippling political dependency on Russia; but it is hard to draw the balance between their self-satisfaction over the former circumstance and their bitter resentment of the latter.

If one limits one's inquiry to the Jewish question in Poland, however, no time is too short to grasp the reality. "There is no Jewish question in contemporary Poland," says a young Warsaw journalist. "*In der emesn*—to tell you the truth," says a one-time Communist activist, "there are still a few cemetery devotees like me, but otherwise there are no Jews left in Poland." "Officially, five or ten thousand," says a museum employee, "though no one actually lives as a Jew any more in Poland." Inquire at the many bookstores of Warsaw or Cracow for any volume on the Jews of Poland, either of the past or present, in any region of the north or south, in any aspect of ethnography or economics, and even the dullest student of language will quickly learn the words for "there are none," *niema,* and "nothing," *nic.* A trip to Poland in search of a Jewish presence is a journey of the mind alone.

DESPITE the best efforts of the Germans to destroy every trace of Jewry during their conquest of Poland in World War II, the country was not left immediately *Judenrein.* At the war's conclusion, the surviving 1 or 2 per cent of Polish Jews were joined by some 150,000 repatriated from the Soviet Union, many of whom were dedicated to the reconstruction of Jewish life in a "new Poland." With assistance from the Joint Distribution Committee, and with the encouragement of the Polish government, Jews established schools, theaters, and a variety of religious, cultural, and social institutions to encourage Jewish practice and self-expression. During these years a steady stream left Poland for Western Europe, America, and when possible, Palestine, but many Jews, particularly those with a Communist past and Communist sympathies, stayed in hopes of building a good future for themselves in a free socialist state.

These hopes were not realized. Postwar anti-Semitism erupted in vicious pogroms, the worst of them in Kielce in 1946, when almost 100 Jews were killed or injured. The Jews were perceived by the Polish masses as the most rigorous and dedicated among the hated imported Communist functionaries.

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At the same time, the Stalinist campaign against the Jews as "rootless cosmopolitans" stirred up familiar suspicions of the untrustworthy "strangers in our midst." Caught between the old, popular anti-Semitism, and the skill of successive Polish governments in identifying them as scapegoats, the Jews emigrated in large numbers in the late 1940's, the late 1950's, and, finally, the late 1960's. Those Jews who remain are conveniently invisible.

The few tokens of Jewish cultural continuity that survived the postwar attempts at reconstruction are duly listed in guidebooks and on tourist maps. In the Museum of Jewish Martyrology, which occupies the upper floors of the Jewish Historical Institute of Warsaw, the photographs and paintings depicting the destruction of Polish Jewry hang on cracked and peeling walls, shabby with neglect, condemned to the ultimate oblivion. People in the building speak Polish; if urged, some of them oblige with a stilted Yiddish, creaking with disuse. In a showcase of the Institute's publications, there are four or five copies of a single book to fill up space; new publications have almost ceased. Since no younger scholars, curators, or librarians of Judaica are being trained in Poland, and since none are being imported from either Israel or America, the existing landmarks fall into the hands of people with training in "related" areas (in one case, Persian; in another, military history) or into the hands of aged Jews who have been awarded these positions as sinecures.

At first impression, the Yiddish Theater of Warsaw presents a more inviting prospect. Housed in its own, tidy, permanent building, advertised in the daily newspaper columns among all the other local dramatic entertainments, the company promotes the government's boast: this is one of only two permanent state-supported Yiddish companies in the world—and the second is in neighboring Rumania. No visitor to Poland with Jewish interests will fail to appreciate the claim.

What the visitor actually experiences, however, is a Theater of the Grotesque beyond the inventive power of any stage. The play of the season is *Sunset*, a Yiddish translation of Isaac Babel's Russian drama about Mendel Krik, legendary teamster of the Odessa Jewish underworld, and his sons. The tight precision of Babel's prose, which grows more restrained whenever he deals in violence, has given way here to a coarse, exhibitionist staging, as though Babel had been "interpreted and improved" (as the Yiddish theater used to say of Shakespeare) by Roger Corman.

The actors, most of whom know no Yiddish, have learned their parts phonetically, and play for an audience that also knows no Yiddish but listens through orange earphones to simultaneous translation into Polish of this Yiddish translation of a Russian script. Onstage, father Krik, the aging Jewish lecher, mounts a giggling Russian whore while her greedy mother, with bare breasts flapping in drunken glee, plots the sale of the old man's business at a considerable profit to herself. In the second act, after the father has been shamed and tamed by his sons, a rickety rabbi with hat askew pats the full behind of the wench beside him, and draws a couple of laughs for his foolishness as he presides over the wedding of Krik's only daughter.

The gestures and intonations are copied from earlier phases of the Yiddish theater, which even at the best of times ran heavily to exaggeration and broad effects. This showcase of Jewish culture in Poland, a theater without a people, engaged in a mimicry of mimicry, seems in its own way an unintentional realization of Hitler's dream to set up a postwar museum of dead culture.

Jews for whom the Holocaust is a prism through which to view contemporary life may take comfort in the knowledge that the barbarous Nazi years are better remembered in Poland than perhaps anywhere else in Europe. Into the story of their sufferings under Nazi rule, their sustained and courageous resistance, their triumphant postwar reconstruction, the Poles have poured their sovereign pride as a nation and their unconcealed resentment of continuing domination by a foreign power. The Jews, who figured so prominently in wartime Polish losses, have not been obliterated from this story, as they have been in the Soviet Union, but their ascribed role has been carefully tailored to serve the appropriate moral end.

Popular legend runs something like this: the Nazis (not the Germans), with their race theory of the *Herrenvolk*, invaded Poland in 1939. Poland was the first country to offer military resistance to the Nazis and the only country which never collaborated with them in any way. It mounted an exceptional resistance, and suffered shattering losses. Though Jews had found a haven of shelter in Poland during the past, the Nazis conducted against them a brutal campaign of terror which the Poles—despite acts of personal self-sacrifice and heroic attempts at resistance—were powerless to subvert. Thus the Nazis slaughtered 3 million Jews on Polish soil. Armed resistance in the face of desperate odds was mounted in the ghettos of Bialystok, Vilna, Czestochowa, and, most significantly, Warsaw, as well as in the camps of death themselves, always with active assistance and unstinting encouragement from the Poles. Memorials to the victims of Nazi terror—including many Jews—have been erected at Treblinka, Maidanek, Sobibor, and elsewhere.

This officially sanctioned mixture of fact and fiction, which finds expression in the guidebooks and among the people, is very neat in several respects. Ignoring the economic, political, and social history of Polish Jews dating from the 12th and 13th centuries, it introduces them only at the point of the German conquest, as though Jews were an invention of Nazi racial laws and had never appeared in Poland as a distinguishable minority before 1939. Then, too, mentioning Jews only in the context of World War II means that the Nazis can be charged with the crime of wiping them out without reference to the complex history of Polish-Jewish relations, to the role of indigenous anti-Semitism, or to the convenient

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appropriation of the remaining spoils both during the war and after.

An illustrated book about the rapidly growing city of Bialystok, for example, describes the city's emergence in the 19th century as a leading textile center and the birthplace of the workers' movement, without once mentioning Jews—as spectacular a bit of editing as a hypothetical history of Alabama that would describe the development of the cotton industry and of abolitionism without once referring to blacks. In the book about Bialystok, the Jews do surface in 1941, when the Nazis murdered 55 per cent of the city's inhabitants, "including its entire Jewish population shut up in the ghetto." The book neglects to say that Jews constituted half the population of Bialystok (51.6 per cent according to the 1921 census), or that they contributed something to the character of the city besides the monument commemorating their murder.

Underlying the compassion and guilt of this popular historiography is a great deal of insult and aggression. The emphasis on martyrology, with its corresponding censorship of the actual history of Polish Jewry, works as a kind of retroactive genocide, obliterating the shaping presence of Jews in the past as effectively as they have been eliminated from the shaping present. Cows graze in the desecrated Bialystok Jewish cemetery, the only physical reminder of a once-flourishing existence. Generously, Poland allows proofs that Jews in large numbers were killed: it will soon be impossible to believe, however, that on this soil Jews in large numbers ever lived.

UNFORTUNATELY, when American Jews—in their fascination for the East European Jewish dead—apply pressure on the Polish government, it is at just this point of least resistance. It is likely that the inauguration of an appropriate Jewish pavilion at Auschwitz-Birkenau in April of this year, to take its rightful place alongside the national pavilions of the Hungarians, Yugoslavs, Czechs, Russians, Germans, Belgians, and Danes who were killed in this camp, was a direct response to the increasing number of Jewish tours for teenagers and adults that visit the death camps as a means of increasing Jewish consciousness. Now, among the unspeakable horrors visually commemorated at Auschwitz, one may also see the horrors inflicted upon the Jews as Jews. Or at least one may see them if the pavilion remains open; during my visit, in mid-May, it had already been "temporarily" closed down "until completion."

The Jewish pavilion, outfitted with TV monitors and giant blow-ups, traces the progress of Hitler's anti-Jewish campaign from 1933 to the final stages of the crematoria, on display at the conclusion of the tour. This modest reminder of an unfolding political process that culminated in a reign of terror is most welcome at the Auschwitz museum, which is otherwise organized as a ghastly morality display where utter evil, wearing a swastika, is first unleashed upon mankind, and then, at the gallows erected for Camp Commandant Hoess, duly defeated. By introducing at least a glimpse of pre-war history, albeit in the acceptable terms of Communist sloganeering, the Jewish pavilion has already extended the scope of the exhibits.

At the same time, one cannot help wishing, in the unrelieved horror museum that is Auschwitz, that the Jewish pavilion had commemorated something more than broken bodies and plundered shoes and wilted Jewish stars, more even than the courageousness of the ghetto resistance. It would be a small but sweet triumph were the pavilion to include testimony to the once-flourishing Jews who *lived* in Poland, to evoke shoes they once *made*, the creative skills they cultivated at such evident threat to Europe and the world.

THE few Polish Jews one may still meet, accidentally or by prearrangement, seem to hover uncertainly between a past they do not care to recall and a future they no longer trust. A saleswoman in a poster- and book-shop, hearing a request for anything about Jews, asks softly if I would like to turn up two days hence when she might privately bring me something of value. At the appointed time, she offers up three small pamphlets on the Jewish ghetto resistance that were published immediately after the war, and have long since been out of print. The chasm between the North American tourist and this secretive Jewish woman is painfully apparent as I pass her some American dollars, grateful for her effort but knowing it would cost me less to photocopy these works at home. She bashfully accepts, having made me the most generous of gifts in a country where old Jewish books are as precious as rubies. "Today, dollars," she says, "are the best things a Pole can own."

A Jewish family inquires about some mutual friends who have recently left Russia for Israel. Quite uncertain about what they know or wish to hear, I tell them the truth: that the older members of the group are content and settled while the youngest, the grandson, longs for America. They are baffled and disappointed. I admit that I am too, but then ask whether it is not amusing that I, a Canadian, and they, Poles, should together mourn the failure of a Russian to find his happiness in Israel. They smile wryly, but they are not amused. If they no longer hope for themselves, they are not prepared to give up their hopes for another.

At the home of still staunch Jewish Communists, I teasingly explain why Poland is charming and familiar to me. The cafés, the architecture of apartment complexes, the bureaucracy (and the means of circumventing it), even the timing of the lights on the stairwells, all remind me of Israel. My hostess is visibly moved by the comparison. Her husband tells me by way of response that Nahum Goldmann was on prime-time television that evening, and made a very favorable impression. "Poland is on the point of renewing diplomatic relations with Israel." From each of the Jews I speak to in Poland I hear, with varying degrees of conviction and anticipation, the same prediction.

Mrs. L. is my guide to one-time Jewish Warsaw, a fairly new residential area that stands on the

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ground of the former ghetto, and before it, the heart of the Jewish quarter; her conversation is more absorbing than the street signs. An underground organizer for the outlawed Communist party in Poland during the 1930's, she finally crossed into her Promised Land, only to be picked up by the NKVD and shipped to a penal colony in Siberia. She was thus fortunate enough to survive the war. One day in the prison camp she met her former teacher, the man who had introduced her to Marxism. He told her Russia was never so bad under the Czars. He then took his life. Yet after the war, she returned to Poland to build there the true socialist ideal that Russia had betrayed. It had taken her a long time to concede her error. Now she was old. With the same sigh older Jews always emit on concluding a Yiddish conversation with a younger person, she voices regret that her son has never learned the language of the Jews and moreover feels no sense of his loss. I ask whether she has written or intends to write her story. "Oh," she says with a gesture of impatience, "it has all, so many times, been told." Having sought all her life to build a society of strength and honor, she will not add her voice to the chorus of defeat.

It is finally the beauty of things that makes the heart contract with pain. On a cold late afternoon you may approach a small town along the River Narev that looks as if the mad armies of war had never ridden through. A solitary man in the fields is sowing with the broad sweeping gesture that has been fixed by Millet for all time. Along the still, dirt road, the houses crowd together in chummy ease.

Not in the large town square where the church stands, but closer to the river, set back from the road, is the synagogue of Tykocin, Tiktin to the Jews, first built in 1672, and still miraculously intact after the war. White and stately, one of the prides of wooden synagogue architecture for which Poland was justly famous, it is a surprisingly happy building, standing as if in perpetual readiness for the jubilant processions of Sukkot rather than the strained introspection of Yom Kippur. Inside, the light streams in from the tall broad windows on the richly illuminated texts that cover the walls, and on the festive canopied pulpit awaiting its Reader of the Law. From the lovely, arched women's section, beyond which, appropriately enough, the visitor is not permitted to penetrate, one awaits "with perfect faith" the quorums of Jews who must surely be coming soon for their afternoon and evening prayers.

There is no point in crying. The last Jewish tears have been spent in this place many years ago. The few survivors who tried to return to their homes in Tykocin after the war were driven off by gangs of Polish nationalists, defending their town. The unlikely presence of this synagogue in Tykocin is owing only to the foresight of Poland's ethnographer, Zygmunt Gloger, who originally designated the building as a museum and inspired his successors to continue the task of restoration. To be sure, a local inhabitant complains that the Polish government wastes its money on renovation and upkeep, which should be paid for, if at all, by the rich Jews of America. But the caretaker turns the keys very gently in the locks, and almost tiptoes through the building as she shows it, whispering so as not to disturb the ghosts. And here, indeed, is a place they might choose to inhabit.

The calmest places for a Jew in Poland are the walled Jewish graveyards of Warsaw and Cracow, where thousands of men, women, and children still lie as they were softly laid to rest, in dignity beneath their individual tombstones. Insulated from the busy cities that crowd around them (there is already talk, of course, of expropriation), the cemeteries are overgrown with bushes and trees, nature taking over the duty of gravetending. Here are scholars and merchants and pious Jewish wives, their stones marking their unique identities: a leaping deer for a Zvi, a benign lion for Arie-Leib, a set of books carved on the stone of a notable writer, a lofty tomb for one who had risen above the ordinary stature of mankind. In Treblinka there is a massive graveyard of stones, each symbolizing the destruction of an entire *community*. The mind can with difficulty accommodate such abstractions, and the heart cannot respond appropriately to so great a loss. In the cemeteries, where individuals still enjoyed the luxury of burial as they died, each in his time, it remains possible to summon up the image of a life, and to reconstruct the actuality of many lives in community.

The Polish cities have been rebuilt from rubble, and the country has reshaped itself as a remarkably homogenous nation, with pride and pleasure in its distinctiveness. The adjustment of borders and the shifts of population during and since World War II have left Poland without its once large minorities—the Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Germans, Lithuanians, and Jews. It is tempting for the Poles to extend their ethnic independence, which they now enjoy territorially, back through time, reinterpreting the past to suit the present. In this connection, even a minor change may be significant: the most recent book of Jewish martyrology, a rather slapdash affair issued to coincide with the opening of the Jewish pavilion at Auschwitz, refers not to "Polish Jews," as earlier volumes had done, but to "Jews on the Polish lands," turning citizens into sojourners, as if all the time the Jews had only been passing through. What does this mean for today's Jews, especially, in America? They may have no wish to stake a claim in the Poland of the future, but there is much to be done if they intend to protect their claim to the past.

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# Books in Review

## Pluralism Reconsidered

POLITICS AND MARKETS. By CHARLES E. LINDBLOM. *Basic Books. 403 pp. $15.00.*

*Reviewed by* EUGENE BARDACH

For many years Charles E. Lindblom, Sterling Professor of Economics and Political Science at Yale, has advocated the political virtues of liberal democracy, the economic virtues of private markets, and the problem-solving virtues of American pluralist politics; but in this book Lindblom writes as a man whose hopes have been betrayed. "Grossly defective" is the final judgment he passes on "classical liberal and pluralist thought." Since Lindblom has contributed to this body of ideas and interpretations at least as much as any other contemporary American political scientist or economist, this frank reconsideration of his own previous commitments is an occasion for interest—if not, indeed, dismay.

Lindblom's fundamental moral premise seems to be that in the realm of economics there are no "rights," only "privileges." Early in the book he muses on the possible validity of Proudhon's aphorism that "property is theft." By the middle of the book we are told that decisions concerning plant location and "the quality of goods and services" are really "public-policy decisions" that happen to have been "delegated" to businessmen rather than to government officials. Businessmen, and the rest of us as well, may think that such decisions follow property rights, but Lindblom admonishes us that they are artifacts of businessmen's "privileged role in government . . . unmatched by any leadership group other than government officials themselves." By the end of the book, even these traditional "privileges" are called into question by emerging "collective purposes" like the search for peace, energy conservation, environmental protection, and economic stability. Lindblom's conclusion: a "restructuring" is needed that "goes to fundamentals of the politico-economic order."

But how to proceed and how far to go? If we will but open our eyes, lessons abound: the Communist societies, says Lindblom, have achieved more equality than Western societies and they might conceivably be proceeding toward eventual greater freedom as well. The truth of the matter is hard for us to discern, however, partly because Communist achievements have been associated historically with the cruelest and most extensive forms of repression, but partly too, Lindblom alleges, because we have all been indoctrinated by business and corporate interests.

*Politics and Markets* is evidently designed as a work of counter-propaganda, attempting to undo the effects of alleged corporate and class indoctrinaton by making markets and "polyarchy" (Lindblom's word for our form of government) look less benign while making bureaucratic central planning and authoritarian government look less terrible. The book aspires to a place in the tradition of political philosophy that begins with Plato and Aristotle and, for Lindblom, culminates in Adam Smith and Karl Marx. This tradition makes use not only of formal analytical and critical methods, like the explication of meanings and the ordering of social data, but also of the indirect methods of rhetoric and persuasion. And in fact Lindblom's persuasive technique is varied and skillful. For instance, there is an elaborate and studied even-handedness: "In unobscured view, no society looks defensible," he writes. In the USSR there are fraudulent trials on false charges, censorship, thought control, and constant intimidation, whereas in the U.S. "great wealth still leaves a segment of the population in a demoralizing welfare system." There is a reminder of his own fallibility: "I am not pretending impartiality" on the relative flaws in the U.S. and the USSR. There is the announced anticipation of being misunderstood: he says he is constrained to "put the point in its most cautious and acceptable form" that "the positive Communist claim to a humanitarian concern for freedom" may in some sense be meaningful and legitimate.

Lindblom's rhetorical skills are not at all contrived. Their effectiveness comes partly from his long record of academic and intellectual accomplishments, and in even greater part from his obvious sincerity. But sincerity is no substitute for wise judgment when it comes to either moral or analytical issues, and, again and again, Lindblom's judgment proves the very reverse of wise. Is it really possible, for instance, to accept his judgment that the United States is truly not a defensible society? That it is no more defensible than the Soviet Union? Welfare recipients in the South Bronx may have to make do on a meager stipened and live in slum housing, but the inmates of the Gulag live on considerably less and may neither complain about their condition nor move out. In the United States some businessmen do, as Lindblom asserts, sometimes attempt to control elected officials through campaign contributions or even bribes. In the Soviet Union, of course, such attempts by the unofficial political elite, the Communist party, to control officialdom are unnecessary, because the party has expropriated official power lock, stock, and barrel. If environmental degradation in the United States makes this country "indefensible," the Soviet Union is surely less defensible, though Lindblom fails to say so. As we know from the excellent research of Marshall Goldman, the Soviet record on environmental matters is quite poor; we do not know just how poor

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since there is no Moscow branch of the Sierra Club to trumpet it abroad. We do know, however, that the United States is engaged in a massive and costly effort to clean up and protect the environment.

From a statistical point of view, the distribution of income in European Communist countries is somewhat more equalitarian than it is in Western Europe. A person at the 25th income percentile in the Communist countries earns 82 per cent of the median income, as compared with his counterpart in the West who earns 76 per cent, according to Lindblom's figures; at the 95th percentile, the corresponding incomes are 184 per cent under Communism and 216 per cent in the West. Whether this represents a "great accomplishment" of Communism, as Lindblom asserts, depends less on what one makes of the numbers than on what one makes of the idea of statistical equality. Despite contrary appearances, scarcely anyone in America or Europe cares much about statistical equality. People do care about conditions that may, or may not, be related to statistical inequality, like subsistence-level incomes, unemployment, ethnic and sex discrimination, and worker alienation. With the exception of unemployment, all these conditions afflict the Soviet Union and a good many of the other industrialized countries as well. An increase in statistical equality might mitigate them to some extent. But it might also aggravate them if greater equality were to diminish aggregate wealth and thereby increase alienation, discrimination, etc. As for unemployment, we in the West mitigate this problem through social insurance, whereas the Soviets do so by obligatory job assignments. Lindblom euphemistically calls the Communist method "keeping a worker in the status of a participating member of the community." Whenever such methods—that is, welfare-linked work requirements—are proposed for this country, liberals call them intolerably coercive and a sham ("dead-end jobs").

Lindblom's judgments are scarcely better when applied to topics closer to home, like the alleged domination of government


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by "business." Very little evidence for this allegation is adduced, and most of it is irrelevant or misleading, such as a Republican Secretary of the Interior declaiming that the bicentennial year "is the year to wave the free-enterprise flag." Even when it can be shown that businessmen have disproportionate influence on certain institutions or on certain policy decisions (and of course this can be shown with no difficulty), it can also be shown that many other interests, like labor unions, feminists, and even government bureaucracies, have carved out their own niches of power and privilege. Lindblom's weak supporting evidence, however, is not nearly so disingenuous as his complete neglect of possible disconfirming evidence. Over the last twelve or thirteen years, business has been forced to accept a vast number of quite costly regulatory impositions in the areas of health and safety practices, environmental protection, hiring and promotion policies, and the disclosure of consumer information. Business interests consistently fought these impositions and almost as consistently lost; Lindblom hardly alludes to these developments.

Lindblom's case is weaker still with respect to the truly ingenuous proposition that business indoctrination of the public has created a climate of political opinion that tolerates business domination of government. His case rests largely on the fact that there is still widespread popular acceptance of the legitimacy of private property, business enterprise, and governmental self-restraint in the economy. To Lindblom, the defects in these ideas are so obvious that only a hypothesis of indoctrination can explain the resistance of other citizens to seeing them. But the indoctrination hypothesis is two-edged; one could as legitimately postulate that the citizenry sees things more clearly than Lindblom and that it is he, not they, who has succumbed to malign influences.

Of all the malefactions of business, creation of the corporate form of organization is for Lindblom the very worst. Lindblom's rhetoric is never more subtly barbed than when he writes that "Leading corporations succeed in persuading consumers to buy automobiles with risk of carbon monoxide discharges into the interior of the passenger compartment, pesticides harmful to those who use them, . . . cosmetics and other drugstore products that do not perform as claimed, all kinds of goods with hidden or deliberately misstated credit charges. . . ." In fact, however, for complicated reasons having relatively little to do with conscience or morality, large corporations behave, on the average, in a *more* "socially responsible" way than small business with respect to worker safety, product quality, environmental protection, and affirmative action. And "leading" corporations, precisely because they have a stake in their reputations, are more reliable still. Worse than overstatement, though, is Lindblom's insinuation of motives, as if corporate managers *wanted* consumers to fall ill or to become disgruntled with their purchases. Actions that end up harming some consumers generally derive from a decision that helps all consumers, namely, the decision to hold down cost and price. Lindblom's intentional neglect of the context in which such a decision is made is equivalent to saying that a drug company marketing ten million doses of Sabin vaccine intends to kill or disable ten people because the company knows that such side-effects show up statistically at the rate of about one in a million.

LINDBLOM concludes *Politics and Markets* with the contention that the large private corporation "does not fit" into "democratic theory and vision." But corporations face stiffer federal tax rates than most businesses or private citizens, and they are subject to much more extensive government regulation than lesser economic entities. Are they to be taxed and regulated without being allowed to participate in the democratic political process? To be sure, corporate managers can participate in the political process by using other people's (shareholders') money. In this respect, though, corporate managers are identical to the leaders of many other large, and politically legitimate, organizations in American life, including labor unions, foundations, and government bureaucracies themselves. Corporations are major actors and major stakeholders, and they deserve political standing as such. If they do not fit Lindblom's theory of pluralist democracy, it is mainly his theory that needs to be revised.

## Dance Criticism

AFTERIMAGES. By ARLENE CROCE. *Knopf. 480 pp. $12.95.*

*Reviewed by* B. H. HAGGIN

THERE is general awareness that special powers are involved in, and required for, the composing of a sonata, the performing of that sonata, the writing of a play, the acting in that play, the choreographing of a ballet, the dancing in that ballet. But there is no general awareness that such special powers are involved in, and required for, the critical writing about those artistic activities—that the critic is the professional viewer or listener endowed, supposedly, with special powers of perception and judgment, the exercise of which in his review makes it possible for his nonprofessional readers to perceive what otherwise they might miss. I say "supposedly endowed" because in the actual critical writing I have encountered in the past fifty years I have found the special powers of the critic to be even rarer than those of the artists whose work he writes about. No one else has written anything like the reviews and essays of Stark Young collected in *Immortal Shadows* (1948), which reported what his eye and ear perceived in the works of theater art placed before him; and until recently this was true also of the writing on dance by Edwin Denby collected in *Looking at the Dance* (1948). But in dance criticism there was a change with the appearance—first, in 1966, in a new quarterly,

B.H. HAGGIN, *the noted music and dance critic, is the author of, among other works,* Ballet Chronicle *(which will be reissued in paperback by Horizon Press in the fall) and* Thirty-five Years of Music.

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*Ballet Review* (New York), then also in the *Dancing Times* (London), and since 1973 in the *New Yorker*—of writing by Arlene Croce that revealed her as someone, in the field of dance, with the rare gift of the critic's perceptive eye.

This gift made her writing, like Denby's, valuable not only for the illumination it provided with its accurate perceptions and evaluations, but for the correction it provided of other writers' errors. Denby's description in the New York *Herald Tribune* of the extraordinary things there were to see in a Balanchine ballet corrected John Martin's disparaging comment in the New York *Times* that made it out to be not worth seeing. And so with Croce's comments on Balanchine's *Who Cares?*: her perception that everything in it "has a double impact, with one effect or style imposed on the other—Now on Then, ballet dancing on [Gershwin's] show tunes"; her examples of "the multiple images, the visual punning" that inclule the d'Amboise solo to "Liza," which suggests "soft-shoe, virtuoso tap, and classical lift and amplitude all at once"; her noting "the tight choreography [that] sustains an almost unbelievable musical interest," and Balanchine's "evident delight in choreographing the countermelodies, cross-rhythms, and abrupt syncopations out of which Gershwin built his compositions." These perceptions and others like them enable a reader not only to see "this wonderful ballet [that] enriches our fantasy life immeasurably, as works of art are meant to do," but to reject Clive Barnes's doubt, in the *Times*, that the Gershwin music "is worth a ballet in our national repertory," and his certainty that Balanchine, whose work in the Rodgers and Hart musicals of the 30's Barnes never saw, was "not a masterly creator in this field" and "this is not his medium."

HERE I must mention what I find curious and puzzling: that Croce, who can write criticism as excellent as what I have quoted, appears not to understand the nature of the critic's operation and its relation to the reader. An example of this is her comment on another critic's statement—that it works for someone who sees what that critic sees, but not for someone who doesn't see it, which means for her that his statement is invalid as criticism, when the fact is precisely that the critic reports not *the* truth about a work of art, but the truth for *him*, which becomes true for those others who find it confirmed by their experience of the work.

Thus Croce's writing about Balanchine's *Who Cares?* is true for me because it is confirmed by what I see; and similarly what I see in Jerome Robbins's *Watermill* confirms her annihilating comments on its details and her summary characterization of them as "tedious hokum"; as what I see in his other recent works confirms her statement that "he is fatally attracted to pretentious undertakings" and that "no matter what style the piece is in, the same emptiness yawns from within."

There are numerous other instances of such confirmation; but there are also instances of the opposite. My experience of Balanchine's *Don Quixote* continues to confirm her statement in 1968 that he "has filled an evening-long entertainment with an array of effects employing the full resources of the dance theater, each gripping the attention in a new way," not her statements in 1975 that "it was an interesting failure . . . when it was new," and that because Suzanne Farrell has outgrown her role in the first two acts the work is "stale and boring" until the dances in the third act, in which she "fully recaptures her old brilliance and adds to it a new gift for dramatization." I recognize the damage Balanchine's changes have inflicted on the first act; but I find that what was astounding and overwhelming in 1968—e.g., Farrell's solo with shepherdess's staff in Act 1, the courtiers' Sarabande and the *Pas de Deux Mauresque* in Act 2—is astounding and overwhelming today. I see in Balanchine's *Bugaku* a fascinating work, not "the nearest thing in the New York City Ballet repertory to a Béjart ballet" that Croce sees. I not only find in *Jewels* the Balanchine masterpiece she says it is not, but am amazed by her disposal of *Emeralds*

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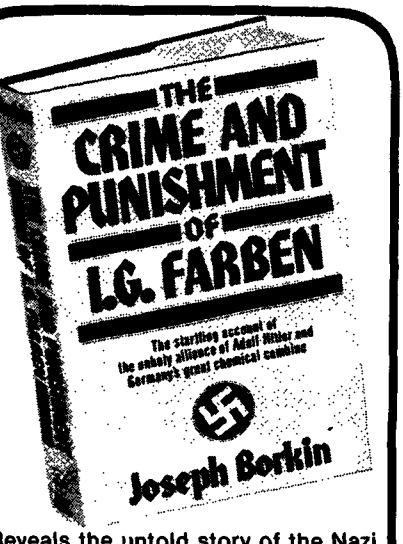


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with the statement that it is "novel in the context of the repertory he has fashioned over the years," not considering even the extraordinarily novel and gripping walking *pas de deux* for Francisco Moncion and Mimi Paul worthy of specific comment—to say nothing of the work's other unmentioned marvels.

So WITH the writing about dancers. I have seen the Makarova Croce describes who "has a legato rhythm by nature, and . . . loves languishing tempos" (though "languishing tempos" is less than adequate for the extremes of her slow-motion Odette in the Royal Ballet *Swan Lake* two years ago). I have also seen the Baryshnikov who in traditional roles gives "a new urgency to commonplace allegro steps like brisés (in the two speeding diagonals [in Act 2] of *Giselle*," and invents new steps, such as the "turning jeté [jump] in which, at the last second, he changes the foot he's going to land on, and his legs flash past each other in the air." And in the performances of Farrell when she returned to the New York City Ballet in 1975 I saw what Croce reported seeing—the "clarity and composure [of] the shoulders, neck, and head," the "refinement of the arms and the simple dignity of the hands," the "grace of deportment and sensitivity of phrasing." But I saw them as an even more overwhelmingly beautiful amplification of what I had seen in the years before her departure from the company in 1969, not as the striking change from the distortion of "every one of the roles she danced [by] the absurd sky-high penchées, the flailing spine and thrust hips, the hiked elbows and flapping hands" that Croce said she had seen in the performances before 1969. And while I undoubtedly could have missed the small flaws that the eye of a Denby or a Croce would have perceived, I find it impossible to believe that I—and the others I have spoken to—missed the flamboyant distortion Croce described.

She also speaks of the 1963-69 years as the Farrell Years in which Balanchine projected what he saw in her onto the company's other dancers ("today we can see her even in little Gelsey Kirkland"), so that her image became the company norm, the "swinging pelvises, baling-hook arms, and clawing hands" of that image became the company's "new cruel orthodoxy," and the dancers who took over Farrell's roles after she left—Karin von Aroldingen, Sara Leland, Kay Mazzo—became "caricatures of the caricature she had become." I didn't see any of this; and to say Balanchine projected the image of Farrell's tall body and the style of movement it dictated onto the different bodies of other dancers with their different styles of movement is to say he did what seems to me clearly impossible for him to have done if he had wanted to, and what I cannot believe he wanted to, given his known sensitivity to each dancer's individual characteristics of body and movement, and his known practice, when a role is taken over by a new dancer, of modifying the role to fit the dancer, not of making the dancer fit into what the previous dancer did. What he did do after Farrell's departure was to put into her roles in *Don Quixote* and *Diamonds* dancers who were unsuited to them; and what I saw was not caricatures of Farrell that resulted from Mazzo's and Leland's attempts to achieve her image, but the mere inadequacy and ineffectiveness of Mazzo and Leland in the movements—"the great sighing lifts" in Act 3 of *Don Quixote*—designed for the tall body neither of them has.

This is an example of the writing by Croce that doesn't hold strictly to what her perceptive eye sees; and another example worth noting is what she writes about Patricia McBride. I see in McBride an accomplished, and at her best—in *Rubies, Who Cares?*, the final duets of *Liebeslieder Walzer* —an enjoyable and impressive dancer, but one without the exciting emanations of greatness radiated by Allegra Kent or Farrell, among others; which means I don't see in her dancing any basis for Croce's characterizing her as "the most exciting ballerina in America," and the peer of Antoinette Sibley and Makarova in world ballet. But that isn't all: I don't see what in her performances has revealed to Croce that McBride is "the shyest, most tenderly true, bravest, and least corruptible of classical dancers," or the fact—as if it is unique about McBride, not true of every dancer of her caliber —that "all she knows [about life] she seems to have learned through dancing and all she has to tell she tells through dancing." I must conclude that something other than what Croce has seen McBride do on the stage is responsible for those statements (and must add that in my offstage encounters with McBride she has exhibited no shyness about berating someone whose regard for her dancing is not as high as her own).

I AM impelled to that conclusion again by Croce's seeing as "quintessential Verdy" in Balanchine's *La Source* only "firmly profiled arabesques and high relevés-passés that flattered Verdy's pulled-up thighs and sensitive feet," whereas others saw it in the idiosyncratic elegance of her flow of exquisitely inflected bodily configuration enlivened by her subtleties of rhythm. These others include a rising young male soloist of the New York City Ballet whom, recently, I heard observe thoughtfully, "I guess you'd have to say Violette was *assoluta*"; and Edward Villella, who years ago expressed a similar view, which Croce disputes. Asked what his dancer's eye could perceive in Violette Verdy's dancing in addition to what a non-dancer saw, Villella described a few of the "small, delicate things" his eye had in fact perceived: the way she phrased her rising on points and coming down from them; the way—in the repeated passé, passé, hold of her solo in *Tchaikowsky Pas de Deux*—"not only the foot and the leg and the body and the arms, but the eyes too [reach] the same point in time perfectly"; the way—at another point in this piece—she stopped after a few turns, but didn't really stop: "as the music continues . . . her arms and fingertips are still going with it, then the air just beyond her fingertips." To Croce the aspects of Verdy's style that Villella described—and she cites specifically only the last one, quoting only the words "stops, but

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doesn't really stop," and in this way omitting Villella's point—were those "one might as easily find irritatingly mannered as beautiful and impressive." Villella also told how certain lunges in the Symphony Op. 21 of Balanchine's *Episodes* "didn't make choreographic sense" to him until he saw Verdy do them, and "when she lunged and turned I saw a motivation for the lunge and turn—both in visual terms and in relation to the music"; concerning which Croce says that the motivation Villella saw was Verdy's "[acting] the movements with her face and body, as if to imply an emotional context," and that this was "in conflict with the intention of Balanchine's choreography"—which, if true, Villella would have perceived and Balanchine would have corrected. And Villella, finally, spoke of what produced those extraordinary performances: Verdy's physical gifts as a dancer, the fact that she was "a thinking dancer" who worked with her mind as well as her body, her "fantastic discipline . . . fantastic dedication to the essentials that have to be worked at day in and day out"; concerning which Croce's comment is a disdainful "interesting if you are interested in Verdy."

It turns out that with the critic's essential gift of a perceptive eye Croce doesn't have the additional important gift of personal and intellectual discipline.

## Revolutionary Violence

TERRORISM. By WALTER LAQUEUR. *Little, Brown. 277 pp. $15.00.*
THE TERRORISM READER. Edited by WALTER LAQUEUR. *New American Library. 291 pp. $5.95.*

*Reviewed by* ERNST HALPERIN

WHEREAS the first half of our century was filled with the clamor of great armies locked in the battles of conventional warfare, the succeeding decades have been marked by the activities of political movements striving to achieve their aims by guerrilla war and terrorism—"low-level violence," as the political scientists call it.

Walter Laqueur's *Terrorism* completes the survey of the theory and practice of these movements initiated in his earlier volume, *Guerrilla.* Being of a school which holds that phenomena can only be understood in their historical context, Laqueur also deals extensively with the 19th- and early 20th-century predecessors of our contemporary terrorist movements. The result is an admirably compact intellectual history of modern-age terrorism, especially impressive for its sheer professionalism. The book is superbly organized, detailed yet condensed to essentials, erudite yet without vain displays of learning, and at the same time elegantly styled and free of academic jargon.

It is particularly profitable to read *Terrorism* in conjunction with the recently-published paperback, *The Terrorism Reader,* which Laqueur has edited. This companion volume contains interpretations of terrorism by various authors, justifications of tyrannicide ranging from ancient Greece and Rome to the 18th century, and pronouncements by theorists and practitioners of modern, i.e., 19th- and 20th-century terrorism.

The discourses on tyrannicide are often on a high moral and philosophical plane. One author in particular, the 16th-century Scottish humanist George Buchanan, points to the most vexing problem of all: the danger that the necessity for removing a tyrant might be used as a mere pretext for assassination. In Buchanan's words: "He that shall kill a good king, or at least none of the worst, may he not pretend by his wicked deed some show of honest and lawful duty?"

Such qualms are unknown to the modern advocates of terrorism, the sheer savagery of whose pronouncements is rendered all the more repugnant by their unwavering self-righteousness. Thus, one 19th-century extremist, Karl Heinzen, claimed that "murder is the principal agent of historical progress," and that "the path to Humanity will pass through the zenith of Barbarity." Another, the anarchist Johann Most, fantasized that dirigi-

ERNST HALPERIN *is professor of international politics at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, Tufts University.*

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ble air ships would one day be able to drop dynamite on military parades attended by czars and emperors.

Even more revealing is the famous Russian "Catechism of the Revolutionist," formerly attributed to the founder of the anarchist movement, Mikhail Bakunin, but now generally assumed to have been written by Bakunin's demoniacal disciple, Nechaev. The "Catechism" describes the true revolutionary as a person in whom "all the tender and effeminate emotions of kinship, friendship, love, gratitude, and even honor" are stifled by a "cold and single-minded passion for the revolutionary cause." His nature has no place for "any romanticism, any sentimentality, rapture, or enthusiasm." His revolutionary passion "must at every moment be combined with cold calculation. . . . He is not a revolutionary if he feels pity for anything in the world." And he must be a practiced dissembler in order to infiltrate the world of his enemies. "Aiming at merciless destruction, the revolutionary can and sometimes must live within society while pretending to be quite another than what he is. The revolutionary must penetrate everywhere. . . ."

In the same vein, the Russian revolutionary, Zaichnevski, wrote that no pardon should be given to landowners or rich merchants, just as they had shown no mercy to revolutionaries. The French anarchist Emile Henry justified the bombing of a Paris café with the argument that "there are no innocent bourgeois," and Laqueur informs us that some of Henry's associates went so far as to maintain that there are no innocent human beings in general—thereby granting themselves a license for indiscriminate killing.

In our century, as Laqueur shows, the tenor of terrorist literature has changed. It is now filled with technical instructions and arid doctrinal declarations. Only rarely does one find a chillingly revealing statement reminiscent of Heinzen, Most, and Nechaev, such as the following from the Brazilian terrorist leader Carlos Marighella's "mini-manual": "The urban guerrilla's reason for existence, the basic condition in which he acts and survives, is to shoot. . . . Shooting and marksmanship are the urban guerrilla's water and air." With the conspicuous exception of the Irish, contemporary terrorists hardly bother to justify their actions. Ours is not a moralistic age; killing is taken for granted.

Indeed, Laqueur concludes that the present phase marks an essential change in the character of terrorism: restraints have been shed, the practice of indiscriminate murder has become widespread, multinational, remote-control terror has emerged, and, above all, there is an unwillingness to attack effective dictatorships. The preferred targets of terrorism today are not despotic regimes, but democratic governments hampered by constitutional restrictions and by inhibitions in dealing with political opponents.

Laqueur is averse to sweeping generalizations and skeptical about psychological interpretations of terrorism. He warns that "terrorist movements are usually small . . . and while historians and sociologists can sometimes account for mass movements, the movements of small particles in politics as in physics often defy any explanation." He will go no further than to state that "terrorism always assumes the protective coloring of certain features of the *Zeitgeist*," that underlying the leftist or rightist ideological orientation of the terrorist groups there is usually a "free-floating activism," and that "there will always be . . . aggressive people more interested in violence than in liberty and justice."

My own inclination is somewhat more clinical, and I confess to being fascinated by the psychology of terrorism. What strikes me as significant about a document like Nechaev's "Catechism" is that most people would find it impossible to follow his prescripts for becoming an ideal revolutionary even if they desired to do so. But there is one type of person who could conform to them with the greatest of ease: a psychopath drained of all human emotion and at the same time accustomed to hiding his murderous impulses from those with whom he associates. The message of the "Catechism" is that in order to become a true revolutionary, one must be thoroughly sick, as sick as the author, Nechaev, himself.

What is the precise nature of the sickness? Nechaev's description of the "true revolutionary" is in fact the description of a homicidal paranoiac. The same paranoia is clearly apparent in the declarations of Heinzen, Most, and other 19th-century advocates of terrorism. Russian *narodniki* and French anarchists alike invariably characterize their terrorism as self-defense or justified retaliation. In other words: *they* are out to get us, so we had better get *them* first. The paranoiac externalizes his hostility and aggressiveness, attributing his own murderous impulses to his fellowmen.

Nechaev's "true revolutionary" is of course an artificial construct, a kind of Weberian ideal type. It is unlikely that the out-and-out homicidal paranoiac he describes would be able to control his murderous impulses sufficiently to serve a political group or cause. In real life the terrorist is more likely to be a person whose penchant for violence becomes activated only in circumstances of great political excitement. Members of the Russian intelligentsia who became terrorists under the regime of the Czars belonged to this type, as did the terrorists in the anarcho-syndicalist movement in the late 1800's and the Weathermen on American college campuses at the time of the Vietnam war. Today, the same type is to be found among the Red Brigades who have surfaced in Italy's time of crisis.

Still, psychological interpretations are admittedly incomplete and should not be carried too far. They may shed light on the motivation of individuals, but they cannot clarify the motives of the sponsors and manipulators of terrorist groups, or those of their supporters and sympathizers, or the reasons for the ebb and flow of terrorist activity itself. For a thoughtful and thorough discussion of these larger problems, the reader may turn to Walter Laqueur's books.

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## Rozanov

THE APOCALYPSE OF OUR TIME AND OTHER WRITINGS. By VASILY ROZANOV. Translated by ROBERT PAYNE and NIKITA ROMANOFF. Edited with an introduction by ROBERT PAYNE and an afterword by GEORGE IVASK. *Praeger. 301 pp. $10.95.*

*Reviewed by* LEV NAVROZOV

A WESTERN reader should not be surprised if the name of Vasily Rozanov evokes in his mind only the faintest of echoes. With one or two exceptions, those writers or poets who achieved fame in Russia too close to the great divide of 1917 to have been publicized worldwide by the Russian reading public have never become well-known in the West on their own. Rozanov was born in 1856—four years before Chekhov. But Chekhov was already hailed as a writer of genius by the 1880's, while Rozanov did not come into full bloom until well into the 1900's.

When Chekhov died in 1904, an article summing up his achievement was titled "Creativity Out of Nothing." Chekhov had never written a novel—it would have been too "organized," too "literary." Rozanov, a true post-Chekhovian, never wrote a single work of "literature" of *any* kind. He penned digressions within digressions, whispered confessions, soliloquies—he was more "out of nothing" than Chekhov, and he was sometimes more Chekhovian than Chekhov, combining as he did the fearless sincerity of Russian literature with its impeccable manners. No Russian had a subtler touch in prose—none a lighter "breath of the soul."

For Rozanov, the very act of publishing spelled a loss of privacy and uniqueness. Even the most private writings of the most private writer, once published, were defined by him as "cold prostitution" (for a price, he wrote, "I give to everyone what is most intimate"). Yet the fact is that from this "cold prostitution" Rozanov did very well in old Russia—"ten people were sitting down at my table, including the servants," he once ascertained with pride by counting up the galoshes in the hall after dinner. For in that golden age a new piece by Chekhov or Rozanov brought 100 times as much as, for instance, a Sherlock Holmes installment in Russia.

For their present collection, Payne and Romanoff have chosen from Rozanov's vast literary legacy, much of which is still scattered over innumerable back issues of magazines, four works, or, as Rozanov would have called them, "baskets." Two "baskets" are entitled "Fallen Leaves"—not books, but collections of pieces shed by the writer as a tree sheds its foliage. Still another "basket" is entitled *Solitaria*. All three were written, published, and reverently read before 1917. The fourth and last item, *The Apocalypse of Our Time*, was created in the chaos of the destruction of old Russia, shortly before Rozanov's death in 1919.

Not that this last work is more profound than the other three. Rozanov's genius had long lain in his ability to impart an apocalyptic depth of vision to what the less endowed would call the trivia of private life. When something apocalyptically vast *did* happen—the destruction of the only civilization in which he and many others could exist—his vision remained fixed on the same divine trifles. He was a fiercely private man; trying to examine a terrible public event, he was like that goldfish which he was fond of describing, out of the cozy, murkiness of its aquarium.

In my childhood, it was still held by a surviving literary group, the "Nothings," that a writer is an idiot in the original Greek sense of the word, the sense which lingered in English up to the 18th century: a private person, a layman. Political, social, legal, religious, or professional life is not for such idiots—of whom Rozanov was one. He once engaged in a magazine polemic concerned with a social subject, and when it was his turn for the final rebuttal (crucial forensically, as every polemicist knows), he wrote: "Ah, go to the devil, I am sleepy." On another occasion it was found that he had been writ-

LEV NAVROZOV, *who left the Soviet Union in 1972, is the author of* The Education of Lev Navrozov.


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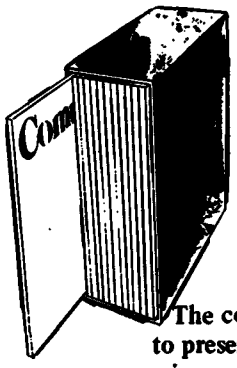

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ing articles for *both* warring political sides. He could not understand the resulting uproar.

At the time of the Beilis case (1911–13), the Russian public was divided between, on the one side, those convinced that the Jew Mendel Beilis was guilty, as charged, of murdering a Christian to use his blood for ritual purposes and, on the other side, those no less convinced that the charge, based on a nightmarish medieval fantasy, had been trumped up by the authorities in order to foment anti-Semitism. However, two intellectuals did not join either camp. One was Vladimir Jabotinsky, who refused —so he wrote in a brilliant article— to feel guilty, as a Jew, just because another Jew had been charged with the crime of murder. The second nonaligned intellectual was Rozanov, who (although not a Jew himself) seized the occasion to rhapsodize ecstatically about the superiority of Judaism to Christianity and about the "infinite mystical depth of the Jews," the "only religious nation left." In a series of essays, Rozanov extolled the unique contribution of Jews to religion and literature—but without troubling to repudiate the monstrous blood libel that lay at the heart of the Beilis case. On the contrary, he seemed to accept the possibility that the charge against Beilis was valid—perhaps further evidence, in his eyes, of the deep and precious ritual mysteriousness of Judaism.

Both camps were confused and enraged by the irresponsibility (to say the least) of Rozanov's position. Some called him anti-Christian; others (including Lenin and Trotsky) called him an anti-Semite of an especially perverse kind. Rozanov did feel remorse over the damage he may have done, but he felt it in his own way: he asked that after his death, any of his writings that might be thought harmful to the Jews be burned. My mother, who worshipped Rozanov, and at the age of seventeen had been a fierce pro-Beilis militant, once commented wanly: "Anti-Semite? Oh no. Dostoevsky was one. But Rozanov was just an idiot. A real Nothing."

Russia has never produced a single thinker like Plato, Kant, or William James. But Russia produced Rozanov, some Russians of my milieu would say. Western culture, they would press on, has been fascinated by the machine ever since Plato. Form, system, concept, structure, sonata—are these not sublimations of the machine? Everything is organized, a Westerner might say, music, mathematics, novels, and the movement of stars. To this, Rozanov says no; there is only a "salty cucumber at the end of June, with a tiny thread of fennel on it (it should not be removed)." Or: "My soul is woven of filth, tenderness, and sadness."

In the West, Rozanov is still unknown, except to specialists. In Russia, after 1917, within those tiny islands of invisible privacy into which Russian culture had become pulverized, Rozanov was always known, and "by heart"—a distinction we confer on all good prose or verse, as though fearful that the days of private printing presses are numbered everywhere and only what lives in personal memory will survive. Now I read the Payne-Romanoff collection in the West, and I see a Western reader leafing through these pages with well-justified annoyance. Rozanov did not have to compete for space, and his leisured readers were supposed to wander through some leaves of nothingness before stumbling unaware upon a cluster of revelations. Perhaps it will someday be worthwhile to gather all these revelations from all his numberless baskets of fallen leaves. In the meantime, the Western reader can perhaps find the leisure to watch them falling timelessly one by one.

## The Artist-Criminal

THE VICTIM AS CRIMINAL AND ARTIST: LITERATURE FROM THE AMERICAN PRISON. By H. BRUCE FRANKLIN. *Oxford. 337 pp. $13.95.*

*Reviewed by*
MICHAEL VANNOY ADAMS

*The Victim as Criminal and Artist* is a diatribe against American society couched in the form of a survey of prison literature. According to Franklin, the United States is one vast jail with invisible walls. Those who are actually behind bars are not criminals, but political prisoners, whose misdemeanors amount to nothing compared to the felonies of the elite. America has enslaved or imprisoned its best minds, many of whom just happen to be black or poor, or both, and the work these minds have produced—American "prison literature"—is an expression of justified outrage by an entire class against a system of private property that dispossesses and dehumanizes them. It is also in many cases great art, which has been suppressed by the same society against which it cries out.

Franklin begins his survey of literature from the American prison with the slave narrative. He discusses the autobiography of Frederick Douglass, published in 1845, as well as a romance published in 1861 under the pen name of Linda Brent. Franklin interprets both these books in a manner designed to support his contention that property relations are the main determinant of human relations. Douglass, in Franklin's reading, became a human being at the moment that he achieved class-consciousness by rising up against his master, while Linda Brent's story of a young slave girl who escapes to freedom after being raped by her master is understood as an implicit demonstration that sexual relations are but another aspect of property relations.

From the slave narrative, Franklin proceeds to the work song, tracing it from the cotton field to the chain gang, from chattel labor to convict labor. The song "John Henry," which was a prison favorite in the early part of this century, is Franklin's main text here. Though it would seem on the face of it to be a fairly straightforward and eloquent ballad about men pitted against machines, Franklin interprets the song as a protest against the technological unemployment brought on by capitalism. The fact that most blacks today no longer know the words to this song, and that the song itself is no longer sung, Franklin attributes to the circumstance that many blacks no

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longer work. This too is the fault of capitalism which, according to Franklin, has been deteriorating steadily, and has now entered its final stage. Since young blacks are the victims of a system that promises full employment but produces permament unemployment, it is hardly surprising that many of them become criminals.

What is surprising is that some of them—like Malcolm Braly and Chester Himes—also manage to become artists. Braly's best novel, according to Franklin, is *On the Yard*, a harrowing story of conflict between two prisoners involving suicide, murder, arson, neo-Nazism, and homosexual sadism. The only thing wrong with the book, in his opinion, is Braly's misinterpretation of the "historical situation." A subsidiary role in the novel is assigned to a group of ten black convicts with shaven heads who have given themselves the name "Simbas," the African word for "lions." Franklin assumes that the ten men are black nationalists, and since black nationalism "is the most important single force changing life in prison . . . and a crucial historical movement within American society as a whole," he chides Braly for failing to give the ten convicts a more central role in the novel.

In contrast to Braly, Chester Himes, according to Franklin, does interpret the historical situation correctly in his advocacy of revolutionary violence. Franklin sees a direct line of development between Himes's 1933 novella, *Prison Mass*, and his 1964 novel, *Blind Man with a Pistol*. The earlier novella, set in the Catholic chapel of a prison at Christmas, deals in the explicitly Christian theme of self-sacrifice. In *Blind Man with a Pistol*, self-sacrifice is replaced by vengeance. The scene is Harlem; a white man solicits sex from a group of young black men, and one of them slits his throat. The only clue to the identity of the murderer is a name—Jesus Baby. Franklin maintains that any reader familiar with Himes's career can guess his real identity: Jesus Baby is none other than the Kid, the central figure of the earlier *Prison Mass*, who has now lost his innocence and gained experience. The transformation of the martyred Kid into the murdering Jesus Baby is the Second Coming prophesied and fulfilled: revelation equals revolution.

FRANKLIN hopes his book will point the way to a "fundamental redefinition of American literature, its history, and the criteria appropriate to evaluating all literary works produced within the United States." Rather, it leads to total reductionism. The principle by which Franklin apportions praise and blame has little, if anything, to do with forms of literary expression. He values only those works with a revolutionary content, and his criteria are not aesthetic but purely political. Some of the works Franklin cites with approval happen to merit the attention he gives them, but many are merely examples of clenched-fist rhetoric, and none is a suppressed masterpiece (a word Franklin rejects anyway because of its "elitist" connotations).

Nowhere is Franklin's reductionism more glaringly evident than in his treatment of Melville, the token white artist in the book. Franklin is the author of an earlier book on Melville's mythology, which he here repudiates as an academic exercise. He now sees Melville as a class-conscious proletarian artist, and the essential meaning of *Moby-Dick* as political rather than mythological: Melville's masterpiece is an anti-capitalist polemic, and Ahab is its working-class hero.

So strained is this interpretation that it amounts to a complete misreading. True, Melville is sympathetic to "the brutal, but ennobling labor of the whaleman," and he does accuse Bildad, one of the prin-


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cipal owners of the *Pequod*, of extorting an excessive amount of onerous work from his crew, but Bildad has been a sailor himself, and has worked his way up from cabin boy to harpooner, to boatheader, to chief mate, and to captain, and is hardly anybody's model of an exploiting capitalist. Franklin also ignores the nature of whaling as a corporate enterprise. The crew in *Moby-Dick* do not receive wages but share profits according to their "lays," which conform to each sailor's relative merit. Nor is there any class conflict between owners and workers in *Moby-Dick*, although Franklin insists that there is. He commends Ahab for coercing the crew, and thereby "wresting their labors away from the purposes of the pious capitalist owners . . ." but actually it is due to Ahab, Franklin's working-class hero, that the sailors are deprived not only of their livelihoods but also of their lives. The only economic conflict in *Moby-Dick* is between crew and captain.

FRANKLIN'S tendentious reading of *Moby-Dick* marks the completion of a circle in his literary and academic career, for it was on the strength of his dissertation on Melville (later published as *The Wake of the Gods*) that Franklin was appointed to the English department at Stanford in the early 60's. Some years later, as a self-proclaimed revolutionary of the Maoist persuasion, he became active in various New Left causes and in 1971 was brought up on charges at Stanford for what he calls "giving analytical political speeches," and what the university called "inciting to violence." He was also suspended from the classroom and banished by injunction from the campus for a period of seven months. When a hearing was finally held before a faculty committee, Franklin was convicted of one charge—advocating a student strike or boycott to close the computer center and any other university facilities involved in war-related research—and his Stanford contract was revoked.

If one reads Franklin's account of all this in his autobiography, *Back Where You Came From* (1975), there is no doubt that Franklin views himself as another example of the artist-criminal victim in this society. Since he has in the meantime been appointed a full professor at the State University of New Jersey, he must now presumably be viewed as an artist-victim with tenure.

## Race & the New World

LOST TRIBES AND PROMISED LANDS: THE ORIGINS OF AMERICAN RACISM. By RONALD SANDERS. *Little, Brown. 443 pp. $15.00.*

*Reviewed by* LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ

THIS book, Ronald Sanders tells us, was first conceived in 1968 during the New York City teachers' strike, when tensions between blacks and Jews erupted in ugly expressions of anti-Semitism and racism. A liberal New York Jew who had grown up with the conventional notion that all victims of prejudice share similar perceptions of their place in society, Sanders now had to confront the inadequacy of that idea. This study of the "origins of American racism" is the product of his educational odyssey.

The Iberian peninsula is the start of Sanders's book and at the center of much of it. For many centuries the crossroads of world civilization, it was the locus where Jews, Arabs, and Christians intermingled and transmitted the heritage of their diverse cultural traditions. There the great explorations of the 15th century originated, not only to search for westward and southeastward passages to the fabled East, but also to find a shortcut sea route to Guinea, the source of supply for the lucrative slave trade. At the end of the 15th century, just when Ferdinand, Isabella, and the Inquisition were expelling the Jews from Spain, Christopher Columbus presented the Spanish monarchs with a proposal for a voyage of discovery to find a western route to the Indies. With this plan, which had been rejected by John II of Portugal a few years earlier, Columbus was to launch Spain on a course of colonial and imperial expansion in the New World that soon outrivaled that of Portugal. It was the Portuguese who had initiated the Atlantic slave trade, our country's most bitter heritage. It was the Spanish Conquistadors who destroyed the ancient Aztec and Mayan civilizations they encountered, setting the pattern for subsequent European contacts with the colored natives of the New World.

As the Portuguese and Spaniards enriched themselves with the resources of the New World, the English, French, and Dutch entered the competition for wealth and empire. They too encountered New World natives of color—in their instance, the North American Indian. A few among the early colonists looked upon the Indian with awe and admiration, the embodiment of the European's romantic notion of the Noble Savage. But most white men regarded the Indians as barbarians —primitive, treacherous, and cruel creatures—and harbored the same superstitions about their skin color as Europeans attributed to blacks. At least in one respect, however, the English colonists differed from the Spanish. The Conquistadors enslaved the Aztecs and other South American Indians, but the English found the North American Indians too untrustworthy and too warlike to be safely used as slaves. Consequently, when they captured Indians, the English traded them off to the West Indies in exchange for supplies and Negro slaves. As Sanders says, this was "another of our history's fateful configurations."

Though Sanders's story centers on the encounter of the European with the black man or the Indian, an unexpectedly large Jewish presence pulsates in this book. It opens with a prologue which vividly describes the Catalan world atlas, made about 1375 by Abraham Cresques, the Jewish cartographer of Majorca, and closes with an account of the early Jewish settlement in New York. A few chapters sketch the fate of the Jews in Christian Spain from the 14th century onward as the first victims of racial —not just religious—prejudice. Although Sanders does not develop an explicit connection between

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Christian Spain's persecution of its Jews and Spain's treatment of the Indians in the New World, he uses the Jewish victims of Spanish intolerance and their descendants as an auxiliary illustration of European racism and also as a medium for his own "intuitive views" on the history of race relations. The Jews appear in this book less as flesh-and-blood individuals than as exemplars of a state of mind, representing a historic experience of persecution, an intellectual influence, a religious tradition of messianic hope—all of which find expression, according to Sanders, in historical and literary works about the colored races in America.

Throughout this book, Sanders's emphasis is on the common humanity as well as the differences in skin color and culture between white men and men of color. He celebrates, when he finds them, protests against the treatment meted out by whites to Indians and blacks, expressions of revulsion against the white man's destructiveness and cruelty in the New World. Out of his own passionate wish for a multiracial society in which all people may live together in dignity and mutual respect, he scours the historical record for those few evanescent moments of the past when explorers and colonizers, writers and thinkers captured a glimpse of such a utopian possibility. The Lost Colony at Roanoke, Sanders believes, might have been just such a possibility—a community in which whites, blacks, and Indians may have lived together in harmony.

*Lost Tribes and Promised Lands* is a brilliantly written narrative, developed in a sequence of loosely connected episodes which succeed admirably in conveying the intellectual excitement and moral engagement of the author. Yet the book is not without serious problems, chief among them Sanders's treatment of the Jews. The Jewish presence in this exploration of the origins of American racism is both intriguing and disquieting. Are the Jews a race? And if they are not, exactly what are they doing, as victims or as oppressors, in a history of American racism?

Sanders anticipates this question in his preface and justifies himself on grounds of common linguistic usage and on historic evidence. The word "race," he argues, has been loosely defined, having been applied to Jews in the past, by both Jews and Gentiles, "with no unfavorable connotation intended." In this he is correct, for since the 16th century at least the word "race" has been commonly used in the sense of "people," "nation," and even of sex (the "race of males"), without any biological, anthropological, or ethnological import, without reference to skin color or skull shape. Winston Churchill used always to speak of "the English race."

But since nowadays we require a more rigorous definition of race, Sanders proceeds to defend his own racial classification of Jews by citing two historic instances of how Jew-haters have seen Jews: Nazi Germany and the Spanish and Portuguese Inquisition. Sanders holds that the Inquisitors persecuted the Jews not only as a religious community but also as a racial group, and he cites as evidence the Inquisitorial concept of *limpieza de sangre,* "purity of blood." This criterion was used to distinguish the "New Christians," descendants of Jews whom the Inquisition had forcibly converted in an earlier generation, from the "Old Christians," whose lineage was "pure" in the sense that it was uncontaminated by Jewish ancestors. Furthermore, the Inquisition identified children of mixed marriages as "Half New Christian," or "Quarter New Christian," terms which conjure up the racial categories under Nazi Germany's Nuremberg Laws, which led inexorably to the Final Solution.

On the surface, the Inquisition's resort to "purity of blood" to search out heresy does appear to justify Sanders's treatment of the Jews as a racial group, at least in this particular historical context. But on closer scrutiny the evidence is, and always has been, ambiguous.


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For one thing, as Professor Martin A. Cohen has pointed out, the criterion of *limpieza de sangre* was applied only selectively. At the very same time that some New Christians were being persecuted because of their "impure" lineage, others rose to eminence, often with the protection of persons in high places. Also at the same time, Jews were being assiduously converted and absorbed into Christian Spain. Even the expulsion of the Jews from Spain in 1492 was characterized by the late Yitzhak Baer as arising out of a "curious blend of racial and religious motives"; its purpose, he writes, was ostensibly to excise a "foreign racial element which the Spanish Christians were unable to assimilate," but in fact it was "a means of religious coercion." Indeed, while the expulsion was being carried out, the Franciscan monks intensified their proselytizing and managed to convert and baptize large numbers of Jews. Finally, even when the criterion of purity of blood was enforced, the New Christian was not persecuted for being what he was biologically (that was Nazi Germany's innovation), but for allegedly or actually retaining loyalty to the tenets and practices of Judaism. All of these considerations cast doubt on the validity of Sanders's argument for a racial component in the anti-Semitism of the Inquisition.

THERE are other problems. Nowadays we understand racism—a relatively new addition to our lexicon—to refer to the doctrine or assumption that people's social and cultural characteristics and abilities are determined by biological race, and that races can be ranked hierarchically, along a scale ranging from superior to inferior. By this definition, within the scope of Sanders's book, blacks and Indians were the victims of racial—that is, racist—prejudices held by European and, later, by American whites. But how can Jews—who may have been slave traders, slave owners, or opponents of slavery—be distinguished racially from other white European or American slavers or anti-slavers? What validity can there be in defining the Jews as a racial category, when in historical fact they were never treated as such except by the Nazis?

According to Sanders, Jews and New Christians distinguished themselves from Christians and Old Christians by their humanist vision of a society based on brotherhood and justice and by their attachment to messianic beliefs which may have been derived from apocalyptic ideas long afloat in Sephardic Judaism. He limns a collective portrait of the New Christians as a group whose experience of persecution and whose position of marginality in Iberian Christian society presumably shaped them into a particular cultural mold, with a heightened sensitivity to the sufferings of other peoples and races, and a messianic expectation for the redemption of the world.

Thus, for instance, Sanders attributes a New Christian identity to Bartolomé de Las Casas, a Spanish missionary in whose extraordinary protest against the Spanish destruction of the Indians, published in 1552, Sanders finds resonances of the Hebrew prophets and words that might have been those of "a Marrano dying at the stake." Pondering the writings of the Franciscan friar Bernardino de Sahagún, missionary and historian of the Indians in Mexico, Sanders concludes that in Sahagún's admiration for the culture of the Aztecs, and in his tragic awareness of the destruction brought upon them by the Spanish conquest, "one may discern the personality of the New Christian." The Dominican friar Diego Durán's *History of the Indies in New Spain*, which asserts that the Indians were descended from the Lost Tribes of Israel, Sanders epitomizes as the "most ambitious of the tributes by 16th-century New Christians to peoples who have been crushed under the Spanish onslaught."

This composite portrait of the New Christians is surely attractive, yet one wonders if it is a true likeness. Sanders regards nearly all New Christians as secret Judaizers, yet many, though often segregated from Old Christian society and from the Jews as well, were in fact what they appeared to be: sincere and devout Christians. The records of the Inquisition which attest to a widespread Judaizing heresy among the New Christians have long been known for their unreliability, as Ellis Rivkin has pointed out. Indeed, much of the evidence of heresy and backsliding which the Inquisition produced against the New Christians was as spurious and trumped-up as the evidence presented in our time in the Moscow purge trials.

As for those New Christians who really were secret Judaizers, or who returned to Judaism, is it likely that they all conformed to a particular type of personality, that they all shared a messianic outlook shaped by the apocryphal books of Esdras? One remains skeptical. Among the New World Jews and Marranos were some slave traders and slave owners. Historical evidence indicates that not all Jews and New Christians shared the vision of a world to be redeemed, a world of universal brotherhood.

The suspicion raises itself that Sanders has conceived of the Jews as a racial category in this book not so much to serve historical accuracy as to satisfy a literary necessity. In his final chapter, which describes the beginnings of the Jewish community in New York, he in fact more or less undoes the racial argument with regard to the Jews. The Jews alone, he concludes, "among the racial outsiders"—his term—found fulfillment in the promise of the New World. Why? Because the Dutch and Anglo-Saxons regarded them not as a race but as a religious minority. The story of religious freedom in America, he thus acknowledges, is an altogether different matter from the history of race relations. And it is in terms of the former rather than of the latter that the Jewish experience in the New World is to be understood.

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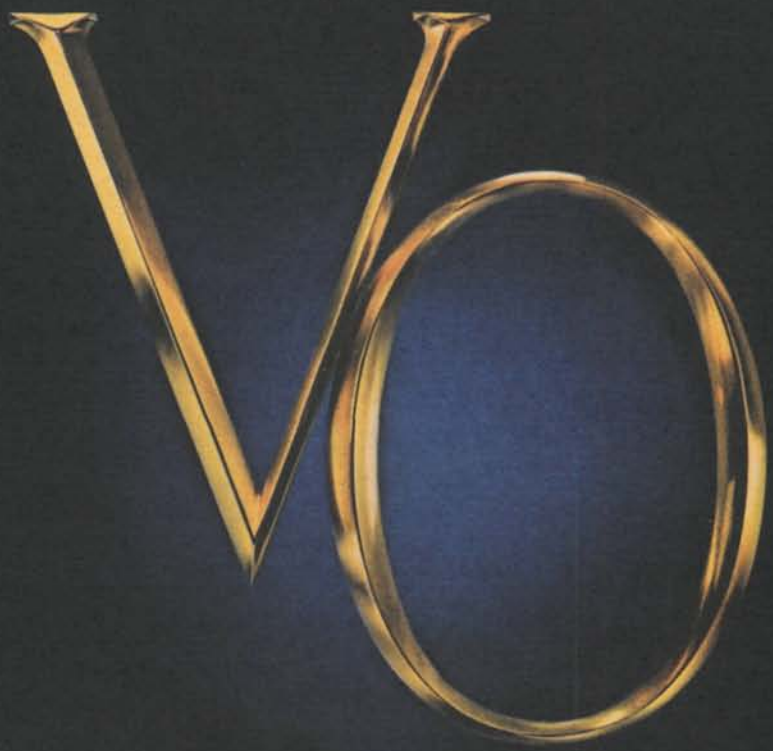


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